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The China of the Presidents.

BY A. G. BAKER.

THE OLD WHITE HOUSE WARE, A HISTORIC TREASURE WHICH CAN NEVER BE REPLACED, WILL PRACTICALLY DISAPPEAR BEFORE LONG IF STEPS ARE NOT TAKEN TO PRESERVE IT—EXISTING SPECIMENS IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION AND IN THE HANDS OF PRIVATE COLLECTORS.

NO more interesting collection could possibly be made than one that would show the china used by each suc-

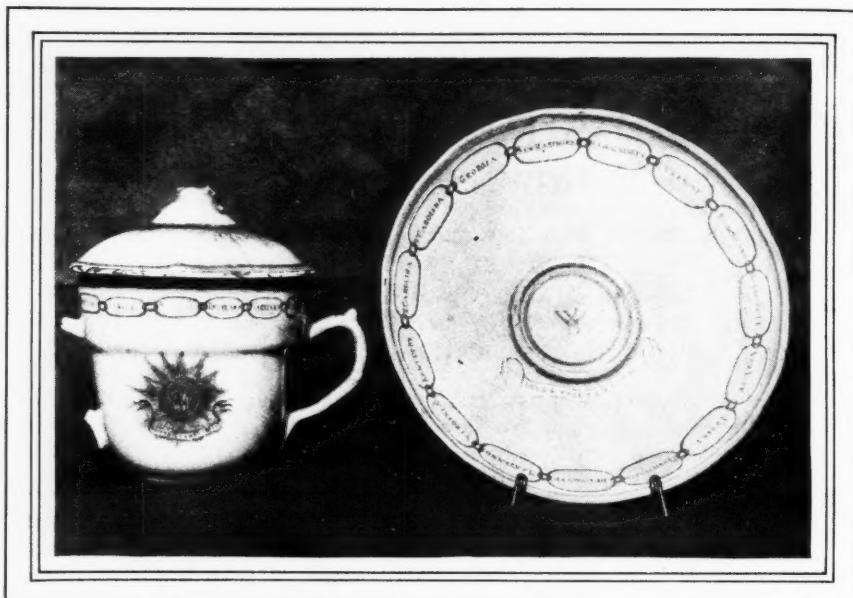
cessive President of the United States. Unfortunately, the White House has never had a curator whose duty it was



WHITE HOUSE CHINA ON A SIDE-TABLE IN THE STATE DINING-ROOM—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THE FIVE PLATES ARE A MCKINLEY REPRODUCTION OF THE HARRISON CHINA; A CLEVELAND BREAKFAST PLATE; A MCKINLEY PLATE; A PLATE OF THE HARRISON SET; AND ONE OF THE LINCOLN SET.

to care for its furnishing, and at this late day it would be impossible to make such a collection. The existing specimens, however, are of much historic

during the Civil War it was taken from the ancestral home of the Lees at Arlington and stored in the Interior Department at the national capital. When



A SUGAR-BOWL AND A SAUCER OF THE CHINA SET PRESENTED TO MARTHA WASHINGTON BY GENERAL WASHINGTON'S DUTCH FRIEND, MR. VAN BRAAM.

value, and should certainly be preserved with the utmost care.

Although George and Martha Washington never lived in the White House, yet the china which they used, both at Mount Vernon and in the executive mansions at Philadelphia and New York, would properly come under this heading. Fortunately for posterity, more of it is still extant than of the household ware of all the other early Presidents combined. That Lady Washington was a typical Colonial housewife, proud of her fine linen and china, is attested by her own and General Washington's wills, in which disposition is made of quantities of these things.

Most of her china descended first to her grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, and included the Cincinnati and Van Braam sets, besides many other specified pieces. By Mr. Custis it was left to his grandson, George Washington Custis Lee, the eldest son of Robert E. Lee. It will be recalled that

the Arlington estate passed into the possession of the government, it, with other Washington relics, was placed on exhibition in the Smithsonian. There it remained from 1883 until President McKinley relinquished it to Miss Mary E. Lee in the summer of 1898.

In this very interesting and valuable collection are many pieces of the old blue and white earthenware; some of the gold-rimmed white French china set; and many unclassified pieces. There are also more than thirty dinner-plates and soup-plates, and numerous dishes, platters, gravy-bowls, and cups and saucers, which belonged to the Van Braam and Cincinnati sets.

Owing to the mistake which Lossing made in his "Home of Washington" in calling this last set French china, and in describing it as a gift to Martha Washington from Lafayette and his officers, there has been much misapprehension concerning this ware. Any one who has seen the dishes may detect at a glance

that they are not of French make. They bear evidence of Chinese handcraft. Professor Clarke, the curator of the Washingtoniana at the Smithsonian Institution, who is probably the best living authority on the subject, says unhesitatingly that there is no reference in all of Washington's papers to any present of china from Lafayette or other French officers, but that there is record of a purchase of certain ware from the ship Pallas, which had come into the port of Baltimore from China. The set thus acquired is described as containing

"stone white cups and saucers and other dishes bearing the arms of the order of the Cincinnati."

Beyond question this is the Cincinnati set which Miss Lee now possesses. It is dull white in color, and each piece has a gilt border, edging a wide band of deep blue, over which runs an oriental design in a confused leaf and scroll pattern. Around the bottom of the plates



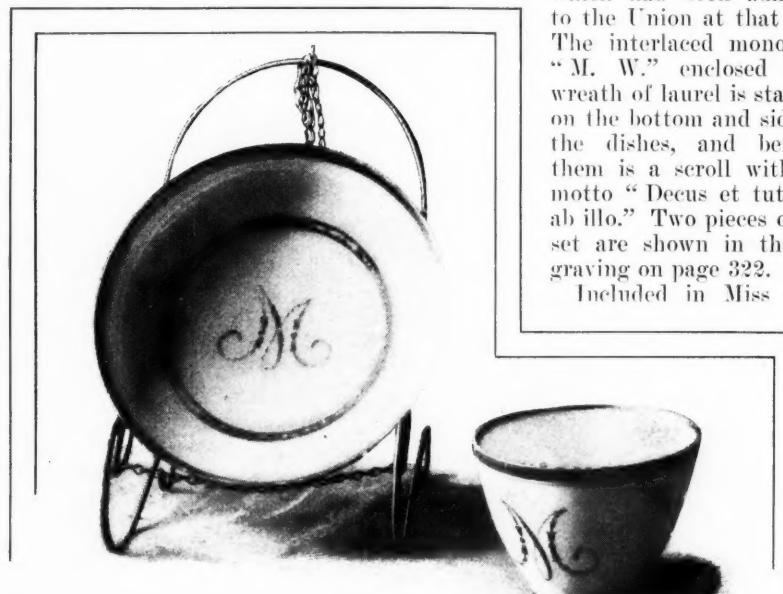
ONE OF THE TWO LARGE AND ORNATE PUNCH-BOWLS OF THE LINCOLN SET, WHICH IS STILL IN USE AT WHITE HOUSE ENTERTAINMENTS.

is a row of stars, and in the center of each is the figure of a winged woman carrying in one outstretched hand the badge of the Cincinnati, and with the other holding a trumpet to her lips.

The Van Braam china is a finer ware, and more chaste in design. Encircling every piece of it are fifteen large and fifteen small elliptical links, the larger links bearing the names of the States

which had been admitted to the Union at that date. The interlaced monogram "M. W." enclosed in a wreath of laurel is stamped on the bottom and sides of the dishes, and beneath them is a scroll with the motto "Decus et tutamen ab illo." Two pieces of the set are shown in the engraving on page 322.

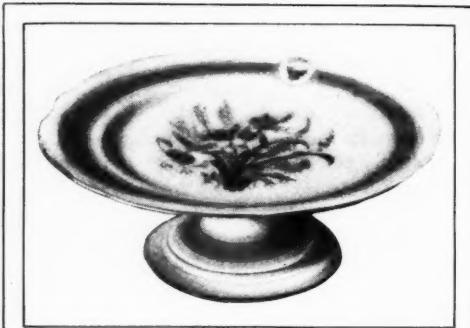
Included in Miss Lee's



A DOLLY MADISON CUP AND SAUCER, WHICH WERE FOUND IN A COUNTRY HOUSE IN VIRGINIA BY A WASHINGTON COLLECTOR OF PRESIDENTIAL CHINA.

collection is a Niederwiler bowl of exquisite make and pattern. It is ornamented with the crest and initials of Washington resting upon a cloud of gold and overshadowed by a laurel wreath. Her Washington punch-bowl is a mammoth affair, suggesting the popularity of the "savory brew" of our forefathers. It has a wide pink and yellow floral band on its outer and inner sides, and colored flowers are scattered over it.

While Miss Lee has the largest collection of Washington relics, several others are to be found in museums and in private hands. Mrs. Britannia W. Kennon, a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, has in her home, on the outlying hills of Georgetown, a quantity of Washington plate and china. Miss Virginia Miller of Washington, Miss Lee's cousin, also has several pieces of historic ware. The Lewis collection at the Smithsonian, which the government purchased of the Lewis heirs for twelve thousand dollars, includes some important relics, while the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association has succeeded in bringing back to the home of the first President many things



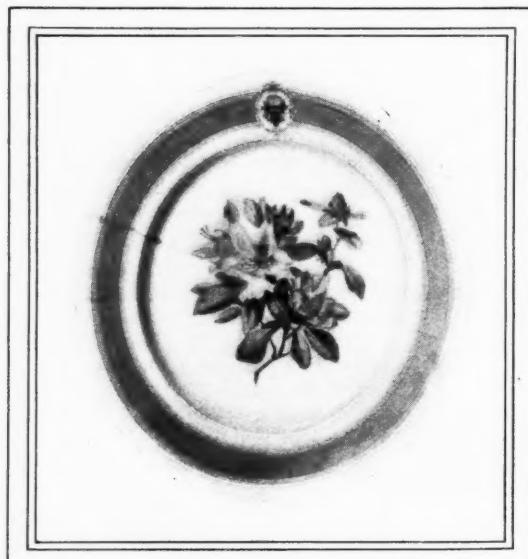
A SMALL FRUIT-DISH OF THE GRANT SET, STILL IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

which were there during the lifetime of its illustrious owner.

ADAMS, JEFFERSON, AND MADISON CHINA.

Of the Adams china there is but little record. Of Jefferson's there are some old octagonal plates of Rockingham ware, with a brownish pottery body, and bearing the crackled marks of the heat of the stove, which tradition says were selected by the author of the Declaration of Independence. Some pieces of undoubtedly authenticity have a rim and border diapered in dark blue outlined by faint edges of gold. They bear in the center the letter "J" in gold, enclosed in a shield of blue and gold, adorned with the thirteen stars. Above the shield is a blue and gold helmet with closed vizor.

The Madison china, a finely painted Lowestoft set, with the initial "M" in the center, was destroyed when the British burned the White House in 1814; but some pieces must have been saved, and a few of them are still in the possession of individual collectors. Colonel William H. Crook, for almost forty years executive clerk at the White House, who has made a thorough study of the Presidential ware, has an interesting collection of White House china. In it is one of the Madison plates which he



A PLATE OF THE GRANT SET (BROKEN AND MENDED), OWNED BY A WASHINGTON COLLECTOR.

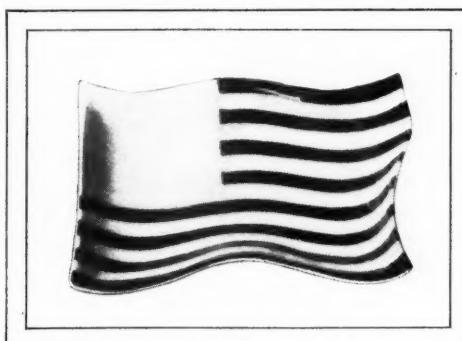
found in a second-hand store on Seventh Street soon after coming to Washington. It is a small tea-plate with a narrow gold rim edging a wider pale blue band encircled by little golden stars. A broad blue band comes next, edged with another band of gold. In the center of the plate is a medalion outlined in gold and filled with tiny, badly blurred gold stars.

Mr. Sidney Nealey, whose mother was an indefatigable collector, also owns a Dolly Madison cup and saucer which were found in a country home in Virginia. The tea-cup is a medium-sized one, with a big, flaring saucer, both decorated in gold as shown in the engraving on page 323.

FROM MONROE TO BUCHANAN.

The Monroe china was French ware, severely plain, with a coffee-colored band running around each piece.

Tradition says that President Jackson used a heavy, coarse, bluish Chinese porcelain, outlined in gold with a clumsy shield in the center; but Mrs. Emily Wilcox, who was born in the White House, and who is now living in



A BONBON DISH SELECTED BY MRS. CLEVELAND—IT MAY BE NOTED THAT THE AMERICAN FLAG IS NOT CORRECTLY REPRESENTED.

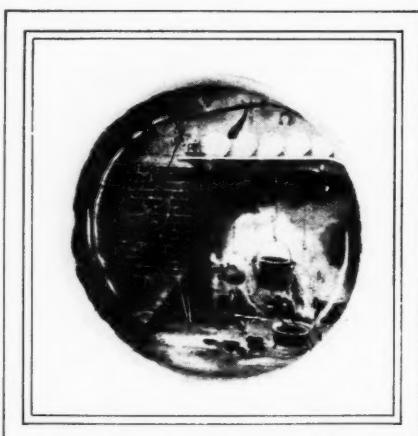
Washington, resents having that go down into history as the china of her grandfather's selection. Her mother was General Jackson's daughter, and presided over the republican court during his incumbency. She often told her daughter that a little while before he left the Executive Mansion, the President ordered for his family's use a set of the finest French china that could be purchased in those days. It was white ware outlined with deep yellow bands, and Mrs. Wilcox still has two of the fruit-dishes in her possession. Besides this, she has a small opaque glass finger-bowl that was in use at the White House during her infancy; but her most treasured possessions are two tall, three-pronged candlesticks which were presented to President Jackson by the Tammany Club of New York. On one side they bear his name in script, on the other the legend: "Our Federal Union, It Must Be Preserved."

The Franklin Pierce china had a brilliant red edge, and has become known in history as "the red edge set."

The Buchanan ware was heavy and coarse. It is notable for the meager and badly-painted spray of flowers which decorates the sides



A LARGE FRUIT-DISH OF THE GRANT CHINA.



A SOUP PLATE OF THE HAYES SET.

and bottom of each piece, and for its disproportionately large saucers, which hold more than the cups.

THE DISPERSION OF WHITE HOUSE CHINA.

In the early history of the republic, Congress twice a year appointed a committee from its own numbers to visit the White House, look through its cupboards and closets, and receive the steward's report of breakages. In this way it was supposed that the china and plate would be kept intact; but the solemn inspection of the Congressional Solons was no safeguard against wear and tear, nor could it prevent the duplicity of servants who were willing, for a consideration, to transfer specimens to the cabinets of unscrupulous private collectors.

A nick, crack, or blemish has always been a sufficient cause for discarding china from the President's table. Formerly the damaged ware was kept through each administration, till with the incoming of a new mistress it was sold to the second-hand dealers of Washington. It was in this way that much of the Presidential china has reached private collectors. Captain



A FISH-PLATE OF THE HAYES SET.

Dickins, of the United States Navy, who has a remarkably fine collection, had a peculiar experience that illustrates the strange adventures of many valuable specimens. The walls of the captain's dining-room in Washington were covered with china pieces which he had been years in securing. One day Mrs. Dickins' washerwoman, an old colored mammy, said to her:

"Miss Emmie, you sets a heap by dese ole dishes, don' you? My ole man says down in de cellar at Zimmerman's second-hand sto' dere is a big box ob dem kine ob dishes. He's often seed 'em when he's been down dar takin' out truck. Why don' you go git dem?"

Mrs. Dickins paid little attention to the suggestion,

doubting the judgment of Aunt Maria's "old man" in knowing "dem kine ob dishes"; but a few weeks later the colored woman repeated her story to Captain Dickins, who thought it worth while to investigate the subject. He accordingly went to Mr. Zimmerman, and told him about it. The dealer could not recall the box of dishes, but Maria's



A DINNER PLATE OF THE HAYES SET—THIS WAS
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND ELABORATELY
DECORATED CHINA EVER MADE FOR
THE WHITE HOUSE.

"old man" was sent for. He took them into an inner room in the cellar, and from under a quantity of discarded furniture he produced a box. Upon looking through it, they found, among a lot of crockery of no value, more than a dozen pieces of the Lincoln and Grant china.

Mr. Zimmerman then remembered that the box had been brought to him one day years before by a Baltimore dealer, who said he had gotten hold of some old stuff from a White House sale, and wanted to dispose of it. Mr. Zimmerman had only glanced at it at the time, and, thinking it to be some plain ware of little value, he had consigned it to the cellar, where it had been forgotten, and had lain unopened for more than a decade.

Twenty or thirty years ago there were but few persons who valued the Presidential china. Even so recently as President Cleveland's second administration it was in no great demand. A quantity of ware that was more or less injured, but which was invaluable in that it could not be replaced, was gathered up in 1893 and sold in a lot to second-hand dealers. Colonel Crook bought a cracked Lincoln pitcher, which would now command almost any price, for two dollars and a half, and plates bearing the historic seal, on which the gilt had dimmed, or which showed a crack or nick, sold for a dollar each. Should Mrs. Roosevelt allow a similar sale to take place—which is utterly improbable—such things would bring fabulous prices.

A rigid rule is now in force that every piece of broken, nicked, or injured ware must be turned over to the steward, who in turn places it in the custody of the superintendent of buildings and

grounds. Heretofore discarded china was passed upon by a committee of the White House force, appointed for that purpose, and was then sold at public auction; but as much of the historic



A MEAT-PLATTER OF THE HAYES CHINA—THE DECORATIONS OF THIS SET WERE DESIGNED BY THEODORE DAVIS.

ware which otherwise might have been preserved crept into these sales, Mrs. Roosevelt has determined that no china shall be disposed of thus during her reign at the White House.

LINCOLN AND GRANT CHINA.

As far as any authentic record goes, only five sets of china have been purchased by the government for the White House. These are the Lincoln, the Grant, the Hayes, the Harrison, and the one selected about a year ago by Mrs. Roosevelt.

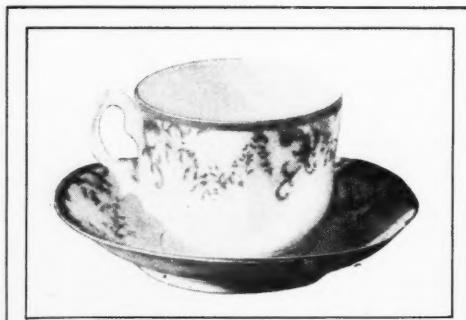
Of the first four of these sets comparatively few pieces are left in the White

House. The Lincoln china has always been greatly admired, and many consider it the handsomest of all. It was a Haviland design, selected by Mrs. Lincoln, and ordered through a Washington dealer. Each piece has a scalloped edge with a wide band of crimson purple outlined with delicate lines and dots of gold. In the center of the plates and flat dishes, and on the sides of the upright ones, is a coat of arms, resting on a clouded background of gold, and bearing the United States motto, "E Pluribus Unum." There are two punch-bowls in this set, one of which is shown in the engraving on page 323. They are very large and ornate, and have frequently figured on the side-tables at Mrs. Roosevelt's teas and musicales. Only two or three of the water-pitchers are left, and but few of the fruit-bowls and cake-stands. There are less than a dozen of the platters for fish and meat, and about forty plates.

Of the Grant china about the same number of pieces are still in existence, if we include those ordered for Nellie Grant's wedding. Each piece of the original set selected by Mrs. Grant is of white French ware, and has a wide band in buff, rimmed with gold, in which is a small United States shield. In the center of each dish is a spray of American wild flowers. At the time of the wedding, which occurred at the White House, this set was supplemented by a number of pieces which matched it in general design, but which did not bear the shield.

FROM HAYES TO ROOSEVELT.

The elaborately decorated Hayes set, designed by Theodore Davis, was undoubtedly one of the most beautiful ever made for the American market, but its reproduction in cheaper china ruined its value as Presidential ware. A greater



A COFFEE-CUP AND SAUCER OF A SET SELECTED BY
MRS. MCKINLEY.

quantity of it is still in use at the Executive Mansion than of any other set. The engravings on the two preceding pages show three plates and one of the meat-platters.

The so-called Harrison set was not complete, but it contained more cut glass

than did the others. Mrs. Harrison was very fond of flowers, and wished to make the goldenrod a national emblem. It figures prominently in the decorations of her table-ware.

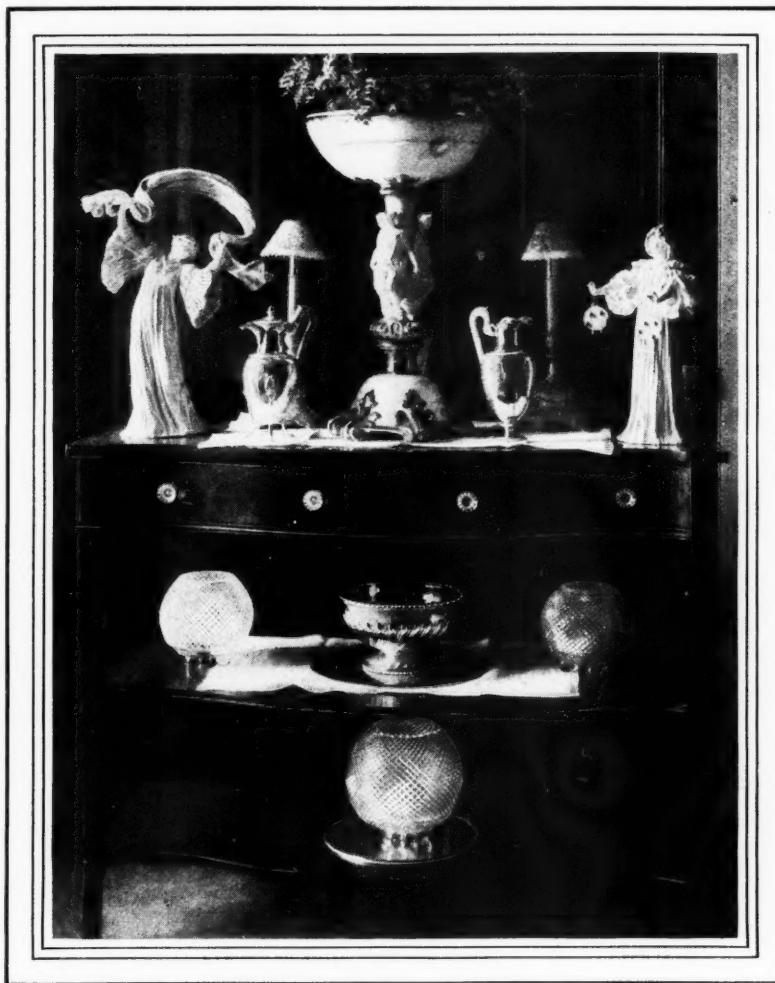
President Arthur, Mrs. Cleveland, and Mrs. McKinley added to the White House china, but each of them simply ordered pieces needed to fill in the deficiencies of the table.

Most of the historic pieces of the White House are kept in a closet especially made for them, in the gallery over the butler's pantry, but when the photographs were made for this article Mrs. Roosevelt very kindly consented to allow them to be moved to any part of the house where the best light could be found. One of the resultant negatives—reproduced on page 329—shows an interesting collection grouped upon a side-table in the family dining-room. It contained the high fruit-bowl upheld by the three Graces, which in the picture is filled with ferns. This is one of the oldest pieces of china in the Executive Mansion. Captain Pendel, the senior employee of the staff, remembers seeing it there in the Lincoln administration, but it disappeared, and Mrs. Harrison unearthed it, years afterward, in the garret, broken into three pieces. She had it mended so deftly that the defect is almost imperceptible, and it is now one of the show pieces of the family dining-room.

At each side of it are the John Quiney Adams silver tea-pot and creamer. The bisque figures flanking them belong to the two dozen dancing girls of *biscuit de Sèvres* which President Loubet sent to

the White House at the time of the unveiling of the Rochambeau statue. The candlesticks in the background are recent purchases, as are also the rose-jars on the lower shelves of the table.

repeatedly urged that the oldest of the china should not be used, and wished to have a cabinet made for it in the walls of the state dining-room. She was not able to carry out her idea, but if some



A GROUP OF WHITE HOUSE TREASURES UPON A SIDE-TABLE IN THE PRIVATE DINING-ROOM—
THE TALL FRUIT-BOWL IN THE CENTER IS AN OLD PIECE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN; THE
DANCING GIRLS ARE PART OF A SÈVRES SET PRESENTED BY PRESIDENT LOUBET.

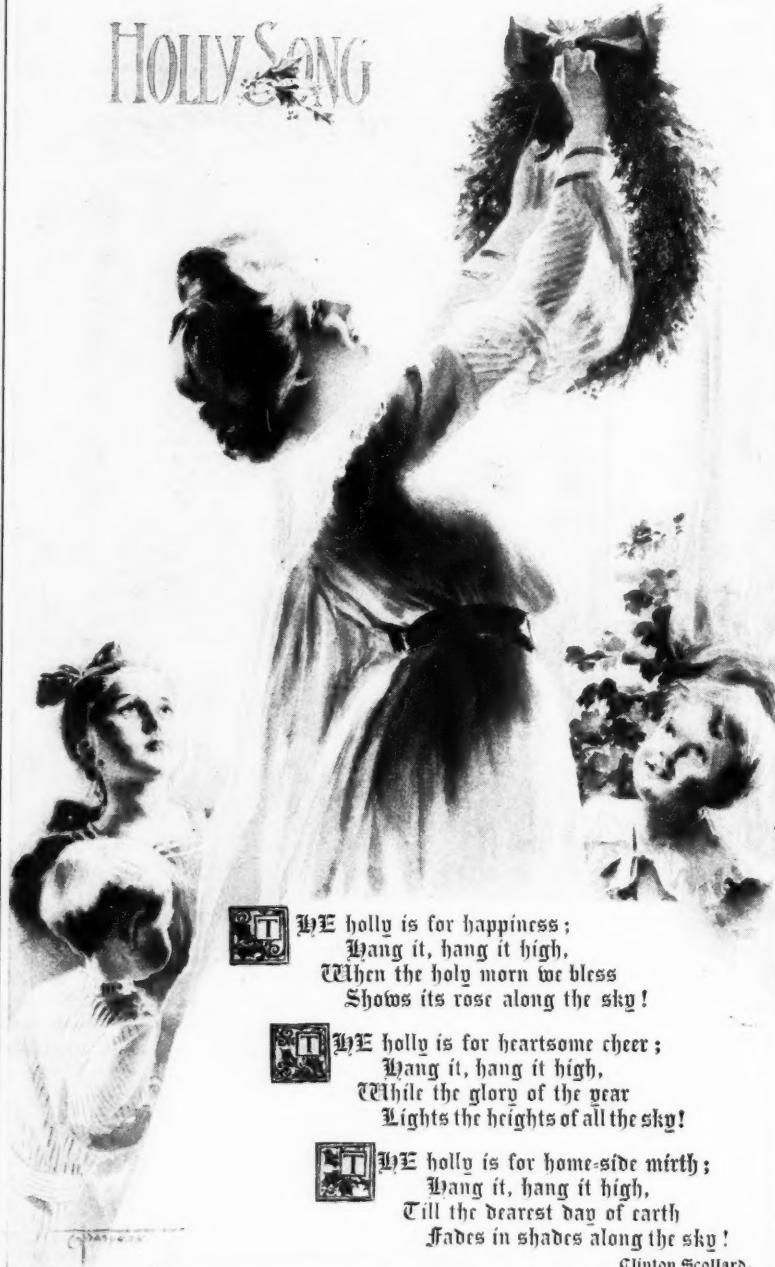
The picture of the plates, printed on page 321, was taken on one of the side-tables in the state dining-room.

Mrs. Harrison repeatedly expressed the wish to preserve the old china of the White House, and probably did more to save it from destruction than any other mistress of the Executive Mansion. She

such step was necessary then, it is far more necessary now.

Indeed, if something of the sort be not done, before very long the historic White House ware will practically have disappeared. The loss will be one that future generations will deeply but vainly regret.

HOLLY SONG



THE holly is for happiness;
Hang it, hang it high,
When the holy morn we bless
Shows its rose along the sky!

THE holly is for heartsome cheer;
Hang it, hang it high,
While the glory of the year
Lights the heights of all the sky!

THE holly is for home-side mirth;
Hang it, hang it high,
Till the dearest day of earth
Fades in shades along the sky!

Clinton Scollard.

DOUBLE HARNESS.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," and "The King's Mirror."

Mr. Hope's position in the world of modern fiction is such that the appearance of his new novel is a literary event.

It is just ten years since he first attracted public attention with "The Prisoner of Zenda," which was hailed as the very best romance since the days of the elder Dumas. His "Dolly Dialogues" have been called by George Meredith "the wittiest dialogue written by any contemporary author." To his story-telling ability and his skill in dialogue his latest work shows that he has added a mastery of life and character equaled perhaps by no living novelist.

"Double Harness" is a story that will interest every one who is interested in that greatest problem of modern life—the marriage question. It will be the most widely discussed novel of the year.

The American reader's personal interest in Mr. Hope will not be diminished by the fact of his recent marriage to a New York girl.

I.

THE house, a large, plain, white building with no architectural pretensions, stood on a high swell of the downs. It looked across the valley in which Mill-dean village lay, and thence over more rolling stretches of close turf, till the prospect ended in the gleam of waves and the silver-gray mist that lay over the sea. It was a fine, open, free view. The air was fresh with a touch of salt in it, and made the heat of the sun more than endurable—even welcome and nourishing.

Tom Courtland, raising himself from the grass and sitting up straight, gave utterance to what his surroundings declared to be a very natural exclamation:

"What a bore to leave this and go back to town!"

"Stay a bit longer, old chap," urged his host, Grantley Imason, who lay full length on his back on the turf, with a straw hat over his eyes and nose, and a pipe, long gone out, between his teeth.

"Back to my wife!" Courtland went on, without noticing the invitation.

With a faint sigh Grantley Imason sat up, put his hat on his head, and knocked out his pipe. He glanced at his friend with a look of satirical amusement.

"You're encouraging company for a man who's just engaged," he remarked.

"It's the devil of a business—sort of thing some of those fellows would write a book about. But it's not worth a book. A page of strong and indiscriminate swearing—that's what it's worth, Grantley."

Grantley sighed again, as he searched for his tobacco pouch. The sigh seemed to hover doubtfully between a faint sympathy and a resigned boredom.

"And no end to it—none in sight! I don't know whether it's legal cruelty to throw library books and so on at your husband's head—"

"Depends on whether you ever hit him. I should think; and they'd probably conclude a woman never would."

"But what an ass I should look if I went into court with that sort of story!"

"Yes, you would look an ass," Grantley agreed. "Doesn't she give you—well, any other chance?"

"Not she! My dear fellow, she's most aggressively the other way."

"Then why don't you give her a chance?"

"What, you mean—?"

"Am I so very cryptic?" murmured Grantley, as he lit his pipe.

"I'm a member of Parliament."

* Copyright, 1903, by Anthony Hope Hawkins.

"Yes, I forgot. That's a bit awkward."

"Besides, there are the children. I don't want my children to think their father a scoundrel." He paused, and added grimly: "And I don't want them to be left to their mother's bringing-up, either."

"Then we seem to have exhausted the resources of the law."

"The children complicate it so. Wait till you have some of your own, Grantley."

"Look here, steady!" Grantley expostulated. "Don't be in such a hurry to give me domestic encumbrances. The bloom's still on my romance, old chap. Talking of children to a man who's only been engaged a week!" His manner resumed its air of languid sympathy as he went on. "You needn't see much of her, Tom, need you?"

"Oh, needn't I?" grumbled Courtland. He was a rather short, sturdily-built man, with a high color, and stiff black hair which stood up on his head. His face was not wanting in character, but a look of plaintive worry beset it. "You try living in the same house with a woman—with a woman like that, I mean."

"Thanks for the explanation," laughed Grantley.

"I must go and wire when I shall be back, or Harriet'll blow the roof off over that. You come, too; a stroll would do you good."

Grantley Imason agreed, and the two, leaving the garden by a little side gate, took their way along the steep road which led down to the village, and rose again on the other side of it, to join the main highway across the downs a mile and a half away.

The lane was narrow, steep, and full of turns; the notice "Dangerous to Cyclists" gave warning of its character. At the foot of it stood the Old Mill House, backing on to a little stream. Further on lay the church and the parsonage; opposite to them was the post-office, which was also a general shop and also had rooms to let to visitors. The village inn, next to the post-office, and a dozen or so of laborers' cottages exhausted the shelter of the little valley, though the parish embraced several homesteads scattered about in dips of the downs, and a row of small new red villas at the junction with the main road. Happily, these last, owing to the lie of the ground, were out of sight from Grantley Imason's windows no less than from the village itself.

"And that's the home of the fairy

princess!" asked Courtland as they passed Old Mill House, a rambling, rather broken-down old place, covered with creepers.

"Yes. She and her brother moved there when the old rector died. You may have heard of him—the Chiddington who was an authority on Milton. No! Well, he was, anyhow. Rather learned all round, I fancy—fellow of John's. But he took this living and settled down for life. And when he died, the children were turned out of the rectory, and took Old Mill House. They've got an old woman—well, she's not very old—with the uneuphonious name of Mumble living with them. She's been a sort of nurse-housekeeper-companion. A mixed kind of position—breakfast and midday dinner with the family, but didn't join his reverence's evening meal. You know the sort of thing. She's monstrously fat, but Sibylla loves her. The new rector moved in a fortnight ago, and everybody hates him. The temporary curate, who was here because the new rector was at Bournemouth for his health, and who lodged over the post-office, has just gone, and everybody's glad to see the last of him. That's all the news of the town. And behold, Tom, I'm the squire of it, and every man, woman, or child in it is, by unbroken tradition and custom, entitled to have as much port wine out of my cellar as his, her, or its state of health may happen to require."

He threw off this chatter in a gay, self-contented fashion, and Tom Courtland looked at him with affectionate envy. The world had been very good to Grantley Imason, and he in return was always amiable to it. He had been born heir and only child of his father, had inherited the largest share in a solid, old-fashioned banking house, and was now a director of the great joint-stock undertaking in which the family business had consented to merge itself on handsome terms. He had just as much work to do as he liked, and possessed, and always had enjoyed, more money than he needed. He was thirty-three now, and had been a social favorite even before he left school. If it was difficult to say what positive gain his existence had been to society, there was no doubt that his extinction would at any time have been considered a distinct loss.

"A country squire with a rosy-cheeked country girl for wife! That's a funny ending for you, Grantley."

"She's not rosy-cheeked—and it's not an ending. And there's the post-office.

Go in, and be as civil as you can to Lady Harriet."

A smile of pity, unmistakably mingled with contempt, followed Courtland into the shop. The tantrums of other men's wives are generally received with much the same mixture of skepticism and disdain as the witticisms of other parents' children. Both are seen large, very large indeed, by sufferers and admirers respectively.

The obligation of being as civil as he could to his wife caused Courtland to take three or four minutes in framing his telegram. When he came out, he found Grantley seated on the bench that stood by the inn and conversing with a young man who wore an old coat and rough tweed knickerbockers. Grantley introduced him as Mr. Jeremy Chiddington, and Courtland knew that he was Sibylla's brother; Sibylla herself he had not yet seen.

Jeremy had a shock of sandy hair, a wide brow, and a wide mouth; his eyes were rather protuberant, and his nose turned up, giving prominence to the nostrils.

"No family likeness, I hope," Courtland found himself thinking, for though Jeremy was a vigorous masculine type, if not a handsome one, the lines were far from being those of feminine beauty.

"And he's enormously surprised and evidently rather shocked to hear I'm going to marry his sister. Oh, we can talk away, Jeremy—Tom Courtland doesn't matter. He knows all the bad there is about me, and wants to know all the good there is about Sibylla."

One additional auditor by no means embarrassed Jeremy; perhaps a hundred would not have done so.

"Though, of course, somebody must have married her, you know," Grantley went on, smiling and stretching himself luxuriously like a sleek, indolent cat.

"I hate marriage altogether," declared Jeremy.

Courtland turned to him with a quick jerk of his head.

"The deuce you do!" he said, laughing. "It's early in life to have come to that conclusion, Mr. Chiddington."

"Yes, yes, Jeremy, quite so, but—" Grantley began.

"It's an invention of priests," Jeremy insisted heatedly.

Courtland, scarred with fifteen years' experience of the institution thus roundly attacked, was immensely diverted, though his own feelings gave a rather bitter twist to his mirth. Grantley

argued, or rather pleaded, with a deceptive gravity:

"But if you fall in love with a girl?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Well, but the world must be peopled, Jeremy."

"Marriage isn't necessary to that, is it?"

"Oho!" whistled Courtland.

"We may concede the point—in theory," said Grantley. "In practise it's more difficult."

"Because people won't think clearly and bravely," cried Jeremy, with a thump on the bench. "Because they're hide-bound, and, as I say, the priests heaven-and-hell them till they don't know where they are."

"Heaven-and-hell them!" Good phrase, Jeremy! You speak feelingly. Your father, perhaps—? Oh, excuse me, I'm one of the family now."

"My father? Not a bit. Old Mumples, now, if you like. However, that's got nothing to do with it. I'm going on the lines of pure reason. And what is pure reason?"

The elder men looked at each other, smiled, and shook their heads.

"We don't know; it's no use pretending we do. You tell us, Jeremy," said Grantley.

"It's just nature—nature—nature. Get back to that, and you're on solid ground. Why, apart from anything else, how can you expect marriage, as we have it, to succeed when women are what they are? And haven't they always been the same? Of course they have. Read history; read fiction—though it isn't worth reading; read science. And look at the world round about you."

He waved his arm extensively, taking in much more than the valley in which most of his short life had been spent.

"If I'd thought as you do at your age," said Courtland, "I should have kept out of a lot of trouble."

"And I should have kept out of a lot of scrapes," added Grantley.

"Of course you would," snapped Jeremy.

"But surely there are exceptions among women, Jeremy?" Grantley pursued appealingly. "Consider my position!"

"What is man?" demanded Jeremy. "Well, let me recommend you to read Haeckel!"

"Never mind man. Tell us more about woman," urged Grantley.

"Oh, Lord! I suppose you're thinking of Sibylla?"

"I own it," murmured Grantley.
"You know her so well, you see."

Descending from the heights of scientific generalization, and from the search after that definition of man for which he had finally been obliged to refer his listeners to another authority, Jeremy lost at the same time his gravity and vehemence. He surprised Courtland by showing himself owner of a humorous and attractive smile.

"You'd rather define man, perhaps, than Sibylla?" suggested Grantley.

"Sibylla's all right, if you know how to manage her."

"Just what old Lady Trederwyn used to say to me about Harriet," Courtland whispered to Grantley.

"But it needs a bit of knowing. She's got the deuce of a temper—old Mumples knows that. Well, Mumples has a temper, too. They used to have awful rows—do still, now and then. Sibylla used to fly out at Mumples, then Mumples sat on Sibylla, and then, when it was all over, they'd generally have a new and independent row about which had been right and which wrong in the old row."

"Not content with a quiet consciousness of rectitude, as a man would be?"

"Consciousness of rectitude! Lord, it wasn't that! That would have been all right. It was just the other way round. They both knew they had tempers. Mumples is infernally religious, and Sibylla's generous to the point of idiocy, in my opinion. So after a row, when Sibylla had cheeked Mumples and told her to go to the devil, so to speak, and Mumples had sent her to bed, or thumped her, or something, you know—"

"Let us not go too deep into family tragedies, Jeremy."

"Why, when it had all quieted down, and the governor and I could hear ourselves talking quietly again—"

"About marriage, and that sort of question?"

"They began to have conscience. Each would have it borne in on her that she had been wrong. Sibylla generally started it. She'd go weeping to Mumples, taking all her own things, and any of mine that were lying about handy, and laying them at Mumples' feet. She'd say she was the wickedest girl alive, and why hadn't Mumples pitched into her a lot more, and that she really loved Mumples better than anything on earth. Then Mumples would sail in and call Sibylla the sweetest and meekest lamb on earth, and say she loved her more than anything on earth, and that she—Mumples—

was the worst-tempered and cruellest and unjuest woman alive, not fit to be near such an angel as Sibylla. Then Sibylla used to say that was rot, and Mumples said it wasn't. And Sibylla declared Mumples only said it to wound her; and Mumples got hurt because Sibylla wouldn't forgive her, when Sibylla, of course, wanted Mumples to forgive her. And after half an hour of that sort of thing, it was as likely as not that they'd quarrel worse than ever, and the whole row would begin over again."

Grantley lay back and laughed.

"A bit rough on you to give your things to—er—Mumples?" suggested Courtland.

"Just like Sibylla—just like any woman, I expect," opined Jeremy, but with a more resigned and better-tempered air.

"Wouldn't it have been better to have a preceptress of more equable temper?" asked Grantley.

"Oh, there's nothing really wrong with Mumples; we're both awfully fond of her. Besides, she's had such beastly hard luck. Hasn't Sibylla told you about that, Imason?"

"No, nothing."

"Her husband was sent to quod, you know—got twenty years."

"Twenty years! By Jingo!"

"Yes. He tried to murder a man—a man who had swindled him. Mumples says he did it all in a passion, but it seems to have been a cold sort of passion, because he waited twelve hours for him before he knifed him. And at the trial he couldn't even prove the swindling, so he got it pretty hot."

"Is he dead?"

"No, he's alive. He's to get out in about three years. Mumples is waiting for him."

"Poor old woman! Does she go and see him?"

"She used to. She hasn't for years now. I believe he won't have her—I don't know why. The governor was high sheriff's chaplain at the time, so he got to know Mumples, and took her on. She's been with us ever since."

Grantley had looked grave for a moment, but he smiled again as he said:

"After all, though, you've not told me how to manage Sibylla. I'm not Mumples. I can't thump her. I should be better than Mumples in one way, though. If I did, I should be dead sure to stick to it that I was right."

"You'd stick to it even if you didn't think so," observed Courtland.

For a moment the remark seemed to

vex Grantley and to sober him. He spent a few seconds evidently reflecting on it.

"Well, I hope not," he said at last. "But at any rate I should think so generally."

"Then you could mostly make her think so. But if it wasn't true, you might feel a brute."

"So I might, Jeremy."

"And it mightn't be permanently safe. She sees things uncommonly sharp sometimes. Well, I must be off."

"Going back to Haeckel?"

Jeremy nodded gravely. He was not susceptible to ridicule on the subject of his theories. The two watched him stride away toward Old Mill House with decisive, vigorous steps.

"Rum product for a country parsonage, Grantley."

"Oh, he's not a product, he's only an embryo. But I think he's a promising one, and he's richly amusing."

"Yes. And I wonder how you're going to manage Miss Sibylla!"

Grantley laughed easily.

"My poor old chap, you can't be expected to take a cheerful view. Let's go home to tea."

As they walked by the parsonage a bicycle came whizzing through the open garden-gate. It was propelled by a girl of fifteen or thereabouts, a slender, long-legged child, almost gaunt in her immaturity and lamentably grown out of her frock. She cried shrill greeting to Grantley and went off down the street, displaying her skill to whosoever would look by riding with her arms akimbo.

"Another local celebrity," said Grantley. "Dora Hutting, the new parson's daughter. That she should have come to live in the village is a gross personal affront to Jeremy Chiddington. He's especially incensed by her lengthy stretch of black stockings, always, as he maintains, with a hole in them."

Courtland laughed inattentively.

"I hope Harriet'll get that wire in good time," he said.

No remark came into Grantley's mind, unless it were to tell his friend that he was a fool to stand what he did from the woman. But what was the use of that? Tom Courtland knew his own business best.

Grantley shrugged his shoulders and held his peace.

II.

COURTLAND went off early next morning in the dog-cart to Fairhaven station—no railway line ran nearer Milldean—while

Grantley Imason spent the morning lounging about his house, planning what improvements could be made and what embellishments provided against the coming of Sibylla.

Grantley enjoyed this pottering both for its own sake and because it was connected with the thought of the girl he loved. For he was in love, as much in love, it seemed to him, as a man could well be. "And I ought to know," he said, with a smile of reminiscence, his mind going back to earlier affairs of the heart more or less serious, which had been by no means lacking in his career.

He surveyed them without remorse, though one or two might reasonably have evoked that emotion, and with no more regret than lay in confessing that he had shared the follies common to his age and his position. But he found great satisfaction in the thought that Sibylla had had nothing to do with any of the persons concerned. She had known none of them; she was in no sense of the same set with any one of the five or six women of whom he was thinking; her surroundings had always been quite different from theirs. She came into his life something entirely fresh, new, and unconnected with the past.

Herein lay a great deal of the charm of this latest, this final affair. For it was to be final—for his love's sake, for his honor's sake, and also because it seemed time for such finality in that ordered view of life and its stages to which his intellect inclined him. There was something singularly fortunate in the chance which enabled him to suit his desire to this conception, to find the two things in perfect harmony, to act on rational lines with such a full and even eager assent of his feelings.

He reminded himself, with his favorite shrug, that to talk of chance was to fall into an old fallacy, but the sense of accident remained. The thing had been so entirely unplanned. He had meant to buy a place in the north; it was only when the one he wanted had been snapped up by somebody else that the agents succeeded in persuading him to come and look at the house at Milldean. It happened to take his fancy, and he bought it.

Then he happened to be out of sorts, and stayed down there an unbroken month, instead of coming only from Saturday to Monday. Again, Sibylla and Jeremy had meant to go away when the rector died, and had stayed on only because Old Mill House happened to fall

vacant so opportunely. No other house was available in the village.

So the chances had gone on—till chance culminated in that meeting of his with Sibylla; not their first encounter, but the one he always called his meeting with her in his own thoughts—that wonderful evening when all the sky was red, and the earth, too, looked almost red, and the air was so still. He had been with her in his garden, and she, forgetful of him, had turned her eyes to the heavens, and gazed and gazed. Presently, and still, as it seemed, unconsciously, she had stretched out her hand and caught his in a tight grip, silently but urgently demanding his sympathy for thoughts and feelings she could not express.

At that moment her beauty seemed to be born for him, and he had determined to make it his. He smiled now, saying that he had been as impulsive as the merest boy, thanking fortune that he could rejoice in the impulse instead of condemning it. In nine cases out of ten it would have been foolish and disastrous to be carried away in an instant like that. In his case it had, at any rate, not proved disastrous. From that moment he had never turned back from his purpose, and he had nothing but satisfaction in its now imminent accomplishment.

"Absolutely the right thing! I couldn't have done better for myself."

He stood in the middle of the room and said these words aloud. They exhausted the subject, and Grantley sat down at his writing-table to answer Mrs. Raymore's letter of congratulation. He had never been in love with Mrs. Raymore, who was his senior by ten years, but she was an old and intimate friend, perhaps his most intimate friend. She had been more or less in his confidence while he was wooing Sibylla, and a telegram apprising her of his success had called forth the letter to which he now owed a response. He wrote in the course of his reply:

If I had been a poor man, I wouldn't have married —least of all a rich wife. Even as a well-to-do man, I wouldn't have married a rich wife. You have to marry too much besides the woman. And I didn't want a society woman, nor anybody from any of the sets I've knocked about with. But I did want to marry. I want a wife—and I want the dynasty continued. It's come direct from father to son for five or six generations, and I didn't want to stand on record as the man who stopped it. I'm entirely contented, no less with the project than with the lady. It will complete my life. That's what I want —a completion, not a transformation. She'll just do this for me. If I had taken a child and trained her, I couldn't have got more exactly what I want—

and I'm sure you'll think so when you come to know her. Incidentally, I am to acquire a delightful brother-in-law. He'll always be a capital fellow, but alas, he won't long be the jewel he is now. Just at the stage between boy and man—hobbledehoy, as you women used to make me so furious by calling me —breathing fury against all institutions, especially those commonly supposed to be of divine origin; learned in ten thousand books, knowing naught of all that falls under the categories of men, women, and things. Best of all, blindly wrath at himself because he has become, or is becoming, a man, and can't help it, and can't help feeling it! How he hates women—and despises them! You see, he has begun to be afraid! I haven't told him that he's begun to be afraid. It will be rich to watch him as he achieves the discovery on his own account. You'll enjoy him very much.

Grantley ended his letter with a warm tribute to Mrs. Raymore's friendship, assurances of all it had been to him, and a promise that marriage should, so far as his feelings went, in no way lessen, impair, or alter the affection between them.

"He's very nice about me," said Mrs. Raymore when she had finished reading. "And he says a good deal about the brother-in-law, and quite a lot about himself. But really he says hardly one word about Sibylla!"

Now it was, of course, about Sibylla that Mrs. Raymore had wanted to hear.

Late afternoon found Grantley cantering over the downs toward Fairhaven. Sibylla had been staying the night there with a Mrs. Valentine, a friend of hers, and was to return by the omnibus which plied to and from Milldean. Their plan was that he should meet her and she should dismount, leaving her luggage to be delivered. He loved his horse, and had seized the opportunity of slipping in a ride. When she joined him he would get off and walk with her.

As he rode now, he was not in the calm mood which had dictated his letter. He was excited and eager at the prospect of meeting Sibylla again; he was exulting in the success of his love, instead of contemplating with satisfaction the orderly progression of his life. But still he had not—and knew he had not—quite that freedom from self-consciousness which marks a youthful passion. The eagerness was there, but he was not surprised, although he was gratified, to find it there. His ardor was natural enough to need no nursing; yet Grantley was inclined to caress it.

He laughed as he let his horse stretch himself in a gallop; he was delighted—and a trifle amused—to find his emotions so fresh. None of the luxury, none of

the pleasure-giving power, had gone out of them. He was still as good a lover as any man.

He was cantering over the turf thirty or forty yards from the road when the omnibus passed him. The driver cried his name, and pointed back with the whip. Grantley saw Sibylla a long way behind. He touched his horse with the spur and galloped toward her.

She stood still, waiting for him. He came up to her at full speed, reined in, and leaped off. Holding his bridle and his hat in one hand, with the other he took hers, and, bowing over it, kissed it. His whole approach was gallantly conceived and carried out.

"You come to me like *Sir Galahad!*" murmured Sibylla.

"My dear, *Sir Galahad!* A banker *Sir Galahad!*"

"Well, do bankers kiss the hands of paupers?"

"Bankers of love would kiss the hands of its millionaires."

"And am I a millionaire of love?"

Grantley let go her hand and joined in her laugh at their little bout of conceits. She carried it on, but merrily now, not in the almost painful strain of delight which had made her first greeting sound half-choked.

"Haven't I given it all to you—to a dishonest banker, who'll never let me have it back?"

"We pay interest on large accounts," Grantley reminded her.

"You'll pay large, large interest to me?"

She laid her hand on his arm, and it rested there as they began to walk, the good horse Rollo pacing soberly beside them.

"All the larger, if I've embezzled the principal! That's always the way, you know." He stopped suddenly, laughing, "It's quite safe!" and kissed her. He held her face a moment, looking into the depths of her dark eyes.

Now he forgot to be amused at himself, or even gratified. If he was not as a boy-lover, it was not because he advanced with less ardor, but that he advanced with more knowledge; not because he abandoned himself less, but that he knew to what the self-abandonment was.

She walked along with a free swing under her short cloth skirt. Evidently she could walk thus for many a mile with no slackening and no fatigue. The wind had caught her hair and blew it from under, and round about, and even over, the flat cap of red that she wore. Her

eyes gazed and glowed and cried joy to him. There under the majestic spread of sky, amid the exhilaration of the salt-tasting air, on the green swell of the land, by the green and blue and white of the sea, she was an intoxication. Grantley breathed quickly as he walked with her hand on his wrist.

"It's so new," she whispered in a joyful apology. "I've never been in love before. You have! Oh, of course you have! I don't mind that—not now. I used to before—before you told me. I used to be very jealous! I couldn't be jealous now—except of not being allowed to love you enough."

"When I'm with you I've never been in love before."

"I don't believe you ever have—not really. I don't believe you could—without me to help you!" She laughed at her boast as she made it, drumming her fingers lightly on his arm; his blood seemed to register each separate touch with a beat for each. "When we're married, Grantley, you shall give me a horse, such a good horse, such a fast horse—as good and as fast as dear old Rollo. And we'll ride, we'll ride together—oh, so far and so fast, against the wind, right against it breathlessly! We'll mark the setting sun, and we'll ride straight for it, never stopping, never turning. We'll ride straight into the gold together, and let the gold swallow us up."

"A bizarre ending for a respectable West End couple!"

"No ending! We'll do it every day!" She turned to him suddenly, saying: "Ride now. You mount—I'll get up behind you."

"What? You'll be horribly uncomfortable."

"Who's thinking of comfort? Rollo can carry us easily. Mount, Grantley, mount. Don't go straight home. Ride along the cliff. Come, mount, mount!"

She was not to be denied. When he was mounted, she set her foot lightly on his, and he helped her up.

"My arm round your waist!" she cried. "Gallop, Grantley, gallop! Think somebody's pursuing us and trying to take me away."

"Must poor Rollo drop down dead?"

"No, but we'll pretend he will!"

Now and then he cried something back to her as they rode; but for the most part he knew only her arm about him, the strands of her hair brushing against his cheek as the wind played with them, her short quick breathing behind him. The powerful horse seemed to join in the

revel, so strong and easy was his gait as he playfully pulled and tossed his head.

They were alone in the world, and the world was very simple—the perfect delight of the living body, the unhindered union of soul apt to soul, all nature fostering, inciting, applauding. It was a great return to the earliest things, and nothing lived save those. They rode more than king and queen; they rode god and goddess in the youth of the world, descended from high Olympus to take their pleasure on the earth.

They rode far and fast against the wind, against it breathlessly. They rode into the gold, and the gold swallowed them up. The blood was hot in him, and when first he heard her gasp "Stop!" he would pay no heed. He turned the horse's head toward home, but they went at a gallop still. He felt her head fall against his shoulder. It rested here. Her breath came quicker, faster; he seemed to see her bosom rising and falling in the stress. But he did not stop.

Again her voice came, strangled and faint:

"I can't bear any more. Stop! Stop!"

One more wild rush—and he obeyed. He was quivering all over when they came to a stand. Her hold round him grew loose; she was about to slip down. He turned round in his saddle and caught her about the waist with his arm. He drew her off the horse and forward to his side. He held her thus with his arm, exulting in the struggle of his muscles. He held her close against him and kissed her face.

When he let her go and she reached earth, she sank on the ground and covered her face with both hands, all her body shaken with her gasps. He sat on his horse for a moment, looking at her. He drew a deep inspiration, and brushed drops of sweat from his brow. He was surprised to find that there seemed now little wind, that the sun was veiled in clouds, that a wagon passed along the road, that a dog barked from a farmhouse—that the old, ordinary, humdrum world was there.

He heard a short stifled sob.

"You're not angry with me?" he said. "I wasn't rough to you? I couldn't bear to stop at first."

She showed him her face. Her eyes were full of tears; there was a deep glow on her cheeks, generally so pale. She sprang to her feet and stood by his horse, looking up at him.

"I angry? You rough? It has been

more than I knew happiness could be. I had no idea joy could be like that, no idea life had anything like that. And you ask me if I'm angry and if you were rough! You're opening life to me, showing me why it is good; why I have it, why I want it, what I'm to do with it. You're opening it all to me. And all the beauties come out of your dear hand, Grantley. Angry! I know only that you're doing this for me, only that I must give you in return, in a poor return, all I have and am and can be, must give you my very, very self."

He was in a momentary reaction of feeling; his earnestness was almost somber as he answered:

"God grant you're doing right."

"I'm doing what I must do, Grantley."

He swung himself off his horse, and the ready smile came to his face.

"I hope you'll find the necessity a permanent one," he said.

She, too, laughed joyfully as she submitted to his kiss.

It was her whim—urged with the mock imperiousness of a petted slave—that he should mount again, and she walk by his horse. Thus they wended their way home through the peace of the evening. She talked now of how he had first come into her life. She was wonderfully open and simple, very direct and unabashed, yet there was nothing that even his fastidious and much-tested taste found indecorous or even forward. In glad confidence she told all, careless of keeping any secrets or any defenses against him. The seed had quickened in virgin soil, and the flower had sprung up in a night—almost by magic, she seemed to fancy.

He listened tenderly and indulgently. The flame of his emotion had burned down, but there was an afterglow which made him delightfully content with her, interested and delighted in her, still more thoroughly satisfied with what he had done, even more glad that she was different from all the others with whom he had been thrown. She could give him all he pictured as desirable—the stretches of tranquillity, the moments of strong feeling. She had it in her to give both, and she would give all she had to give.

In return he gave her his love. No analysis seemed needful there. He gave her the love of his heart and the shelter of his arm; what more he could give her the afternoon had shown. But in the end it was all contained and summed up in a word—he gave his love.

They came to the crest of the hill where the road dipped down to Milldean, and paused there.

"What a wonderful afternoon it's been!" she sighed.

The enchantment of it hung about her still, expressing itself in the gleam of her eyes and in her restlessness.

"It's been a very delightful one," he leaned down and whispered to her. "It's given us something to look back on always."

"Yes; a great thing to look back on. But even more to look forward to. It's told us what life is going to be, Grantley. And to think that life used to mean only that!" She waved her hand toward Milldean.

Grantley laughed in sheer enjoyment of her. Amusement mingled with his admiration. His balance had quite come back to him. A review of the afternoon, of their wild ride, made him give part of his amusement to his own share in the proceedings. But who expects a man to be wise when he is in love? If there be a chartered season for sweet folly, it is there.

"Can we always be careering over the downs in the teeth of the wind, riding into the gold, Sibylla?" he asked her in affectionate mockery.

She looked up at him, answering simply:

"Why not?"

He shook his head with a whimsical smile.

"Whatever else there is, our hearts can be riding together still," she said.

"And when we're old folks? Isn't it only the young who can ride like that?"

She stood silent for a moment or two. Then she turned her eyes up to his in silence still, with the color shining bright on her cheeks. She took his hand and kissed it. He knew the thought that his words had called into her mind. He had made the girl think that, when they were old, the world would not be old; that there would be young hearts still to ride, young hearts in whom their hearts should be carried in the glorious gallop, young hearts which had drawn life from them.

They parted at the gate of Old Mill House. Grantley urged her to come up to his house in the evening and bring Jeremy with her, and laughed again when she said:

"Bring Jeremy?"

She was confused at the hint in his laughter, but she laughed, too. Then, growing grave, she went on:

"No; I won't come to-night. I won't see you again to-night. I want to realize it, to think it all over."

"Is it so complicated as that? You're looking very serious."

She broke into a fresh laugh, a laugh of joyful confession.

"No; I don't want to think it over. I really want to live it over, to live it over alone, many, many times; to be alone with you again up on the downs there."

"Very well. Send Jeremy up. By now he must be dying for an argument; and he's probably not on speaking terms with Mrs. Mumble."

He gave her his hand; any warmer farewell there in the village street was quite against his ways and notions. He observed a questioning look in her eyes, but it did not occur to him that she was rather surprised at his wanting Jeremy to come up after dinner. She did not propose to spend any time with Jeremy.

"I'll tell him you want him," she said; and added in a whisper: "Good-by, good-by, good-by!"

He walked his horse up the hill, looking back once or twice to the gate where she stood watching him till a turn of the lane hid him from her sight. When that happened he sighed in luxurious contentment, and took a cigarette from his case.

To her the afternoon had been a wonder-working revelation. To him it seemed an extremely delightful episode.

III.

For a girl of ardent temper and vivid imagination, strung to her highest pitch by a wonderful fairy ride and the still strange embrace of her lover, it may fairly be reckoned a trial to listen to a detailed comparison of the hero of her fancy with another individual—one who has been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for attempted murder! Concede circumstances extenuating the crime as amply as you please—and my lord in scarlet on the bench had not encouraged the jury to concede any—the comparison is one that gives small pleasure, unless such as lies in an opportunity for the exercise of Christian patience.

This particular virtue Jeremy Chiddingsfold suspected of priestly origin; neither was it the strongest point of his sister's spiritual panoply. He regarded Sibylla's ill-repressed irritation and irrepressible fidgeting with a smile of malicious humor.

"You might almost as well come up to Imason's!" he whispered.

"She can't go on much longer!" moaned Sibylla.

But she could. For long years starved of fruition, her love reveled luxuriantly in retrospect and tenderly in prospect. She was always good at going on—and at going on along the same lines. Mrs. Mumble's loving auditors had heard the tale of Luke's virtues many a time during the period of his absence—that was the term euphemistically employed. The ashes of their interest suddenly flickered up at the hint of a qualification which Mrs. Mumble unexpectedly introduced.

"He wasn't the husband for every woman," she said thoughtfully.

"Thank heaven!" muttered Jeremy, glad to escape the superhuman.

"Eh, Jeremy?" She revolved slowly and ponderously toward him.

"Thank heaven he got the right sort, Mumples."

"He did," said Mrs. Mumble emphatically. "And he knew it. And he'll know it again when he comes back. And that's only three years now."

A reference to this date was always the signal for a kiss from Sibylla. She rendered the tribute and returned to her chair, sighing desperately. But it was some relief that Mrs. Mumble had finished her parallel, with its list of ideal virtues, and now left Grantley out of the question.

"Why wasn't he the husband for every woman, Mumples?" inquired Jeremy, as he lit his pipe. "They're all just alike, you know."

"You wait, Jeremy!"

"Bosh!" ejaculated Jeremy curtly.

"He liked them good-looking, to start with," she went on. "And I was good-looking." Jeremy had heard this so often that he no longer felt tempted to smile. "But there was more than that. I had tact."

"Oh, come now, Mumples! You had tact? I'm—well, I'm—"

"I had tact, Jeremy." She spoke with overpowering solidity. "I was there when he wanted me, and when he didn't want me I wasn't there, Sibylla."

"Didn't he always want you?" Brother and sister put the question simultaneously, but with a quite different intention.

"No, not always, dears. Is that your foot on my table? Take it off this instant, Jeremy."

"A few thousand years ago there was no difference between a foot and a hand,

Mumples. You needn't be so fussy about it."

Sibylla got up and walked to the window. From it the lights in Grantley's dining-room were visible.

"I haven't seen him for ten years," Mrs. Mumble went on. "And you've known that, my dears, though you've said nothing—no, not when you'd have liked to have something to throw at me. But I never told you why."

Sibylla left the window and came behind Mrs. Mumble, letting her hand rest on the fat shoulder.

"He broke out at me once, and said he couldn't bear it if I came to see him. It upset him so, and the time wouldn't pass by, and he got thinking how long it was, and what it all meant. Oh, I can't tell you all he said before he was stopped by the—the man who was there. So I promised him I wouldn't go any more, unless he fell ill or wanted me. They said they'd let me know if he asked for me and was entitled to a visit. But a word has never come to me; and I've never seen him."

She paused and stitched at her work for a minute or two.

"You must leave men alone sometimes," she said.

"But, Mumples, you?" whispered Sibylla.

Mrs. Mumble looked up at her, but made no answer. Jeremy flung down his book with an impatient air; he resented the approaches of emotion, especially in himself.

"He'll be old when he comes out—comes back; old and broken. They break quickly there. He won't so much mind my being old and stout, and he won't think so much of the time when I was young and he couldn't be with me. And he'll find me easier to live with. My temper's improved a lot these last years, Sibylla."

"You silly old thing!" said Sibylla; but Jeremy welcomed a diversion.

"Rot!" he said. "It's only because you can't sit on us quite so much now. It's not moral improvement; it's simply impotence, Mumples."

Mrs. Mumble had risen in the midst of eulogizing the improvement of her temper, and now passed by Jeremy, patting his unwilling cheek. She went out, and the next moment was heard in vigorous altercation with their servant as to the defects of certain eggs.

"I couldn't have done that," said Sibylla.

"Improved your temper?"

"No; stayed away."

"No, you couldn't. You never let a fellow alone even when he's got tooth-ache."

"Have you got it now?" cried Sibylla, darting toward him.

"Keep off! Keep off! I haven't got it, and if I had, I shouldn't want to be kissed."

Sibylla broke into a laugh. Jeremy relit his pipe with a secret smile.

"But I do call it fine of Mumples," the girl said.

"Go and tell her you've never done her justice, and cry," her brother suggested. "I'm going up to Imason's now, so you can have it all to yourselves."

"I don't want to cry to-night," Sibylla objected, with a plain hint of mysterious causes for triumph. Jeremy picked up his cap, showing a studious disregard of any such indications. "You're going up the hill now? I shall sit up for you."

"You'll sit up for me?"

"Yes. Besides, I don't feel at all sleepy to-night."

"I shall, when I come back."

"I shan't want to talk."

"Then what will you want? Why are you going to sit up?"

"I've ever so many things to do."

Jeremy's air was weary as he turned away from the inscrutable feminine. While mounting the hill, he made up his mind to go to London as soon as he could. A man met men there.

No air of emotion, no atmosphere of overstrained sentiment, hung—even for Jeremy's critical eye—round Grantley Imason's luxurious table and establishment. They suggested rather the ideal of comfort lovingly pursued, a comfort which lay not in gorgeousness or in mere expenditure, but in the delicate adjustment of means to ends and a careful exclusion of anything likely to disturb a dexterously-achieved equipoise. Though Jeremy admired the absence of emotion, his rough, vigorous nature was challenged at another point. He felt a touch of scorn that a man should take so much trouble to be comfortable, and should regard the achievement of his object as so meritorious a feat.

In various ways everything, from the gymnastic apparatus in the hall to the leg-rest in front of the study fire, sought and subserved the ease and pleasure of the owner. That, no doubt, is what a house should be—just as a man should be well dressed. It is possible, however, to be too much of a dandy. Jeremy

found an accusation of unmanliness making its way into his mind; he had to banish it by recalling that, though his host might be fond of elegant lounging, he was a keen sportsman, too, and handled his gun and sat his horse with equal mastery. These virtues appealed to the English schoolboy and to the amateur of primitive man alike, and saved Grantley from condemnation. But Jeremy's feelings escaped in an exclamation:

"By Jove, you are snug here!"

"I don't pretend to be an ascetic," laughed Grantley, as he stretched his legs out on the leg-rest.

"Evidently."

Grantley looked at him smiling.

"I don't rough it unless I'm obliged. But I can rough it. I once lived for a week on sixpence a day. I had a row with my governor. He wanted me to give up—well, never mind details. It's enough to observe, Jeremy, that he was quite right, and I was quite wrong. I know that now—and I rather fancy I knew it then. However, his way of putting it offended me, and I flung myself out of the house with three-and-six in my pocket. Like the man in Scripture, I couldn't work and I wouldn't beg—and I wouldn't go back to the governor. So it was sixpence a day for a week, and very airy lodgings. Then it was going to be the recruiting sergeant, but, as luck would have it, I met the dear old man on the way. I suppose I looked a scarecrow; anyhow he was broken up about it, and killed the fatted calf—killed it for an unrepentant prodigal. And I could do that again, though I may live in a boudoir."

Jeremy rubbed his hands slowly against each other, a movement common with him when he was thinking.

"I don't tell you that to illustrate my high moral character. As I say, I was all in the wrong. I tell it to show you that, given the motive—"

"What was the motive?"

"Just pride, obstinacy, conceit," smiled Grantley. "I'd told the fellows about my row, and they'd said I should have to knuckle down; so I made up my mind I wouldn't."

"Because of what they'd say?"

"Don't be inquisitorial, Jeremy. The case is, I repeat, not given as an example of morality, but as an example of me—quite different things. However, I don't want to talk about myself to-night. I want to talk about you. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"Oh, I'm all right," declared Jeremy. "I've got my London B. A.—it didn't run to Cambridge, you know—and I'm pegging away." A touch of boyish pomposness crept in. "I haven't settled precisely what line of study I shall devote myself to, but I intend to take up and pursue some branch of original research."

Grantley's mind had been set on pleasing Sibylla by smoothing her brother's path. His business interest would enable him to procure a good opening for Jeremy—an opening which would lead to comfort, if not to wealth, in a short time, if proper advantage were taken of it.

"Original research?" He smiled indulgently. "There's not much money in that."

"Oh, I've got enough to live on. Sibylla's all right now, and I've got a hundred a year. And I do a popular scientific article now and then—I've had one or two accepted. Beastly rot they have to be, though!"

Grantley suggested the alternative plan. Jeremy would have none of it. He turned Grantley's story against him.

"If you could live on sixpence a day out of pride, I can live on what I've got for the sake of—of—" He sought words for his big, vague ambitions. "Of knowledge and—and—"

"Fame?" smiled Grantley.

"If you like," Jeremy admitted with shy sulkiness.

"It'll take a long time. Oh, I know you're not a marrying man, but still, a hundred a year!"

"I can wait for what I want."

"Well, if you change your mind, let me know."

"You didn't let your father know."

Grantley laughed.

"Oh, well, a week isn't ten years, nor even five," he reminded Jeremy.

"A man can wait for what he wants. Hang it, even a woman can do that! Look at Mumples!"

Grantley asked explanations, and drew out the story which Mrs. Mumples had told earlier in the evening. Imason's fancy was caught by it, and he pressed Jeremy for a full and accurate rendering, obtaining a clear view of how Mrs. Mumples herself read the case.

"Quite a romantic picture! The lady and the lover—with the lady outside the castle and the lover inside, just for a change."

Jeremy had been moved by the story, but reluctantly and to his own shame.

Now he hesitated whether to laugh or not, nature urging one way, his pose, which he dignified with the title of reason, suggesting another.

"A different view is possible to the worldly mind," Grantley went on in lazy amusement. "Perhaps the visits bored him. Mumples—if I may presume to call her that—probably cried over him and 'carried on,' as they say. He felt a fool before the warder, depend upon it! And perhaps she didn't look her best in tears—they generally don't. Besides, we see what Mumples looks like now, and even ten years ago—well, as each three months, or whatever the time may be, rolled round, less of the charm of youth would hang about her. We shouldn't suggest any of this to Mumples, but as philosophers and men of the world we're bound to contemplate it ourselves, Jeremy."

He drank some brandy and soda and lit a fresh cigar. Jeremy laughed applause. Here, doubtless, was the view of the man of the world, the rational and unsentimental view to which he was vowed and committed. Deep in his heart a small voice whispered that it was a shame to turn the light of this disillusioned levity on poor old Mumples' mighty sorrow and trustful love.

"When we're in love with them they can't do anything wrong, and when we've stopped being in love, they can't do anything right," Grantley sighed humorously. "Oh, yes; there's another interpretation of Mr. Mumples's remarkable conduct! You see, we know he's not by nature a patient man, or he wouldn't have committed the indiscretion that brought him where he is. Don't they have bars, or a grating, or something, between them at these painful interviews? Possibly it was just as well for Mumples's sake, now and then!"

Despite the small voice, Jeremy laughed more. He braved its accusation of treachery to Mumples. He tried to feel quite easy in his mirth, to enjoy the droll turning upside down of the pathetic little story as pleasantly and coolly as Grantley there on his couch, with his cigar and his brandy and soda. For Grantley's reflective smile was entirely devoid of any self-questioning, or of any sense of treachery to anybody or to anything with claims to reverence or loyalty.

For Jeremy, however, it was the first time he had been asked to turn his theories upon one he loved, and to try how his pose worked where a matter came near

his heart. His mirth did not achieve spontaneity. But it was Grantley who said at last, with a yawn:

"It's a shame to make fun out of the poor old soul, but the idea was irresistible; wasn't it, Jeremy?" And Jeremy laughed again.

Jeremy said good-night and went down the hill, leaving Grantley to read the letters which the evening post had brought him. There had been one from Tom Courtland; Grantley had opened and glanced at that before his guest went away. There were new troubles, it appeared; Lady Harriet had not given her husband a cordial or even a civil welcome, and the letter hinted that Courtland had stood as much as he could bear, and that something, even though it were something desperate, must be done.

"A man must find some peace and some pleasure in his life," was the sentence Grantley chose to read out as a sample of the letter; and he had added: "Poor old Tom! I'm afraid he's going to make a fool of himself."

Jeremy had asked no questions as to the probable nature of Courtland's folly, which was not, perhaps, hard to guess; but the thought of him mingled with the other recollections of the evening, with Mrs. Mumble's story, and the turn they had given to it, with Grantley's anecdote about himself, and with the idea of him which Jeremy's acute though raw mind set itself to grope after and to realize.

The sight of Sibylla standing at the gate of their little garden brought the young man's thoughts back to her. He remembered that she had promised to sit up—an irrational proceeding, as her inability to give good ground for it had clearly proved. It was nearly twelve—a very late hour for Milldean—so well had Grantley's talk beguiled the time. Sibylla herself seemed to feel the need of excuse, for as soon as she caught sight of her brother she cried out to him:

"I simply couldn't go to bed. I've had such a day, Jeremy, and my head is all full of it. And on the top of it came what poor Mumples told us, and you can guess how that chimed in with what I must be thinking." He had come up to her and she put her hand in his. "Dear old Jeremy, what friends we've been! We have loved each other, haven't we? Don't stop loving me. You don't say much, and you pretend to be rather scornful—just like a boy—and you try to make out that it's all rather a small and ordinary affair—"

"Isn't it?"

"Oh, I dare say! But to me? Dear, you know what it is to me. I don't want you to say much; I don't mind your pretending. But just now, in the dark, when we're all alone, when nobody can possibly hear—and I swear I won't tell a single soul—kiss me and tell me your heart's with me, because we've been true friends and comrades, haven't we?"

It was dark and nobody was there. Jeremy kissed her and mumbled some awkward words. They were enough.

"Now I'm quite happy. It was just that I wanted to hear it from you, too."

Jeremy was glad, but he felt himself compromised. When they went in, his first concern was to banish emotion and relieve the tension. Mrs. Mumble's workbox gave a direction to his impulse.

If a young man be inclined, as some are, to assume a cynical and worldly attitude, he will do it most before women, and, of all women, most before those who know him best and have known him from his tender age; since to them above all it is most important to mark the change which has occurred. So Jeremy not only allowed himself to forget that small voice, and, turning back to Mrs. Mumble's story, once more to expose it to an interpretation of the worldly and cynical order, but he went even further.

The view which Grantley had suggested to him, which had never crossed his mind till it was put before him by another, the disillusioned view, he represented now not as Grantley's but as his own. He threw it out as an idea which naturally presented itself to a man of the world, giving the impression that it had been in his mind all along, even while Mrs. Mumble was speaking. And now he asked Sibylla, not perhaps altogether to believe in it, but to think it possible, almost probable, and certainly very diverting.

Sibylla heard him through in silence, her eyes fixed on him in a regard grave at first, becoming, as he went on, almost frightened.

"Do ideas like that come into men's minds?" she asked at the end. She did not suspect that the idea had not been her brother's own in the beginning. "I think it's a horrible idea."

"Oh, you're so highfalutin'," he laughed, glad, perhaps, to have shocked her a little.

She came to him and touched his arm imploringly.

"Forget it," she urged. "Never think about it again. Oh, remember how much, how terribly she loves him! Don't have

such ideas." She drew back a little. "I think—I think it's almost—devilish. I mean, to imagine that, to suspect that without any reason. Yes, it's devilish!"

That hit Jeremy. It was more than he wanted.

"Devilish? You call it devilish? Why, it was—" He had been about to lay the idea to its true father-mind; but he did not. He looked at his sister again. "Well, I'm sorry," he grumbled. "It only struck me as rather funny."

Sibylla's wrath vanished.

"It's just because you know nothing about it that you could think such a thing, poor boy!" said she.

It became clearer still that Grantley must not be brought in; because the only explanation which mitigated Jeremy's offense could not help Grantley. Jeremy was loyal here, whatever he may have been to Mrs. Mumble. He kept Grantley out of it. But—devilish! What vehement language for the girl to use!

IV.

MRS. RAYMORE was giving a little dinner at her house in Buckingham Gate in honor of Grantley Imason and his wife. They had made their honeymoon a short one, and were now in Sloane Street for a month before settling at Milldean for the autumn. The gathering was of Grantley's friends, one of the sets with whom he had spent much of his time in bachelor days. The men were old-time friends. As they had married the wives had become his acquaintances, too; in some cases, as in Mrs. Raymore's, more than mere acquaintances. They had all been interested in him, and consequently were curious about his wife, critical, no doubt, but prepared to be friendly and to take her into the set, if she would come.

Mrs. Raymore, as she sat at the head of her table, with Grantley by her and Sibylla on Raymore's right hand at the other end, was thinking that they, in their turn, might reasonably interest the young bride, might set her thinking, and encourage or discourage her according to the conclusions she came to about them. She and Raymore would bear scrutiny well, as things went. There was a very steady and affectionate friendship between them; they lived comfortably together, and had brought up their children, a boy and a girl, successfully and without friction.

Raymore, a tall man with a reddish face and deliberate of speech, was always patient and reasonable; he had

never been very impassioned; there had not been much to lose of what is most easily lost. He might have had a few more intellectual tastes, perhaps, and a keener interest in things outside his business; but she had her own friends, and on the whole there was little to complain of.

Then came the Fanshaws—John and Christine. He was on the Stock Exchange; she, a dainty, pretty woman, given up to society and to being very well dressed, but pleasant, kind, and clever in a light sort of way. They liked to entertain a good deal, and got through a lot of money. When Fanshaw was making plenty, and Christine had plenty to spend, things went smoothly enough. In bad times there was trouble, each thinking that retrenchment could best be practised by the other. The happiness of the household depended largely on the state of the markets—a thing which it might interest Mrs. Grantley Imason to near.

Next came the Selfords—Richard and Janet. He was a rather small, frail man, of private means, a dabbler in art. She was artistic, too, or would have told you so, and fond of exotic dogs, which she imported from far-off places, and which usually died soon. They were a gushing pair, both toward each other and toward the outside world, almost aggressively affectionate in public. "Trying to humbug everybody," Tom Courtland used to say, but that was too sweeping a view. Their excessive amiability was the result of their frequent quarrels—or rather tiffs, since quarrel is perhaps an over-vigorous word. They were always either concealing the existence of a tiff, or making one up, reconciling themselves with a good deal of display. Everybody knew this, thanks in part to their sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued daughter Anna, a girl of sixteen, who knew all about the tiffs and could always be induced to talk about them.

The last pair were the Courtlands themselves. All the set was rather afraid of Lady Harriet. She was a tall, handsome, fair woman, still young; she patronized them rather, but was generally affable and agreeable where nothing occurred to upset her. Tom Courtland grew more depressed, heavy, and weary every day. A crisis was expected; but Lady Harriet's small-talk did not suffer. Mrs. Raymore thought that the less Grantley's wife saw or knew of that household the better.

The party was completed by Suzette

Bligh, a girl pretty in a faded sort of way, not quite so young as she tried to look, and, in Mrs. Raymore's opinion, quite likely not to marry at all; and finally by young Blake, Walter Dudley Blake, a favorite of hers and of many other people's, known as a climber of mountains and a shooter of rare game in his energetic days, suspected of enjoying life somewhat to excess and with riotous revelry in his seasons of leisure; impetuous, chivalrous, impulsive, and notably good-looking. Mrs. Raymore had put him on Sibylla's right—in case her husband should not prove amusing to the honored guest.

On the whole, she thought, they ought not to frighten Sibylla much. There was one terrible example—the Courtlands; but when it comes to throwing things about, the case is admittedly abnormal. For the rest they seemed, to the student of matrimony, fair average samples of a bulk of fair average merit. Perhaps there might have been an ideal union, just to counterbalance the Courtlands at the other extreme. If such were desirable, let it be hoped that the Imasons themselves would supply it.

In regard to one point she decided that the company was really above the average—and that the most important point. There had been rumors once about Christine Fanshaw—indeed, they were still heard sometimes—but scandal had never assailed any other woman there. In these days that was something, thought Mrs. Raymore.

Grantley turned from Christine Fanshaw to his hostess.

"You're very silent. What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"Sibylla's really beautiful, and in a rather unusual way. You might pass her over once, but if you did look once, you'd be sure to look always."

"Another woman's looks have kept your attention all this time?"

"Your wife's," she reminded him, with an affectionately friendly glance. "And I was wondering what she thought of us all, what we all look like in those pondering, thoughtful, questioning eyes of hers."

"Her eyes do ask questions, don't they?" laughed Grantley.

"Many, many—and must have answers, I should think. And don't they expect good answers?"

"Oh, she's not really at all alarming."

"You can make the eyes say something different, I dare say."

He laughed again, very contentedly.

Mrs. Raymore's admiration pleased him, since she was not very easy to please. He was glad she approved of Sibylla, though as a rule his own opinion was enough for him.

"Well, they aren't always questioning. That would be fatiguing in a wife—as bad as continually discussing the Arian heresy, as old Johnson says. But I dare say"—he lowered his voice—"Lady Harriet would excite a query or two."

"You've told me nothing about Sibylla. I shall have to find it all out for myself."

"That's the only knowledge worth having. And I'm only learning myself still, you know."

"Really, that's an unusually just frame of mind for a husband. I've high hopes of you, Grantley."

"Good! Because you know me uncommonly well."

She thought a moment.

"No, not so very well," she said. "You're hard to know."

He took that as a compliment; probably most people would, since it seems to hint at something rare and out of the common. Inaccessibility has an aristocratic flavor.

"Oh, I suppose we all have our fastnesses," he said with a laugh which politely waived any claim to superiority without expressly abandoning it.

"Doesn't one give up the key of the gates by marrying?"

"My dear Kate, read your 'Bluebeard' again."

Mrs. Raymore relapsed into the silence that was almost habitual to her, but it passed through her mind that the conversation had soon turned from Sibylla to Grantley himself, or at least had dealt with Sibylla purely in her bearing on Grantley. It had not increased her knowledge of Mrs. Imason as an independent individual.

"Well, with business what it is," said Fanshaw in his loud voice—a voice that had a way of stopping other people's voices—"we must cut it down somewhere."

"Oh, you're as rich as Crœsus, Fanshaw," objected young Blake.

"I'm losing money every day. Christine and I were discussing it as we drove here."

"I like your idea of discussion, John," remarked Christine in her delicate tones, generally touched with sarcasm. "I couldn't open my lips."

"He closed you and then threw out your budget?" asked Grantley.

"He almost stripped my gown from my back, and made an absolute clutch at my diamonds."

"I put forward the reasonable view," Fanshaw insisted rather heatedly. "What I said was—begin with superfluities."

"Are clothes superfluities?" interjected Christine, watching the gradual flushing of her husband's face with mischievous pleasure.

"Nothing is superfluous that is beautiful," said Selford; he lisped slightly, and spoke with an affected air. "We should retrench in the grosser pleasures—eating and drinking, display, large houses—"

"Peculiar dogs!" suggested Blake, chaffing Mrs. Selford.

"Oh, but they are beautiful!" she cried.

"Horses!" said Christine, with sharp-pointed emphasis. "You should really be guided by Mr. Selford, John."

"Every husband should be guided by another husband. That's axiomatic," said Grantley.

"I'm quite content with my own," smiled Mrs. Selford. "Dick and I always agree."

"They must be fresh from a row," Tom Courtland whispered to Mrs. Raymore.

"About money matters the man's voice must in the nature of things be final," Fanshaw insisted. "It's obvious. He knows about it; he makes it—"

"Quite enough for him to do," Christine interrupted. "At that point we step in—and spend it."

"Division of labor? Quite right, Mrs. Fanshaw," laughed Blake. "And if any of you can't manage your department, I'm ready to help."

"They can manage that department right enough," Fanshaw grumbled. "If we could manage them as well as they manage that!"

He took a great gulp of champagne, and grew still redder when he heard Christine's scornful little chuckle. Raymore turned to Sibylla with a kind, fatherly smile.

"I hope we're not frightening you, Mrs. Imason? Not too much of the seamy side?"

Blake chimed in on her other hand.

"I'm here to maintain Mrs. Imason's illusions," he said.

"If we're talking of departments, I think that's mine, Blake, thank you," called Grantley good-humoredly.

"I'm sure I've been most consider-

ate." This was Lady Harriet's first contribution to the talk. "I haven't said a word!"

"And you could a tale unfold?" asked Blake.

She made no answer, beyond shfugging her fine shoulders and leaning back in her chair as she glanced across at her husband.

A moment's silence fell on the table. It seemed that they recognized a difference between troubles and grievances which could be discussed with more or less good-nature, or quarreled over with more or less acerbity, and those which were in another category. The moment the Courtlands were in question, a constraint arose.

Tom Courtland himself broke the silence, but it was to talk about an important cricket match. Lady Harriet smiled at him composedly, unconscious of the earnest study of Sibylla's eyes, which were fixed on her and were asking, as Mrs. Raymore would have said, many questions.

When the ladies had gone, Fanshaw buttonholed Raymore and exhibited his financial position and its exigencies with ruthless elaboration and with a persistently implied accusation of Christine's extravagance. Selford victimized young Blake with the story of a picture which he had just picked up; he declared it was by a famous Dutch master, and watched for the effect on Blake, who showed none, never having heard of the Dutch master.

Tom Courtland edged up to Grantley's side; they had not met since Grantley's wedding.

"Well, you look very blooming and happy, and all that," he said.

"First-rate, old boy. How are you?"

Tom lowered his voice and spoke with a cautious air.

"I've done it, Grantley—what I wrote to you. By God, I couldn't stand it any longer! I'd sooner take any risk. Oh, I shall be very careful; I shan't give myself away. But I had to do it."

Grantley gave a shrug.

"Well, I'm sorry," he said. "That sort of thing may turn out so awkward."

"It would have to be infernally awkward to be worse than what I've gone through. At any rate, I get away from it sometimes now, and—and enjoy myself."

"Find getting away easy?"

"No; but as we must have shindies, we may as well have them about that. I told Harriet she made the house intoler-

able, so I should spend my evenings at my clubs."

"Oh! And—and who is she?"

He looked round warily before he whispered:

"Flora Bolton."

Grantley raised his brows and said one word.

"Expensive!"

Tom nodded with a mixture of ruefulness and pride.

"If you're going to the devil, you may as well go quickly and pleasantly," he said, drumming his fingers on the cloth. "By heaven, if I'd thought of this when I married! I meant to go straight. You know I did?" Grantley nodded. "I broke off all that sort of thing. I could have gone straight. She's driven me to it, by Jove, she has!"

"Take care, old chap. They'll notice you."

"I don't care if—oh, all right, and thanks, Grantley. I don't want to make an exhibition of myself. And I've told nobody but you, of course."

Sibylla, never long in coming to conclusions, had made up her mind about the women before the evening was half over. Lady Harriet was strange and terrible, when the known facts of the case were compared with her indolent composure. Mrs. Selford was trivial and tiresome, but a good enough little silly soul. Suzette Bligh was entirely negligible; she had not spoken save to flirt very mildly with Blake. Mrs. Raymore elicited a liking, but a rather timid and distant one; she seemed very clear-sighted and judicial.

Christine Fanshaw attracted Sibylla most, first by her dainty prettiness, next by the perfection of her clothes—a thing Sibylla much admired—but most by her friendly air and the piquant suffusion of sarcastic humor that she had. She seemed to treat even her own grievances in this semi-serious way—one of them, certainly, if her husband were one.

Such a manner and such a way of regarding things are often most attractive to the people who would find it hardest to acquire the like for themselves. They seem to make the difficulties which have loomed so large look smaller; they extenuate, smooth away, and, by the artifice of not asking too much, cause what is given to appear a more liberal instalment of the possible. They are not generally associated with any high or rigid moral ideas, and were not so associated in the person of pretty Christine Fanshaw. But they are entirely compat-

ible with much worldly wisdom, and breed a tolerance of unimpeachable breadth, if not of exalted origin.

"We'll be friends, won't we?" Christine said to Sibylla, settling herself cozily by her. "I'm rather tired of all these women except Kate Raymore, and she doesn't much approve of me. But I'm going to like you."

"Will you? I'm so glad."

"And I can be very useful to you. I can improve your frocks—though this one's very nice—and I can tell you all about husbands. I know a great deal. And I'm representative." She laughed gaily. "John and I are quite representative. I like John really, you know; he's a good man. But he's selfish. John likes me, but I'm selfish. I like teasing John, and he takes a positive pleasure, sometimes, in annoying me."

"And that's representative?" smiled Sibylla.

"Oh, not by itself, but as an element—sandwiched in with the rest—with our really liking each other and getting on all right, you know. And when we quarrel, it's about something—not about nothing, like the Selfords; though I don't know that that is quite so representative, after all." She paused a moment, and resumed less gaily, with a little wrinkle on her brow: "At least, I think John really likes me. Sometimes I'm not sure, though I know I like him. And when I'm least sure I tease him most."

"Is that a good remedy?"

"Remedy? No, it's temper, my dear. You see, there was a time when—when I didn't care whether he liked me or not, when I—when I—well, when I didn't care, as I said. And I think he felt I didn't. And I don't know whether I've ever quite got back."

Ready with sympathy, Sibylla pressed the richly-beringed hand.

"Oh, it's all right. We're very lucky. Look at the Courtlands!"

"The poor Courtlands seem to exist to make other people appreciate their own good luck," said Sibylla, laughing a little.

"I'm sure they ought to make you appreciate yours. Grantley and Walter Blake are two of the most sought-after of men, and you've married one of them—and made quite a conquest of the other to-night. Oh, here come the men."

Young Blake came straight across to them and engaged in a verbal fencing-match with Christine. She took him to task for alleged dissipation and over-

much gaiety; he defended his character and habits with playful warmth.

Sibylla sat by silent; she was still very ignorant of the life they talked about. She knew that Christine's charges carried innuendoes from the way Blake met them, but she did not know what the innuendoes were. She was not neglected. If his words were for gay Christine, his eyes were very constantly for the graver face and the more silent lips. He let her see his respectful admiration in the frank way he had; nobody could take offense at it.

"I suppose you must always have somebody to be in love with—to give, oh, your whole heart and soul to, mustn't you?" Christine asked scornfully.

"Yes; it's a necessity of my nature."

"That's what keeps you a bachelor, I suppose!"

He laughed, but, as Sibylla thought, a trifle ruefully, or at least as if he were a little puzzled by Christine's swift thrust.

"Keeps him? He's not old enough to marry yet," she pleaded, and Blake gaily accepted the defense.

Their talk was interrupted by Lady Harriet's rising; her brougham had been announced. Grantley telegraphed his readiness to be off, too, and he and Sibylla, after saying good-night, followed the Courtlands down-stairs, Raymore accompanying them and giving the men cigars while the wives put their cloaks on.

Grantley asked for a cab, which was some little while in coming; Tom Courtland said he wanted a hansom, too, and stuck his cigar in his mouth, puffing out a full cloud of smoke. At the moment Lady Harriet came back into the hall, Sibylla following her.

"Do you intend to smoke that cigar in the brougham as we go to my mother's party?" asked Lady Harriet.

"I'm not aware that your mother minds smoke, but, as a matter of fact, I'm not going to the party at all."

"You're expected. I said you'd come."

"I'm sorry, Harriet, but you misunderstood me."

Tom Courtland stood his ground firmly and answered civilly, though with a surly tone in his voice. His wife was still very quiet, yet Raymore and Grantley exchanged apprehensive looks. The lull before the storm is a well-worked figure of speech, but they knew it applied very well to Lady Harriet.

"You're going home, then?"

"Not just now."

"Where are you going?"

"To the club."

"What club?"

"Is my cab there?" Grantley called to the butler.

"Not yet, sir; there'll be one directly."

"What club?" demanded Lady Harriet again.

"What does it matter? I haven't made up my mind. I'm only going to have a rubber."

Then it came—what Sibylla had been told about, what the others had seen before now. They were all forgotten, host and fellow-guests, even the servants, even the cabman who heard the outburst and leaned down from his high seat, trying to see. It was like some physical affliction, an utter loss of self-control; it was a bare step distant from violence. It was the failure of civilization, the casting-off of decency, an abandonment to a raw, fierce fury.

"Club!" Lady Harriet cried, a deep flush covering her face and all her neck. "Pretty clubs you go to at hard on midnight! I know you, I know you too well, you—you liar!"

Sibylla crept behind Grantley, passing her hand through his arm. Tom Courtland stood motionless, very white, a stiff smile on his lips.

"You liar!" she said once again, and without a look at any of them swept down the steps. She moved grandly. She came to the door of her brougham, which the footman held for her. The window was drawn up.

"Have you been driving with the windows shut?"

"Yes, my lady."

"I told you to keep them down when it was fine. Do you want to stifle me, you fool?"

She raised the fan she carried; it had stout ivory sticks and a large knob of ivory at the end. She dashed the knob against the window with all her strength; the glass was broken, and fell clattering on the pavement as Lady Harriet got in. The footman shut the door, touched his hat, and joined the coachman on the box.

With his pale face and set smile, with his miserable eyes and bowed shoulders, Tom Courtland went down the steps to his cab. Neither did he speak to any of them.

At last Raymore turned to Sibylla.

"I'm so sorry it happened to-night—when you were here," he said.

"What does it mean?" she gasped.

She looked from Grantley to Raymore and back again, and read the answer in their faces. They knew where Tom Courtland had gone. Grantley patted her hand gently and said to Raymore, "Well, who could stand a savage like that?"

It was the recognition of a ruin inevitable and past cure.

V.

WE all undergo mental processes which we hardly realize ourselves, which another can explain by no record however minute or laborious. They are in detail as imperceptible, as secret, as elusive, as the physical changes which pass upon the face of the body. From day to day there is no difference; but days make years, and years change youth to maturity, maturity to decay.

So in matters of the soul the daily trifling sum adds up and up. A thousand tiny hopes are nipped, a thousand little expectations frustrated, a thousand foolish fears proved not so foolish. Divide them by the days, and there is nothing to cry about at bed-time, nothing even to pray about, if to pray you are inclined. Yet as a month passes, or two, or three, the atoms seem to join and form a cloud. The sunbeams get through here and there still, but the clear fine radiance is obscured. Presently the cloud thickens, deepens, hardens. It seems now a wall, stout and high; the gates are heavy and forbidding, and they stand where once there was ready and eagerly-welcomed entrance and access.

Think what it is to look for a letter sometimes. It comes not on Monday—it's nothing. Nor on Tuesday—it's nothing. Nor on Wednesday—odd! Nor on Thursday—strange! Nor on Friday—you can't think! It comes not for a week—you are hurt. For a fortnight—you are indignant. A month passes—and maybe what you prized most in all your life is gone. You have been told the truth in thirty broken sentences.

Sibylla Imason took a reckoning—in no formal manner, not sitting down to it, still less in any flash of inspiration or on the impulse of any startling incident. As she went to and fro on her work and her pleasure, the figures gradually and insensibly set themselves in rows, added and subtracted themselves, and presented her with the quotient.

It was against her will that all this

happened. She would have had none of it; there was nothing to recommend it. It was not even unusual. But it would come—and what did it come to? Nothing alarming, or vulgar, or sensational. Grantley's gallantry forbade that, his good manners, his affectionate ways, his real love for her. It was forbidden, too, by the moments of rapture which she excited and which she shared; they were still untouched—the fairy rides on fairy horses.

But is not the true virtue of such things to mean more than they are—to be not incidents, but rather culminations—not exceptions, but the very type, the highest expression, of what is always there? Even the raptures she was coming to doubt while she welcomed, to mistrust while she shared. Would she come at once to hate and to strive after them?

In the end, it was not the identity her soaring fancy had pictured, not the union her heart cried for, less even than the partnership which naked reason seemed to claim. She had not become his very self, as he was of her very self, nor even part of him. She was to him—what? She sought a word, at least an idea, and smiled at one or two which her own bitterness offered to her.

A toy? Of course not. A diversion? Much more than that. But still it was something accidental, something that he might not have had, and would have done very well without. Yet a something greatly valued, tended, caressed; yes, and even loved. A great acquisition perhaps expressed it—a very prized possession, a cherished treasure.

Sometimes, after putting it as low as she could in chagrin, she put it as high as she could, by way of testing it. Put it how she would, the ultimate result worked out the same. She made less difference to Grantley Imason than she had looked to make, she was much less of and in his life, much less of the essence, more of an accretion. She was outside his innermost self, a stranger to his closest fastnesses.

Was that the nature of the tie or the nature of the man? She cried out against either conclusion, for either ruined the hopes on which she lived. Among them was one mighty hope. Were not both tie and man still incomplete, even as she, the woman, was in truth yet incomplete, yet short of her great function, undischarged of her high natural office? Was she not even now hoping for that which should make

all things complete and perfect? While that hope—nay, that conviction—remained, she refused to admit that she was discontent. She waited, trying meanwhile to smother the discontent.

Of course there was another side, and Grantley himself put it to Mrs. Raymore when, in her sisterly affection for him and her motherly interest in Sibylla, she had ventured on two or three questions which, on the smallest analysis, resolved themselves into hints.

"In anything like a doubtful case," he complained humorously, for he was not taking the questions very seriously, "the man never gets fair play. He's not nearly so picturesque. And if he becomes picturesque, if he goes through fits hot and cold, and ups and downs, and all sorts of convulsions, as the woman does and does so effectively, he doesn't get any more sympathy, because it's not the ideal for the man—not our national ideal, anyhow. You see the dilemma he's in? If he's not emotional he's not interesting; if he's emotional he's not manly. Take it how you will, the woman is bound to win."

"Which means that you don't want to complain or criticise, but if I will put impertinent questions—"

"If you put me on my defense—" he amended, laughing.

"Yes; if I put you on your defense, you'll hint—"

"Through generalities—"

"Yes, through generalities you'll hint, in your graceful way, that Sibylla, of whom you're very fond—"

"Oh, be fair. You know I am."

"Is rather exacting—fatiguing?"

"That's too strong. Rather, as I say, emotional. She likes living on the heights; I like going up there now and then. In fact, I maintain the national ideal."

"Yes, I think you'd do that very well—quite well enough, Grantley."

"There's a sting in the tail of your praise."

"After all, I'm a woman, too."

"We really needn't fuss ourselves, I think. You see, she has the great saving grace—a sense of humor. If I perceive dimly that somehow something hasn't been quite what it ought to have been, I can put it all right by a good laugh—some good chaff, perhaps, followed by a good gallop—not at all a bad prescription! After a little of that, she's laughing at herself for having the emotions, and at me for not having them, and at both of us for the whole affair."

"Well, as long as it ends like that there's not much wrong. But take care! Not everything will stand the humorous aspect, you know."

"Most things, thank heaven, or where should we be?"

"Tom Courtland, for instance?"

"Oh, not any longer, I'm afraid."

"It won't do for the big things and the desperate cases. Not even for other people's—much less for your own."

"I suppose not. If you want it always, you must be a looker-on. And you'll tell me husbands can't be lookers-on at their own marriages?"

"I tell you! Facts will convince you sooner than I could, Grantley."

He was really very reasonable from his own point of view, both reasonable and patient. Mrs. Raymore conceded that. And he was also quite consistent in his point of view. She remembered a phrase from his letter which had defined what he was seeking—"a completion, not a transformation." He was pursuing that scheme still—a scheme into which the future wife had fitted so easily and perfectly, into which the actual wife fitted with more difficulty. But he was dealing with the difficulty in a very good spirit and a very good temper.

If the scheme were possible at all—given Sibylla as she was—he was quite the man to put it through successfully. But Mrs. Raymore reserved her opinion as to its possibility. The reservation did not imply an approval of Sibylla or any particular inclination to champion her. It marked only a growing understanding of what Sibylla was, a growing doubt as to what she could be persuaded or molded into becoming. Mrs. Raymore had no prejudices in her favor.

And at any rate he was still Sibylla's lover—as fully, as ardently, as ever. Deep in those fastnesses of his nature were his love for her, and his pride in her and in having her for his own. The two things grew side by side, their roots intertangled. Every glance of admiration she won, every murmur of approval she created, gave him joy and seemed to give him tribute. He eagerly gathered in the envy of the world as food for his own exultation; he laughed in pleasure when Christine Fanshaw told him to look and see how Walter Blake adored Sibylla.

"Of course he does! He's a sensible young fellow," said Grantley gaily. "So am I, Christine, and I adore her, too."

"The captive of your bow and spear!" Christine sneered delicately.

"Of my personal attractions, please!
Don't say of my money-bags!"

"She's like a very laudatory testimonial."

"I wonder how John Fanshaw endures you!"

He answered her with jests, never thinking to deny what she said. He did delight in his wife's triumphs. Was there anything unamiable in that? If close union were the thing, was not that close? Her triumphs made his—what could be closer than that? At this time any criticism on him was genuinely unintelligible; he could make nothing of it, and reckoned it as of no account. And Sibylla herself, as he had said, he could always soothe.

"And she's going on quite all right?"
Christine continued.

"Splendidly! We've got her quietly fixed down at Milldean, with her favorite old woman to look after her. There she'll stay. I run up to town two or three times a week, do my business—"

"Call on me?"

"I ventured so far—and get back as soon as I can."

"You must be very pleased?"

"Of course I'm pleased," he laughed.
"Very pleased indeed, Christine."

He was very much pleased—and laughed at himself, as he had laughed at others, for being a little proud, too. He wanted the dynasty carried on.

Between being pleased—even very much pleased indeed—and looking on it as one of the greatest things that heaven itself ever did, there is a wide gulf, if not exactly of opinion, yet of feeling and attitude. From the first moment Sibylla had known of it, the coming of the child was the great thing, the overshadowing thing, in life. Nature was in this, and nature at her highest power; more was not needed.

Yet there was more, to make the full cup brim over. Her great talent, her strongest innate impulse was to give—to give herself and all she had, and this talent and impulse her husband had not satisfied. He was immured in his fastness; he seemed to want only what she counted small tribute and minor sacrifices, what had appeared large once, no doubt, but now looked small because they fell short of the largest that were possible. The great satisfaction, the great outlet, lay in the coming of the child.

In pouring out her love on the head of the child, she would at the same time pour it out at the feet of him whose

the child was. Before such splendid lavishness he must at last stand disarmed, he must throw open all his secret treasure-house.

Here was the true realization, foreshadowed by the fairy ride in the early days of their love. Here was the true riding into the gold and letting the gold swallow them up. In this all disappointments should vanish, all nipped hopes come to bloom again. For it her heart cried impatiently, but chid itself for its impatience. Had not Mrs. Mumble waited years in solitude and silence outside the prison gates? Could not she wait a little, too?

It need hardly be said that in such a position of affairs as had been reached Mrs. Mumble was much to the fore. Her presence was indispensable, and valued as such, but it had some disadvantages. She shared Sibylla's views and Sibylla's temperament; but naturally she did not possess the charm of youth, of beauty, and of circumstance which served so well to soften or to recommend them. The sort of atmosphere which Mrs. Mumble carried with her was one which should be diffused sparingly and with great caution about a man at once so self-centered and so fastidious as Grantley Imason.

Mrs. Mumble was lavishly affectionate; she was also pervasive, and finally a trifle inclined to be tearful on entirely inadequate provocation—or, as it appeared to any masculine mind, on none at all, since the tendency assailed her most when everything seemed to be going on remarkably well.

Of course Jeremy Chiddingsfold, neither lover nor father, and with his youthful anti-feminism still held and prized, put the case a thousand times too high, exaggerating all one side, utterly ignoring all the other, of what Grantley might be feeling. None the less there was some basis of truth in his exclamation:

"If they go on like this, Grantley'll be sick to death of the whole thing before it's half over!"

And Jeremy had come to read his brother-in-law pretty well—to know his self-centeredness, to know his fastidiousness, to know how easily he might be "put off," as Jeremy phrased it, by an intrusion too frequent and importunate or a sentiment extravagant in any degree. Too high a pressure might well result in such a reaction as would breed the reflection that the matter in hand was, after all, decidedly normal.

But altogether normal it was not destined to remain. Minded, as it might seem, to point the situation and to force latent antagonisms of feeling to an open conflict, Mistress Chance took a hand in the game.

On arriving at the Fairhaven station from one of his expeditions to town, Grantley found Jeremy awaiting him. Jeremy was pale, but his manner kept its incisiveness, his speech its lucidity. Sibylla had met with an accident. She had still been taking quiet rides on a trusty old horse. To-day, contrary to his advice, and in face of Grantley's, she had insisted on riding another—the young horse, as they called it.

"She was in one of her moods," Jeremy explained. "She said she wanted more of a fight than the old horse gave her. She would go. Well, you know that great beast of a dog of Jarman's? It was running loose—I saw it myself; indeed, I saw the whole thing. She was trotting along, thinking of nothing at all, I suppose. The dog started a rabbit, and came by her with a bound. The horse started, jumped half his own height—or it looked like it—and she—came off, you know, pitched clean out of her saddle."

"Clear of the——?"

"Yes, thank God; but she came down with an awful—an awful thud. I ran up as quick as I could. She was unconscious. A couple of laborers helped me to take her home. I got Mumples, and on my way here I stopped at Gardiner's and sent him there, and came on to tell you."

By now they were getting into the dog-cart.

"Do you know at all how bad it is?" asked Grantley.

"Not the least. How should I?"

"Well, we must get home as quick as we can."

Grantley did not speak again the whole way. His mind had been full of plans that morning. His position as a man of land at Milldean was opening new prospects to him. He had agreed to come forward for election as a county alderman; he had been sounded as to contesting the seat for the Parliamentary division. He had been very full of these motions, and had meant to spend two or three quiet days in reviewing and considering them. This sudden shock was hard to face and realize. It was difficult, too, to conceive of anything being wrong with Sibylla—always so fine an embodiment of physical health and vig-

or. He felt very helpless and in terrible distress; it turned him sick to think of the "awful thud" that Jeremy described. What would that mean—what was the least it might, the most it could mean?

"You don't blame me?" Jeremy asked as they came near home.

"You advised her not to ride the beast! What more could you do? You couldn't stop her by force."

He spoke rather bitterly, as if sorrow and fear had not banished anger when he thought of his wife and her wilfulness.

Jeremy turned aside into the garden, begging to have news as soon as there was any. Grantley went into his study, and Mrs. Mumble came to him there. She was pitifully undone and disheveled. It was impossible not to respect her grief, but no less impossible to get much clear information from her. Lamentations alternated with attempted excuses for Sibylla's obstinacy; she tried to make out that she herself was in some way to blame for having brought on the mood which had in its turn produced the obstinacy.

Grantley, striving after outward calm, raged in his heart against the fond, foolish woman.

"I want to know what's happened, not whose fault it'll be held to be at the Day of Judgment, Mrs. Mumble. Since you're incapable of telling me anything, have the goodness to send Dr. Gardiner to me as soon as he can leave Sibylla."

Very soon, yet only just in time to stop Grantley from going up-stairs himself, Gardiner came. He was an elderly, quiet-going country practitioner; he lived in one of the red villas at the junction with the main road, and plied a not very lucrative practise among the farm-houses and cottages. His knowledge was neither profound nor recent; he had not kept up his reading, and his practical opportunities had been very few.

He seemed, when he came, a good deal upset and decidedly nervous, as if he were faced with a sudden responsibility by no means to his liking. He kept wiping his brow with a threadbare red silk handkerchief and pulled his straggling gray whiskers while he talked.

In a second Grantley had decided that no confidence could be placed in him. Still, he must be able to tell what was the matter.

"Quickly and plainly, please, Dr. Gardiner," Grantley requested, noting with impatience that Mrs. Mumble had

come back and stood there listening; but she would cry and think him a monster if he sent her away.

"She's conscious now," the doctor reported, "but she's very prostrate, suffering from severe shock. I think you shouldn't see her for a little while."

"What's the injury, Dr. Gardiner?"

"The shock is severe—"

"Will it kill her?"

"No, no. The shock kill her? Oh, no, no. She has a splendid constitution. Kill her? Oh, no, no."

"And is that all?"

"No, not quite all, Mr. Imason. There is—er—in fact a lesion, a local injury, a fracture due to the force of the impact on the ground."

"Is that serious? Pray be quiet, Mrs. Mumble. You really must restrain your feelings."

"Serious? Oh, undoubtedly, undoubtedly. I—I can't say it isn't serious. I should be doing wrong—"

"In one word—is it fatal or likely to be fatal?"

Grantley was nearly at the end of his forced patience. He had looked for a man; he had, it seemed, found another old woman; so he angrily thought within himself, as old Gardiner stumbled over his words and worried his whiskers.

"If I were to explain the case in detail—"

"Presently, doctor, presently. Just now I want the result, the position of affairs, you know."

"For the moment, Mr. Imason, there is no danger to Mrs. Imason—I think I may say that. But the injury creates a condition of things which might, and in my judgment would, prove dangerous to her as time went on. I speak in view of her present condition."

"I see. Could that be obviated?"

Gardiner's nervousness increased.

"By an operation, directed to remove the cause which would produce danger. It would be a serious, perhaps a dangerous operation—"

"Is that the only way?"

"In my judgment the only way consistent with—"

A loud sob from Mrs. Mumble interrupted him. Grantley swore under his breath.

"Go on," he said harshly.

"Consistent with the birth of the child, Mr. Imason."

"Ah!" At last he had got to the light, and the nervous old man had managed to deliver himself of his message. "I

understand you now. Setting the birth of the child on one side, the matter would be simpler?"

"Oh, yes, much simpler—not, of course, without its—"

"And more free from danger?"

"Yes, though—"

"Practically free from danger to my wife?"

"Yes; I think I can say practically free in the case of so good a subject as Mrs. Imason."

Grantley thought for a minute.

"You probably wouldn't object to my having another opinion?" he asked.

Relief was obviously on old Gardiner's face.

"I should welcome it," he said. "The responsibility in such a case is so great that—"

"Tell me the best man and I'll wire for him at once."

Even on this point Gardiner hesitated, till Grantley named a man known to everybody; him Gardiner at once accepted.

"Very well. And I'll see my wife as soon as you think it desirable." He paused a moment and then went on. "If I understand the case right, I haven't a moment's hesitation in my mind. But I should like to ask you one question. Am I right in supposing that your practice is to prefer the mother's life to the child's?"

"That's the medical practise, Mr. Imason, where the alternative is as you put it. But there are, of course, degrees of danger, and these would influence—"

"You've told me the danger might be serious. That's enough. Dr. Gardiner, pending the arrival of your colleague, the only thing—the only thing—you have to think of is my wife. Those are my definite wishes, please. You'll remain here, of course? Thank you. We'll have another talk later. I want to speak to Jeremy now."

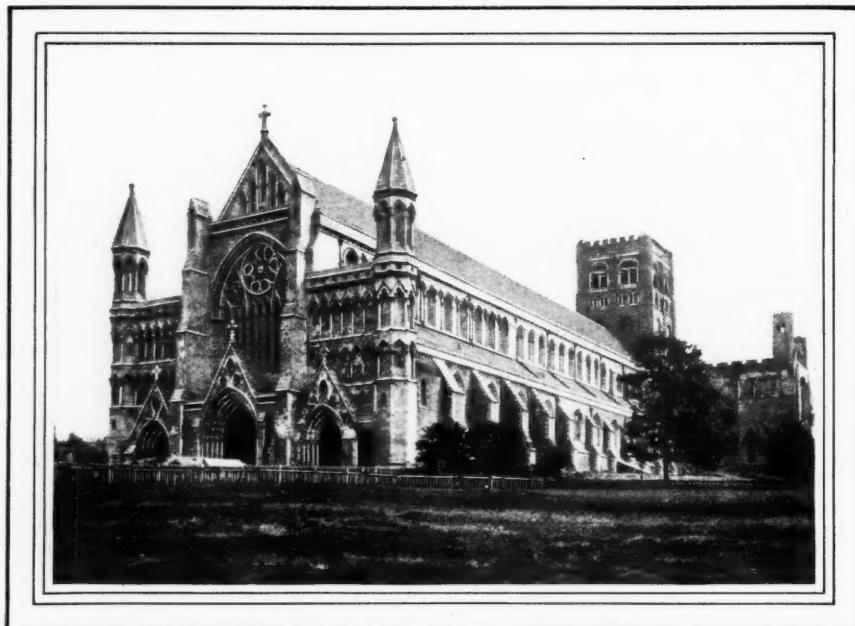
He turned toward the window, meaning to join Jeremy in the garden and report to him. Mrs. Mumble came forward, waving her hands helplessly and weeping profusely.

"Oh, Mr. Imason, imagine! The poor, poor little child!" she stammered. "I can't bear to think of it."

Grantley's impatience broke out in savage bluntness.

"Against her I don't care that for the child," he said, snapping his fingers as he went out.

(To be continued.)



ST. ALBANS CATHEDRAL, THE GREAT ABBEY CHURCH OF ADRIAN'S NATIVE SHIRE—BARRED FROM THE ABBEY AS A BOY, AS POPE HE RECEIVED HOMAGE FROM ITS ABBOT.

THE ENGLISH POPE.

BY DULANY HUNTER.

NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE, ADRIAN IV, THE ONLY MAN OF OUR RACE WHO EVER OCCUPIED THE PAPAL THRONE—THE ENGLISH PEASANT WHO ASSERTED HIS SUPREMACY OVER THE GREATEST EARTHLY RULERS OF HIS DAY.

AT a time when the solemn election of a successor to St. Peter has so recently focused upon Rome the attention of the world, English-speaking people, whether in America or in Great Britain, may recall with interest the history of the one man of their race who ever ascended the papal throne. They can scarcely fail to admit a feeling of pride in following, after the lapse of eight hundred years, Nicholas Breakspear, the peasant of Hertfordshire, on his way from the barred gates of St. Albans Abbey to the open portals of the Eternal City, where he was to be proclaimed its lord.

Just before the dawn of the twelfth

century, a child was born to his serf-bound parents in the unimportant village of Langley, amid the peaceful landscape of the ancient shire of Herts. His father could, no doubt, remember a dark night in his own youth when he looked across the country and beheld the ominous lights of fires hurriedly kindled to warn the people of the coming of a foreign foe. But the Normans had subdued resistance, and a son of the Conqueror now sat in undisputed sovereignty upon the Saxon throne. Little did that monarch think that in later years a Saxon boy, sprung from the soil, would treat his heir of the third generation as vassal of a spiritual

and temporal power. Yet fate had so decreed. Henry II, of Norman blood, was destined to offer homage to a former subject of the realm, while Adrian IV, serf-born though he was, was to bestow upon the English king the Emerald Isle—a gift that was to have momentous historical consequences.

We get our first sight of the English pope when an obscure youth appears before the walls of St. Albans and begs for permission to take the habit of the Benedictine monks. The father had deserted both the mother and the boy, and even then was doing service in that house. In days like those the monastic close alone afforded intellectual life to a humble youth who already craved the opportunity to pass beyond the limits of the peasant's sphere. In his narrow horizon the splendid abbey of his native shire loomed up grandly as the home of his cherished ambition. But we see him turned away upon the ground of incapacity.

Stung to the quick, and too humiliated to remain at home, he sets out for France, living on alms until he reaches Arles. Here and at Paris he enters into the service of communities of monks, and by the utmost diligence acquires such learning as the times afford. Next we see him at the Abbey of St. Rufus in Provence, first doing menial service, then installed as clerk, later made a canon, and finally, by reason of his profound knowledge and strict observance of the monastic rules, chosen abbot of the house.

Here we would tarry with him awhile, for after he ascends to St. Peter's chair we shall find him proudly referring to the sweet repose which these quiet cloisters once afforded. Yet it was here the storm broke forth which drove him to mount the papal throne. A score of tranquil years was ended. The old

monks who had placed him at their head were lying in their unmarked graves within the shadows of the cloister. Their younger successors, chafing at the strict discipline of his rule, brought charges against their abbot; so he journeyed to Rome to plead his cause before the Holy Father. Eugenius III promptly decided in Breakspeare's favor; but when the res-



ADRIAN IV, THE ENGLISH POPE, WHO WORE THE TIARA FROM
1154 TO 1159.

From an old print.

tive monks appealed again, he impatiently assured them that they should not long be burdened with "the Englishman." We can imagine their surprise when, shortly afterwards, the abbot was made Cardinal Bishop of Averno.

The new cardinal's field of action, however, was not to be limited to Italy. The faith which glimmered only faintly in the dreary countries of the north must shine with some of the brilliant light with which it then fell upon the peoples of the south. To this end



FREDERICK I, SURNAMED BARBAROSSA ("RED-BEARD"), CROWNED BY ADRIAN IV IN 1155 AS EMPEROR OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.

From an old print.

Breakspear was sent as legate to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. In six years of splendid work he brought the whole of Scandinavia within the influence of the church, which now aimed at universal empire; for a century since, Gregory VII—the famous Hildebrand—had proclaimed with clarion blasts the subjection of all temporal power to spiritual control, and exacted strictest obedience throughout the Christian world to the dictates of the pontiff. His reign was closed in exile, but the policy which he defended to the last did not perish when he died. Each succeeding Pope had contended for it with all the might the papacy could bring to bear, and it had become the flaming sword in the regalia of the church with which a pontiff armed himself on mounting St. Peter's throne.

When Breakspear came back to Rome in the spring of 1154, churchmen loudly hailed him as the Apostle of the North. A few months afterwards, the cardinals, met in conclave to elect a

pontiff, named him, with one voice, to fill the chair before Anastasius had been dead a day. But when the mighty shouts which proclaimed their choice had died out, a strong, sweet voice was raised in protest. Breakspear would not be Pope. The triple crown must press another brow. The church had much to do, and he would rather serve than lead. Yet the cardinals insisted, and the Englishman, against his will, was seated in St. Peter's chair.

But the tiara once upon his head, no Pope ever laid more strenuous claims to all its prerogatives. The times were troublous indeed. Rome was in uproar. The emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, was hastening to the Eternal City to be crowned, though none knew what his attitude to the holy see would be. The Greeks were intriguing to regain their lost ascendancy in Italy. And the Norman King of Sicily had openly declared his enmity.

Still Adrian was undaunted. He dared what no one else had ever dared to do—laid Rome under edict. When he met the emperor at Nepi, he demanded to have his stirrup held by that mighty potentate before he would proceed with him to the Leonine city to place upon his head the crown. Barbarossa at first demurred, then yielded the point, which meant much in those days, and the coronation took place in St. Peter's before the populace was aware of what was going on.

Behold Adrian now—the whiteness of his priestly robes unsoiled, the royal color of the kingly state hanging in splendor from his sturdy frame; a little aged, perhaps, before his time, but every line upon that noble brow traced by heroic struggle in a mighty cause. He sits grandly on the pontiff's throne while all the turbulent sons of turbulent Rome call madly for a democracy.

All the turbulent sons of turbulent Rome! And in the surging sea of human forms which beats against the papacy, only one glorious figure looms up. A stranger spirit with the chastened beauty of a god, he cannot lift the sordid Romans to the high level of his own pure soul. His work must fail, because his teachings are too lofty to be under-

stood. Thus Arnold of Brescia is doomed to pay the forfeit of his life for a lovely dream of liberty, and emperor and Pope go forth one summer night to see his warm ashes strewn, as those of a rebel and traitor, upon the barren soil outside of Rome.

The pontiff's cares of state were of yet wider range. In the middle of the twelfth century the most important personages upon the world's great stage were the emperor and the Pope; and the two soon came into open conflict through the asserted supremacy of the spiritual power of Rome over temporal sovereignties. Yet there was an interval of peace after Barbarossa had been crowned, and during that time a notable embassy arrived, sent by the English king to the Englishman seated on the papal throne.

ENGLISH POPE AND ENGLISH KING.

The ambassadors were three of Henry's bishops, and in their train were the abbot of St. Albans, from whose house Adrian had once been turned away, and John of Salisbury, already well-known at Rome, and destined to be remembered as the central figure of his time among the learned men of England.

The homage paid, they proceeded to discuss grave matters with the pontiff. First, the king prayed for permission to break a vow he had made to uphold his father's will, not knowing that Geoffrey of Anjou had by the document dispossessed him of the fairest province which he held. Next, he craved to be invested with the sovereignty of Ire-

land, now relapsed into a barbarous state, and so reverted to the papacy.

Undoubtedly they also touched upon the remarkable career of the new chancellor—the only Saxon in close upon a hundred years allowed to attain to eminence in England, though fated in the end to fall a victim to his sovereign's hate upon the very altar stairs of Canterbury. For surely Breakspeare must have felt a sense of unusual friendship for Becket, though they started life in widely different English homes, the one to become head of the Christian church throughout the world; the other, primate of all England.

John of Salisbury tells us that Adrian showed no elation in his exalted position, but spoke at length, one day, upon the cares of the pa-

pacy. He referred to the peace which he had enjoyed in St. Rufus' Abbey, and concluded by assuring his visitor that "the tiara is so splendid because it is a crown of fire." Nevertheless, Adrian must have been gratified by Henry's embassy, for the ambassadors were not only most graciously received, but both of the king's requests were granted. He was absolved from the fulfilment of the vow which he had made so rashly, and the famous bull was issued conferring upon him the sovereignty of Ireland.

This latter was indeed a stroke of diplomacy on the part of the astute pontiff. While Henry's petition was thus benevolently accorded, the English king, in receiving investiture from the Pope, could in future advance no claim to make lay investitures to ecclesiastical



HENRY II, THE FIRST PLANTAGENET KING OF ENGLAND, TO WHOM ADRIAN IV GRANTED THE SOVEREIGNTY OF IRELAND.

From an old print.

offices in his kingdom. The papal power was thus made secure in England. That country had now become of consequence in Europe, for she had emerged from the isolation in which her Saxon princes held her, and the territories possessed by her Norman rulers on the continent were then almost as large as those of the French king, from whom they were held in siegafe.

Another Norman power had from the first given Adrian much quietude. William of Sicily had refused to recognize the papal suzerainty over the kingdom which his hardy sires had carved in the south of Italy while the degenerate successors of Constantine were living in gilded decadence on the Golden Horn. The Sicilian king had even advanced within the very sight of Rome, wasting the campagna on the way. He had been excommunicated by the Pope, and received again into the church. He had acknowledged Adrian's suzerainty, and sworn to protect the holy see against all its enemies.

THE BATTLE OF POPE AND EMPEROR.

But this new friendship gave umbrage to the emperor, who considered it a menace to his hold upon the cities of northern Italy, which were already disaffected; and in the aggrandizement of the papal power he saw a danger to the fulfilment of the imperial policy. So he only awaited an opportunity to declare himself, and soon we see the supreme struggle of Adrian's pontificate commence. It was a conflict between two giant souls controlled by ideas impossible of reconciliation; both unselfish, both courageous, both believing themselves entrusted with a mighty mission.

The emperor would revive the glory of the ancient empire, and so disrupt the interdependence between the Holy Roman Empire and the church, in which case the Pope would become merely his greatest bishop.

Adrian, on the other hand, held firm to the policy of Hildebrand in asserting the spiritual and temporal supremacy of Rome. In deserting the Eternal City, the emperor had left the Roman power—that mystic fountain of all honor—to the Popes. Besides the sovereignty of Rome, there was the Patri-

mony of St. Peter to conjure with. Adrian could make no abatement of the claims with which he was entrusted!

So the contest goes on for years, until it passes out of the realm of diplomacy, and Pope and emperor resort to arms at last. Adrian calls upon the Eastern Empire and the King of Sicily to assist him, and ranges around himself all the forces of the great cities of northern Italy, before he proceeds to take the field in person. Then he goes forth to meet Barbarossa, and to hurl the thunders of the church against him in the form of a solemn excommunication. But when only a few leagues from Rome, the pontiff is seized with a violent attack of quinsy, and dies quite suddenly, leaving his successors to carry on the long struggle with the house of Hohenstaufen, from which the papacy comes out in the end victorious.

Thus in the very presence of his army, in the fulness of vigor of both mind and body, after a memorable pontificate of six years of sturdy struggle, the intrepid Adrian IV passed away with his armor buckled on him.

It would seem that the man Nicholas Breakspeare, the English peasant, had died long since; that upon his entrance into the church, he consecrated all his splendid powers of intellect and will to her single service. History makes no mention of his evincing any personal feeling of human love or hatred, nor preferences, nor prejudices, apart from what he conceived to be his duties to the church. We even see the old mother at whose breasts he had been suckled applying, like any other pauper, for relief to the clergy of Canterbury, while her son sat upon the most exalted throne in Christendom exacting homage from the greatest princes. And yet historians agree that in ordinary intercourse Adrian displayed marked mildness of manner and benevolence of disposition.

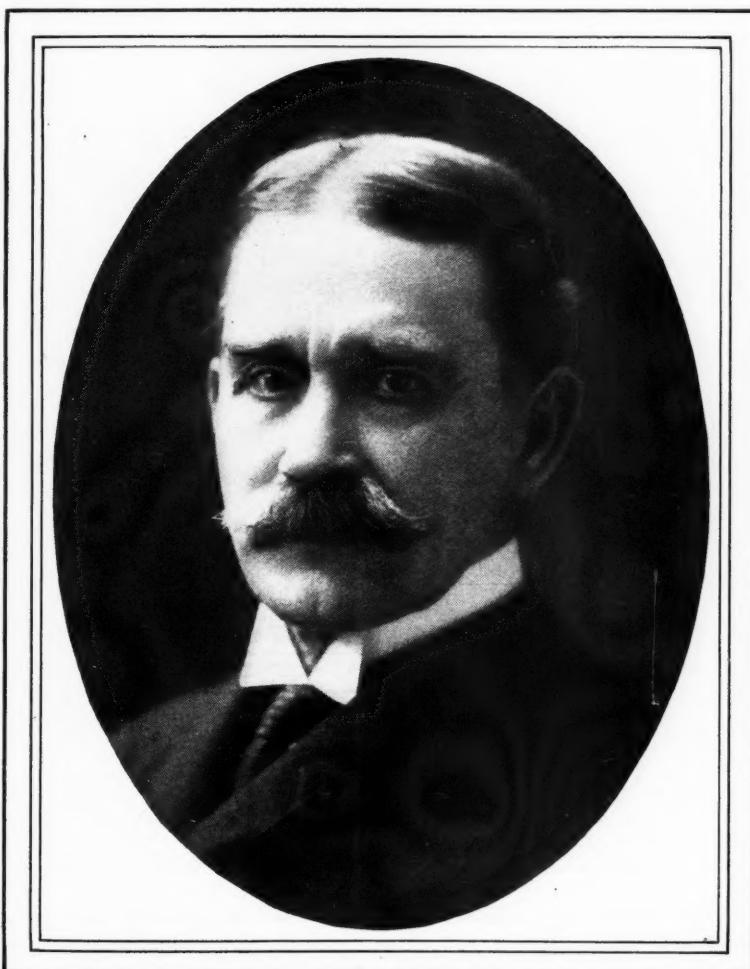
Such was the extraordinary champion whom Rome chose to uphold her claims in one of the supreme crises of her existence. And he did his work well; so well that English-speaking men of whatsoever creed may feel proud that the same blood flows in their veins now which once ran so high in his.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Bishop Potter's Coadjutor.

The election of Dr. David H. Greer as coadjutor to Bishop Potter elevates to the Episcopal bench a clergyman who has long been at the head of one of

the great working parishes of New York, and who has thrice declined the offer of a bishopric. It is also interesting because it marks the rector of St. Bartholomew's as the probable successor to the present incumbent of the



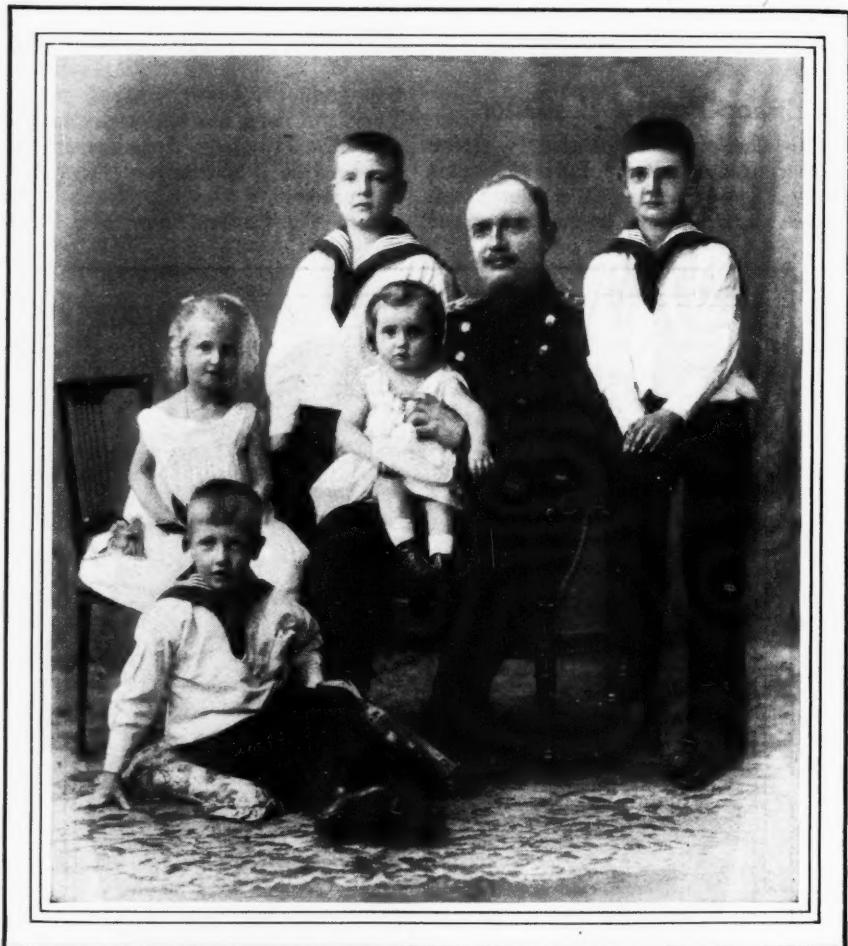
THE REV. DAVID H. GREER, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, NEW YORK,
ELECTED BISHOP COADJUTOR OF THE EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York.

New York diocese, the strongest one in the Episcopal communion.

Dr. Greer is a low churchman; yet in New York, where high church senti-

leaves it for a position of greater difficulty, if greater honor, and certainly of no more personal comfort or financial advantage. He is not exactly young,

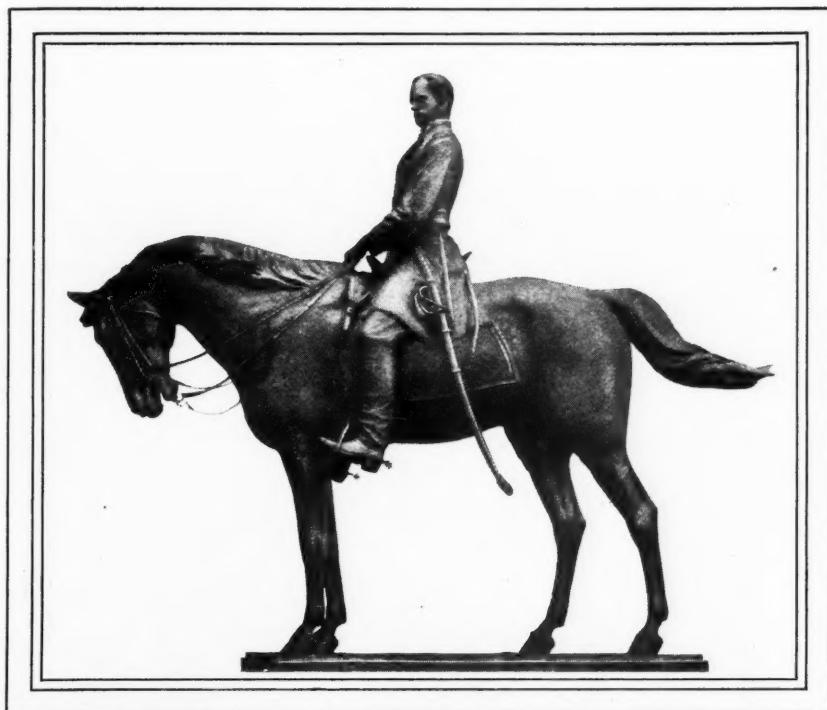


FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, CROWN PRINCE OF SAXONY, WITH HIS FIVE CHILDREN, PRINCES GEORGE (AGED TEN), FREDERICK CHRISTIAN (NINE), AND ERNEST HENRY (SIX), AND PRINCESSES MARGARET (THREE) AND MARY ALICE (TWO)—THIS IS THE FAMILY DESERTED BY THE CROWN PRINCESS LOUISE OF SAXONY.

ment is so strong, there is no more generally respected figure in the ministry. He was nominated as coadjutor by Dr. Dix, of Trinity, a leading high churchman, and on the first ballot he received a large majority of the votes cast, both clerical and lay. As a church of wealth and fashion, St. Bartholomew's is rivaled only by St. Thomas' and one or two others in the metropolis. Dr. Greer

- being in his sixtieth year, but he is a strong man both mentally and physically. Senator Depew, an old and intimate friend, recently described him as "a man of extraordinary talent, in some respects of genius, with a wonderful capacity for organization, a masterly grasp of practical affairs."

A West Virginian by birth, most of Dr. Greer's career has been divided be-



THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN, MODELED BY THE LATE CARL ROHL-SMITH, WHICH FORMS THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE SPLENDID MONUMENT IN THE PARK SOUTH OF THE TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, UNVEILED ON OCTOBER 15 LAST.

From a photograph by Clinelinst, Washington.

tween two notable ministries—one of sixteen years at Grace Church, Providence, and his service in New York. The money that he has raised and spent in the charitable and educational work that centers in the parish house of St. Bartholomew's is stated at not less than half a million dollars.

As coadjutor bishop, his duties are to include all confirmations in New York parishes, the consecration of churches, the ordination of clergy, and—most trying task of all—the administration of discipline.

Another Memorial of Sherman.

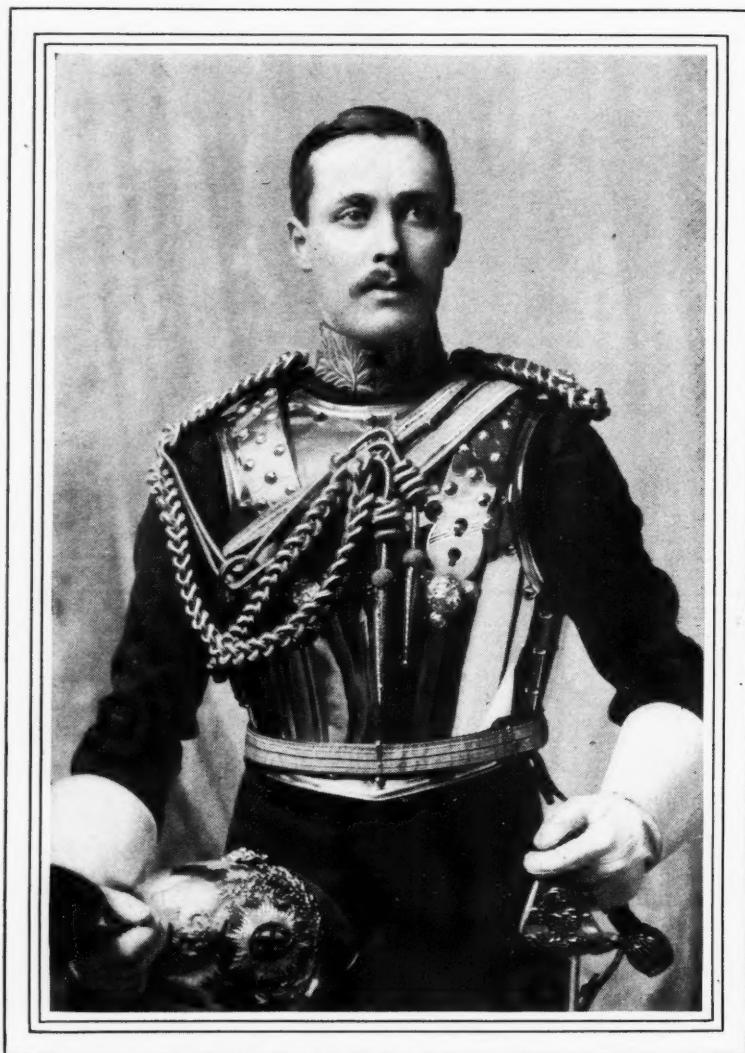
The most costly and impressive monument in Washington, next to the huge obelisk erected in honor of the Father of his Country, is the recently completed memorial to General Sherman, standing in front of the south end of the Treasury Building. The central

figure, an equestrian effigy of the famous soldier, is a less striking work of artistic genius than the statue of Sherman by St. Gaudens, unveiled in New York last summer; but the entire scheme of the monument, with its terrace, its subsidiary allegorical groups of "War" and "Peace," and its bas-reliefs of scenes in the general's life, is more extensive and imposing. It represents a very considerable expenditure, almost a hundred thousand dollars, part of the money being contributed by veterans of Sherman's army, but most of it voted by Congress.

The movement for the erection of the memorial began twelve years ago, very shortly after Sherman's death. Sculptors were invited to submit designs, and no less than twenty-six models were entered for the competition which was held in the early part of 1896. A jury which included leading artists and laymen sifted the twenty-six

to four, those of Carl Rohl-Smith, P. W. Bartlett, C. H. Niehaus, and J. Massey Rhind; and finally, in November of that year, the contract was

most important of its figures were still incomplete when in August, 1900, he died very suddenly. General Alger, Secretary of War at the time, renewed



HENRY JOHN INNES-KER, EIGHTH DUKE OF ROXBURGHE, IN HIS UNIFORM AS A LIEUTENANT OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY COMPOSITE REGIMENT, WITH WHICH HE SERVED IN SOUTH AFRICA DURING THE LATE WAR.

From a photograph by Mayall, London.

awarded to the first-named, a Danish-American sculptor less known to the general public than some of the other competitors.

Mr. Rohl-Smith labored steadily on the monument for four years, but the

contract with the sculptor's widow. The leading American artists being unwilling to take up the unfinished work, Mrs. Rohl-Smith went to Copenhagen, where she engaged Stephen Sinding, an old friend of her husband, to carry out



THE LATEST AMERICAN DUCHESS—MISS MAY GOELET, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE OGDEN GOELET OF NEW YORK, WHO IS TO BE MARRIED TO THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE BEFORE THIS MAGAZINE WILL REACH THE READER.

From a photograph by Thomson, London.



MRS. BERNARD HORNE (MISS BESSIE ANTHONY), OF THE GLENVIEW CLUB, CHICAGO, WHO WON THE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE WHEATON LINKS, CHICAGO, ON OCTOBER 3 LAST.

the latter's design for the horse and rider, and Lauritz Jensen, another Danish sculptor, to execute the groups of "War" and "Peace."

The completed monument was unveiled on the 15th of October, the cord being drawn by a young grandson of General Sherman, in the presence of a great concourse of veteran soldiers,

public men, and other spectators. Impressive as it is in its ensemble, it must be said, unfortunately, that the effect of its central figure is not wholly satisfactory. Raised on their massive and lofty pedestal, the rider and his steed are somewhat dwarfed; and the downward bend of the horse's neck gives the animal, to one who views it from below, a certain appearance of headlessness.

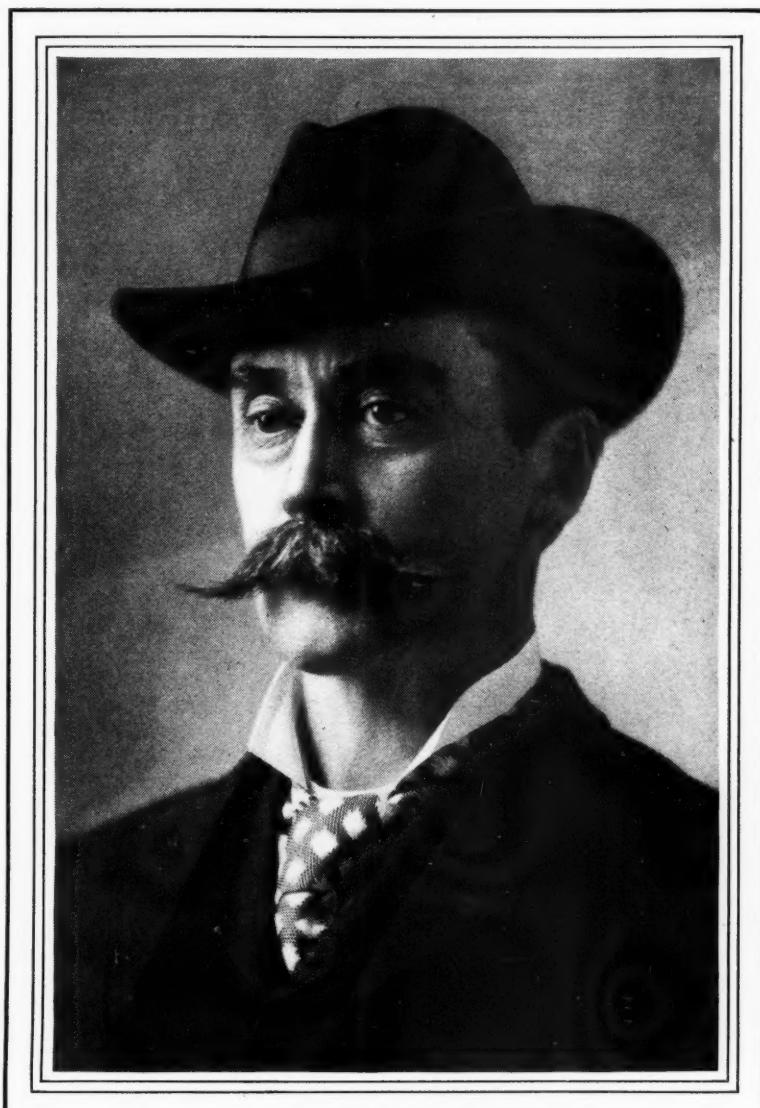
The Quest for the North Pole.

More than once, when some expedition that started for the far north with high hopes has returned baffled, with some of its men left behind it in arctic graves, with others wrecked in health, and with its costly equipment squandered to little purpose, it has been said that a death blow had been dealt to polar exploration. Such statements have always been falsified by the event. As long as the mystery of the Pole remains unsolved, there will always be bold leaders ready to risk life and limb in taking up nature's last great challenge to human daring. There will always be men to follow those leaders into the uncharted seas of ice. There will always be stay-at-homes whose financial aid will supply the sinews of war; and millions will watch with keen interest the struggle for the prize that explorers of so many nations have sought so long and so eagerly.

When that veteran of the arctic, Robert E. Peary, starts for the Pole once more, as he proposes to do about the 1st of next July, he will take with him the good wishes of all his countrymen and the friendly sympathy of the scientific world at large. In the letter with which the acting head of the United States Navy Department answered his application for the necessary leave of absence, there was a tone of warmth that is rare in official documents.

"The attainment of the Pole should be your main object," Mr. Darling wrote. "Nothing short will suffice. The discovery of the Pole is all that remains to complete the map of the world. That map should be completed in our generation and by our countrymen. If it is claimed that the enter-

prise is fraught with danger and privation, the answer is that geographical discovery in all ages has been purchased to accomplish your purpose and bring further distinction to a service of illustrious traditions."



ROBERT E. PEARY, CIVIL ENGINEER, UNITED STATES NAVY, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPLORER, WHO INTENDS TO START ABOUT THE 1ST OF JULY NEXT FOR ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO REACH THE NORTH POLE.

From his latest photograph by Boyce, Washington.

with the price of heroic courage and noble sacrifice. Our national pride is involved in the undertaking, and this department expects that you will ac-

Peary's scheme—for, of course, he will act upon a fully matured plan of campaign, the fruit of his unrivaled experience of arctic conditions—is to at-



MRS. THOMAS C. PLATT, FORMERLY MRS. LILLIAN JANEWAY, OF WASHINGTON, WHO WAS MARRIED TO THE SENIOR UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW YORK ON THE 11TH OF OCTOBER LAST.

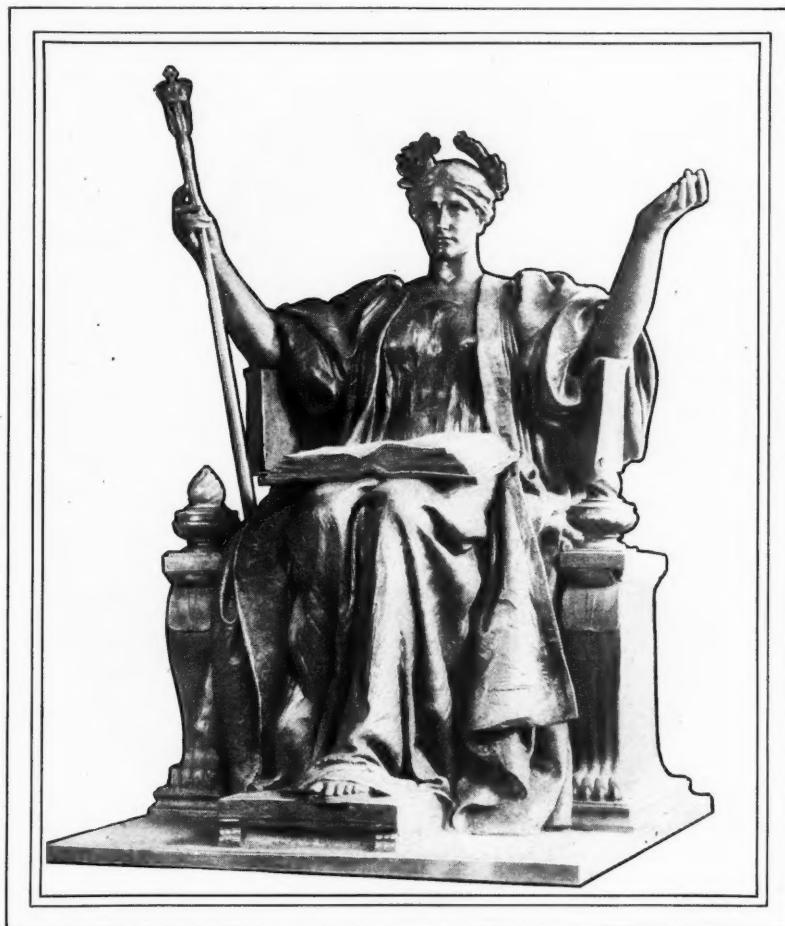
From a copyrighted photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

tack the Pole by the so-called American route, through Baffin Bay and along the west coast of northern Greenland. Its main feature is his determination to

establish winter quarters nearer to his goal than has ever yet been done, so as to shorten his sledge journey over the ice when he makes his dash for the Pole. Cape Joseph Henry, at the northern extremity of Grant Land—the large island west of northern Greenland

ing his base, and defer his dash to the spring of 1906. Arctic work takes time as well as skill, daring, energy, and money.

The expedition, it is said, will cost about two hundred thousand dollars. Not all of this is as yet subscribed, but



"ALMA MATER"—THE STATUE MODELED BY DANIEL C. FRENCH, AND PRESENTED TO COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AS A MEMORIAL OF THE LATE ROBERT GOELET, AN ALUMNUS.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by John Williams, New York.

—is the point he has chosen. If he can reach it next autumn, he will start his sledge over the polar pack with the earliest sunlight of the following spring, and make his way home during the summer. If he cannot get far enough north in 1904, he will devote the working season of 1905 to prepar-

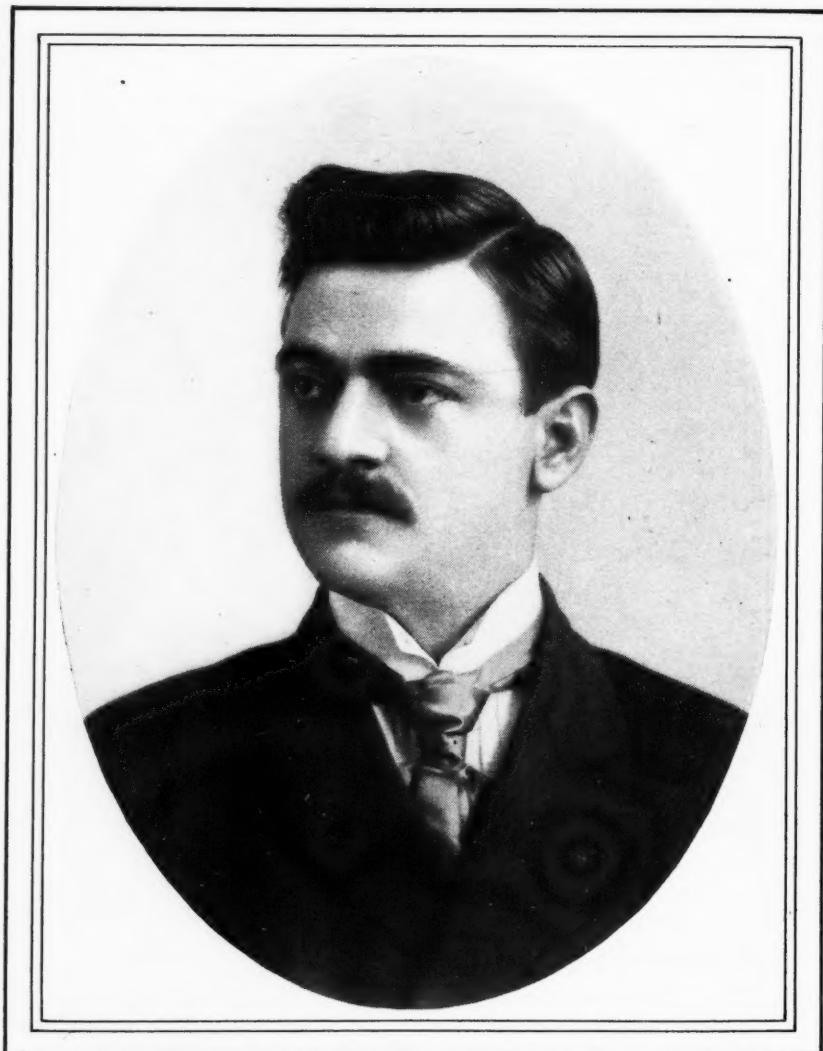
it is pretty certain that the necessary funds will be forthcoming.

Sarafoff, the Rebel Chief.

It is hard to sympathize with any of the factions or individuals involved in the recent disturbances in Macedonia.

Amid such a blind and savage strife, such a chorus of accusations and recriminations, the outside observer finds

If any one figure has caught the eye of the world amid the smoke of the ravaged Macedonian villages it has been



BORIS SARAFOFF, THE FAMOUS LEADER OF THE MACEDONIAN INSURGENTS, WHO HAS BEEN SEVERAL TIMES REPORTED KILLED BY THE TURKS.

From a photograph by Karastoyanow, Sophia.

it so impossible to settle the question of rights and wrongs that he is likely to turn away in disgust from the bloody spectacle of the Balkans, and to accept as the best solution of the problem the speedy victory of whichever party is the stronger.

that of the redoubtable insurgent chief-tain, Boris Sarafoff. Sarafoff—we speak of him as living, though he may have been slain before this appears, or even as we write, for his death has often been reported—seems to be a typical guerrilla leader of the half-

savage Balkan peasantry. There is always a touch of romance about such a character.

He is described as a swarthy man of medium height and wiry frame, not more than thirty years old. With his red sash, his long cloth leggings, his small tasseled cap, and his gun, there is a dash of the mountain brigand in his appearance. Born and bred among the Bulgars of Macedonia, to whom the Turks are hereditary oppressors, all his life he has hated the Mussulmans, and aspired to be what he is now, the leader of an armed rising against the Sultan.

There is no present prospect, however, that he will achieve any further end. History applauds the successful revolutionist, condemns the rebel who draws the sword and fails. The most shocking feature of the struggle in Macedonia is its apparent futility.

An Irish Duke and His Tenants.

The creation of a "peasant proprietary" in Ireland seems to have begun in earnest. The first estate sold to its tenants under the new land act is one of the largest, oldest, and most famous in the Emerald Isle—that of the Duke of Leinster, consisting of some forty-four thousand acres in County Kildare.

In announcing the sale, the young duke's uncle and trustee, Lord Frederick Fitzgerald, asserted that his family were the most ancient holders of landed property in Ireland. Authentic records trace their lineage to one Gerardini, a Florentine who settled in England in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Their connection with the sister isle began with this Italian immigrant's grandson, who crossed St. George's Channel with Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, in 1170. Dermot, King of Leinster, had invited the English soldiers of fortune to aid him against his enemies; and their services were rewarded with rich gifts and grants of land.

The oldest peerage held by the Fitzgeralds, as the descendants of Gerardini styled themselves, is the barony of Offaly, which dates from 1205. George III gave them their ducal title in 1766. The present head of the house—who is

the premier duke, marquis, and earl of Ireland—is a minor, a schoolboy of sixteen. His father, who as Lord George Fitzgerald visited America in 1886 and 1887, died of typhoid just ten years ago. His mother, who is also dead, was famous in her day as the most beautiful woman in Great Britain.

The sum to be paid by the Fitzgerald tenants—who will borrow the money on easy terms from that rich and obliging institution, the British treasury—is almost seven million dollars. When he comes of age, the young duke is likely to find himself possessed of an amount of ready cash that has been rare indeed among Irish landlords in recent years.

The Oldest King in Europe.

So much has been said about the personal popularity of King Christian of Denmark, that most readers will probably be surprised to learn that for twenty years, until just lately, there has been a deadlock between the veteran monarch and the national legislature. The liberals have continuously held a majority in the Folkething, the Danish House of Commons, but the king has insisted on choosing his cabinet ministers from the other party, the conservatives. The representatives of the minority have conducted the routine business of the government, but whenever they have had to ask the Folkething for special funds, that body, which controls the official purse, has thwarted them.

The royal residence in Copenhagen, the old palace of Christiansborg, was destroyed by fire in 1884, and the feeling between the crown and the legislature has been so bitter that money has never been appropriated to restore it. For almost twenty years King Christian has lived in comparatively small and shabby quarters at the Amalienborg palace. It is now announced that as the long-standing dispute has been ended by the king's recognition of the majority party, Christiansborg is to be rebuilt in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the throne of the prosperous and interesting little northern country.

Milady of the Mercenaries.*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

THE fifth instalment of the story opens with the principal characters on board the ship *Miranda J.*, which has been chartered by a band of revolutionists to take a cargo of munitions of war down to the little South American republic of Anahuac. The conspirators are a Mrs. Lorrimer, the real leader of the enterprise, who in masculine disguise is posing as "Mr. Arthur"; General Jose Lazard, and one Fetter, and with them they have Norah Malone, the daughter of the president they are planning to overthrow, and whom they are holding to force her father to come to terms. They also have another prisoner, Daniel Haigh, who has become mixed up in the affair quite innocently, but whom they have mistaken for a spy and cruelly maltreated. There is another man on board, whose presence has been unlooked for by the conspirators—Jimmy Curtice, a newspaper man, who is a friend of Haigh and an old enemy of Lazard; and when some way out, Curtice, by a clever trick, releases Haigh and forces the adventuress and her friends to agree not to molest either the Señorita Malone, Haigh, or himself during the voyage. The conspirators are compelled by the captain to live up to their agreement for a time, but finally, with the assistance of the mate, Tompkins, they stir up a mutiny among the crew and obtain possession of the vessel. Tompkins is installed in command, and Captain Hendry and Curtice are placed in close confinement. Haigh, who has been severely wounded in the mêlée, is taken in charge by Mrs. Lorrimer and Norah.

In the meantime, Norah's father, Barry Ney Malone, still retains his position as dictator of the little republic, but he is sadly aware that his power is waning and that there is a strong feeling of discontent among his people. Indeed, one of them makes an unsuccessful attempt on his life about the time the mutiny occurs on the *Miranda J.*; and it is only a little later that Captain O'Mara, one of his trusted officers, is slain at the very door of the room wherein the president is conferring with one of his generals, and no trace can be found of the assassin.

XV (*Continued*).

"THIS is bad," said Mr. Arthur, as poor Haigh's wound burst into fresh bleeding. "Jose, go to Tompkins and tell him I want his medicine-chest."

The general glided away, in no great haste. Arthur drew a clasp-knife and carefully cut Daniel's coat and shirt from him. He had laid him upon his face, so that now a gaping cut was shown, from which the blood oozed slowly. Norah gasped—a little, womanly cry of horror. Arthur turned angrily.

"Go to your room, *señorita*! This is no place for you."

"My place is with him!"

"Your place is not here now. Later, perhaps."

"But I shall stay."

Mr. Arthur's eyes lit with exasperation.

"Go, I tell you. This is no woman's work—"

"No woman's work, Señor Arthur?"

She met the other's eyes steadily, with a gaze of deep meaning, and they fell before the silent accusation.

"At least"—the tone was less unkindly—"at least, this is not your work, girl. Go, now. I will let you know when you may come again."

"I will go, then—trusting to you, *señorita*."

There was no answer. Mr. Arthur bent over Daniel, sponging the wound. Norah hesitated a moment, then went slowly, unwillingly, to her berth and lay down fully dressed, feeling assured that Daniel would receive proper attention. Up to this time she had not been sure, although she had suspected; she had laid feminine traps to catch "Mr. Arthur," to surprise a woman out of that convincing assumption of disdainful insouciance; and they had been vain. As it now was, she had but implied a belief; the implication had been received with unconcern, with none of that hot denial which she might have expected. And she felt that she could trust her Daniel to the care of a woman, be that woman however low.

Her Daniel? Truly her own; this admission brought no flutter to her heart, no crimson to her cheeks. Because of his chivalry—it was higher than mere gallantry—and for the gay, deep, tender devotion which he gave her generously, asking nothing in return, she had come to hold Daniel in no small affection. Though it had its primal source in the pure springs of pity, it was none the less true affection, nor yet was it akin to

*Copyright, 1903, by Louis Joseph Vance—This story began in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

love. For that same pity had its birth in the girl's knowledge of the hopelessness of his cause, and in her knowledge that he knew and did accept it as irretrievably lost; but so was content to continue loving her, serving her in such matters as he might. To Norah he seemed her very perfect knight, his silent, uncomplaining sacrifice of self his accolade.

She wept softly for him, grieving over his parlous state as she might have for a well-beloved brother, grieving the more that she had no greater love than this to give him.

But surely that other was not less worthy of the treasure of her faith and love. He too served her, asking no reward other than the glance of her eye, the smile of her lips, the gracious favor of her presence. And dwelling upon the mental vision of Curtice, as *Elaine* may have dwelt upon the thought of *Lancelot*, the tense strain which the moving day had put upon her mind fell away like a garment. A most delicious, rosy, compelling languor took its place; and, lulled by the swish and slap of the waves and the deep music of the engines, she fell asleep.

That day had worn upon others of the ship's company; the night was passing as quietly as it might. In their snug berths, Lazard and Fetter slept the comfortable sleep of the conscienceless. In the pitchy blackness of the lazaret, Curtice and Captain Hendry rested hardly in the unconsciousness that comes of absolute exhaustion. The mate, Tompkins, napped uneasily upon a chair in the wheel-house, unable as a seaman to leave the deck, unwilling as a man to trust the deck to the crew, fearing that they might revolt against his authority, now that a way had been shown them, that the fruitful seeds of anarchy had been sown among them.

In the shadow of death lay Daniel Haigh, moaning feebly from time to time, too weak to toss about and ease his pain. And the hands that ministered to his needs, soothing his brow with delicate touch, smoothing his pillow, and putting to his fevered lips the grateful draft, were the hands of a woman, of Mrs. Lorrimer, the *ci-devant* Mr. Arthur.

The long hours of the night lengthened until a cycle of time seemed to drag between the chimes of the ship's bells, but through them all she watched assiduously by his bedside, abating no jot of careful attention, for no moment neglecting her duty toward the wounded

man. And so she may be credited with the saving of his life—although he held small place in her musings, which in truth were far from him.

She was very comfortable, if you please, being now attired like other women, in the loose luxury of negligee. Her masquerade, for the time, was over. The necessity that had called it forth no longer existed, and, having served its purpose, it was thankfully discarded. She sat with elbow upon knee, cradling her chin in the palm of her hand, while her unfathomable eyes gazed steadfastly at nothing—or, mayhap, pierced the walls that separated her from the lazaret, there to rest upon the head of one man who, not knowing her for a woman, made no secret of his contempt for Mr. Arthur.

Twin indices to an enigmatic personality were the eyes of her—hard, cold, brilliant, inscrutable. The sweep of her heavy brows, the curve of her full lips, the set of her chin, might seem to sparkle triumph. But look closely; in her eyes you will read nothing.

But Adele Lorrimer was not the sole keeper of a vigil during the silent watches of that night. In the engine-room of the *Miranda J.* sat an unconsidered factor in the woman's plans. This was Mr. Hentz, stolidly smoking an enormous meerschaum—jet black, and sputtering with the rank oil of nicotine—the while he mentally reviewed an interview which he had had with Mr. Tompkins. Mr. Hentz had taken it upon himself to protest.

"Id iss nod goot, Mr. Dompkins," he had argued. "Mudiny iss a hanging crime. Should we be pirates? Eh? Nein; I takes mine orders from der captain alone."

"Is that so, Mr. Hentz?" The mate had no fear of the engineer; he thought to bully him, relying upon a superior strength. He had walked up to the man until their faces were very close together. "Is that so?" he demanded again, protruding a pugnacious chin.

"Dot iss so, as I haf said."

The mate swung his fist and caught the German a stinging buffet upon the side of the head, a blow which swept him from his feet and sent him sprawling upon the deck.

"That will do for you, you Dutch swine!" he roared. "After this you'll be careful how you speak to your betters!"

The German had risen without another word and gone to his quarters.

The crew had hooted at his back. The insult, no less than the blow, sank deep into his memory; he would not forget it, but would bide his time.

Mr. Hentz smiled grimly, taking his pipe from his mouth and patting it affectionately as he confided to his engines:

"Id iss dot I wass a Dutch swine, eh, Mr. Domplkins? Vell, we shall see vat we shall see. I haf heard dot swine do snakes eat, Mr. Domplkins. We shall see!"

XVI.

By eight bells of the next morning the *Miranda J.* was struggling with dirty weather. A head breeze had stiffened to half a gale from the west, raising a dangerous, nasty sea, while rain beat an incessant tattoo upon the decks, lashing into the faces of the watch as with thongs of steel. The barometer was falling with a steadiness which made the mate frown with anxiety.

Norah awoke early, with a start of miserable apprehension, to find Mrs. Lorrimer standing by her berthside, watching her with a penetrating, calculating stare which alarmed as well as mystified its object. The older woman had wearied with her long spell of wakefulness. What counsel the night had brought her may not be guessed, but in the clear, merciless gray of dawn her face showed drawn and haggard. Lines gathered about her eyes, betraying her—fine, small, almost invisible wrinkles that wrote her unmistakably for a woman beyond thirty, in the prime of her power and mentality, at her most dangerous age.

To her Norah presented the unflattering contrast of adolescence fresh flushed from a slumber undisturbed by care, unvexed by carking ambition. That Mrs. Lorrimer should see and realize this was unavoidable; but if she resented it naturally, knowing too the abyss that yawned between her world-marked soul and the firm purity of the girl, by no inflection of word or look askance did she betray her envy.

I prefer to believe that she harbored no such petty emotion. A woman of force, playing for stakes high beyond the average, and with a bold recklessness that compelled admiration, any feeling of envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness would have been in ill accord with the barbaric, splendid lawlessness of her character. Indeed, the impatient harsh-

ness of her previous manner toward the girl had abated perceptibly when she at length spoke, although they were now for the first time meeting on common ground as women.

"He is resting easily," she told Norah. "You had best go and watch while I get a little sleep."

"Is he in danger, *señora*?"

The woman nodded cool affirmation.

"His temperature is still high. I can't answer for his safety if this storm continues. The roll of the ship is likely to reopen the wound."

"I will go immediately. Why did you not call me? I must have fallen asleep waiting for you."

"It was unnecessary; you could have done nothing."

"Still, I might have relieved you, *señora*—"

"I chose not to," she interrupted imperiously, then continued more kindly: "You needed the rest, child, and I did not."

"I thank you," responded Norah simply. "I am much refreshed."

"I don't think you'll have much to trouble you, but if he wakes, or should the wound break again, I shall be in my room. Call me at once."

"You are very kind, *señora*."

Mrs. Lorrimer leveled her brows determinedly; this was the opening for which she had maneuvered.

"So?" she said sharply. "I am kind, *señorita*? And why, if you please? What is Mr. Haigh to you?"

"Much."

"You love him, then?"

The direct personality of this cross-examination became annoying, impertinent. Norah began to resent it; her father's high spirit came out in the trace of hauteur which she infused into her reply.

"I might quote Mr. Haigh himself, madam: 'That is a delicate question.' But since you have been so kind to him, so considerate of us both, I will tell you. Yes, I love him dearly."

This was honest, unaffected truth, having no thought of deceit.

Mrs. Lorrimer went directly to her point.

"Then have I any claim upon you, *señorita*, for this kindness of mine?"

"Assuredly, madam."

"You will grant me a favor?"

The girl hesitated, not unnaturally.

"You need not fear; it is a slight thing, *señorita*. Merely this, that I wish to preserve my incognita. Besides your

self, Fetter, and the general, to all on board I am Mr. Arthur. I wish to remain so. Will you keep my secret?"

There was an awkward pause, the girl remaining confusedly silent, uncertain what reply to make. The woman divined the cause of her perplexity.

"My motive is a private matter—" "Undoubtedly."

"Indeed, *señorita*, indeed! Come, I am waiting for my answer!" She tapped her foot upon the floor angrily.

"I agree, then, upon one con—"

"You will agree unconditionally or not at all. Remember, I, too, nurse Mr. Haigh!"

The veiled threat had its effect. Having no gage wherewith to measure the depths of infamy of which this woman might be capable, Norah hastily promised.

"You had best go to him now," said Mrs. Lorrimer, and turned and left her abruptly.

Toward noon the glass began to rise rapidly, then more gradually, indicating that the vortex of the storm had been passed. The violence of the wind abated; though a heavy sea still ran, the ship seemed to ride upon a more even keel. The sick man showed a change for the better in a lowered temperature. By evening he came out of his stupor, coloring with pleasure, when he opened his eyes, to find the girl with him—a pleasure which he was too weak to conceal.

"*Gracias a Dios, señorita*," he murmured; "you seem to have a steady job nursing me."

"You must not talk much," she warned him; nor would she allow him speech until he had taken the food prescribed by Mrs. Lorrimer. "Indeed, I am glad to be able to—to repay your kindness, Daniel."

"Thank you." He gloated childishly over her use of his name. "I am very sorry—"

"Why, *señor*?"

"To be a trouble to you." He paid no attention to her protest. "And I am particularly sorry that I'm the worst shot that ever came over the pike. Otherwise I'd have killed that scoundrel Tompkins!"

"Hush!"

"Your pardon, but I won't. How did the scrap turn out?"

"Scrap?" she wondered.

He interpreted. She related briefly the outcome of the affair.

"Poor Jim!" he said; and a moment later: "Poor captain!"

"Now you really must be quiet, *señor*. And do not move; the wound might open."

"Hang the wound! Tell me more; I want to know—"

She laid a gentle finger upon his lips. This being greater bliss than he had bargained for, he subsided; ere long he slept.

By nightfall the Jupiter Light was raised, and presently the Miranda J. swung her nose south by west, into the channel of the Straits of Florida. With Tompkins on the bridge again—he had managed to snatch a few hours' sleep in the afternoon—she sneaked swiftly down the coast, and then, with full speed ahead, darted like a wild, frightened thing straight out into the blue waters of the Gulf.

Daybreak saw her out of sight of land. Whereupon, inconsistently enough for a vessel whose avowed destination was the harbor of San Diego, she turned and sped swiftly upon a northerly course. Night, again, found her hovering stealthily off the Mississippi coast, with the red warning of the Horn Island Pass beacon close upon the starboard beam.

The afterglow of the departed sun washed sea and sky with dull scarlet, save on the southwestern horizon. There hung a darkly portentous cloud-back, against which the white flame of the Chandeleur light gleamed like a diamond upon black velvet. Save for the Miranda J., the waters were bare of vessels. The sense of desolation was utter, stupefying, sinister. To Curtice, as he walked the deck toward the cabin, it carried a presentiment of evil; the setting seemed meet and fit for some final nameless outrage.

The mate, Tompkins, had called him forth from the lazaret, telling him that he was wanted in the cabin. As he made his way forward, Jimmy feared greatly—feared not for himself, but for his friends, the captain and Haigh, and for the girl, should the mercenaries follow out their natural course and make away with their adversaries, leaving her supremely friendless, helpless. But he showed it not, this fear; his step was as light, his impudence as assertive, his eye as bright and undaunted, as though the Junta was the under dog, not the upper one.

He found the conspirators grouped about the table, drinking and smoking confidently. Tompkins stationed himself at Jimmy's back, vigilant with a revolver. Mr. Arthur surveyed the

young man calmly for several minutes before he condescended to speak.

That sleepless night by the side of Daniel had brought counsel to Mrs. Lorrimer. In the solitude of self-communion she had found ample leisure in which to ponder her prospects, to weigh with caution the chances of success that attended upon the tremendous undertaking of the Anahuacan Junta. In short, she crossed the bridge of her ambition before she came to it, testing each plank warily ere trusting it.

One support she found to be weakened by her own woman's weakness, threatening to snap like a rotted board, and to cast down the glittering edifice of her hopes into the deep waters of defeat; for she, a master of men, was not the master of herself. It was characteristic of her to set to work with no delay to build yet a second bridge, differing greatly from its predecessor, but mainly in that it lacked that fatal frailty. In other words, Mrs. Lorrimer found cause to be dissatisfied with her position; therefore she determined to reach Guayana by another route than as a passenger on board the *Miranda J.*—and with quite a new object in view.

As originally conceived, no provision for such interference as Jimmy's and Daniel's had been made in the ground plan of the Junta's conspiracy against Malone, nor had the captain's stubbornness under opposition been taken into consideration. These having been overcome, there remained the problem of the disposition of the captives.

What to do with them? For they were very much in the way.

There were four alternatives. They might be put ashore at once, in the States. They might be imprisoned in some safe place until the revolution should be an accomplished fact and Malone a fugitive or a corpse. It would be a very simple thing to adopt the suggestion advanced by Lazard and warmly advocated by Tompkins—to give the three a short shrift and the oblivion of a grave in the Gulf. Or the Junta might continue to keep them in the confinement of the lazaret.

With no hesitation, the first idea was dismissed by Mrs. Lorrimer. She well knew that, once on shore, Curtice and Haigh would find some way to apprise Malone of his danger and to free his daughter; and the captain would stop at nothing in his attempts to regain his ship.

The second was worthy of considera-

tion, if the indispensable prison could be discovered. Case-hardened as the woman was, she had no heart for the third; the ruthless spirit of the mercenary and the mate was not in her. As for the fourth, it had its unpleasant features, not the least of which was Lazard's expressed determination to be rid of Curtice upon the first opportunity.

Thus grappling with the dilemma whose horns menaced the Junta with internal wars, Mrs. Lorrimer came upon an idea—or, rather, an inspiration was born full-winged out of her imagination. The audacity of the conception fascinated her, filled her with strong desire to put it into prompt execution. Perhaps she, and she alone, could accomplish it, so well did it accord with her originality, with her dash and verve. To her would go the credit, hers would be the applause—and the shame. And for the latter she cared not a snap of her shapely fingers.

She called Lazard and Fetter into consultation. At first they doubted and opposed her; then, fired with her enthusiasm, were converted, acclaiming the genius of her mind. All three united in shaping and smoothing the rough edges till the plot seemed well-nigh flawless.

The revolutionary sentiment in Anahuac, though strong, was dormant, suffering from the lassitude that comes of long inaction. Few men dared be its open partisans if they were prominent by reason of wealth or civil position. Any overt act would surely be visited with Malone's swift reprisal—confiscation of lands and fortunes, exile, or imprisonment. And among the lower, more turbulent classes, it was kept under by the awe which the president was careful to inspire by a judicious display of force. He had trained and faithful regulars—whom, contrary to custom, he paid and paid well, so keeping them contented—and a well-equipped militia. For this reason the Junta had been so put to it that it had in desperation gone to the lengths of abducting his daughter in order to get a hold upon Malone.

Mrs. Lorrimer's plan now relegated this to the limbo of last resorts. Norah was to be kept in durance, to be sure; but the fear of her safety need not be held over the president's head until all else failed. And that it could fail was hardly conceivable.

Malone, after all, was a man of rich, warm blood more than a man of iron. Upon the frailty of the flesh the new conspiracy hinged. That a woman's natural wit and her artificial wiles should

accomplish a bloodless revolution was the very essence of the scheme. And the adventuress was confident in the power of her charms and her mental force.

Nevertheless, she was loath to leave the prisoners in Lazard's hands, and at Lazard's mercy. She laid upon him strict injunction that they should not be harmed in her absence. He promised; but his promise was of little worth. Distrusting him, she had contrived a plan based upon Curtice's honor, in which she felt that she might trust. Therefore had she sent for him.

Lazard, unable to contain himself in the presence of his enemy, was the first to speak.

"Ah, Señor Curtice!" he laughed spitefully. "How like you the lazaret?"

"It is more wholesome than your company, dog."

"You laugh in the face of death, señor."

Curtice made no reply.

"And you it was who promised to slay me—me, Lazard!"

"Well?" said Jimmy pointedly, to Mr. Arthur.

The woman turned upon the mercenary.

"That will do, Jose," said Mr. Arthur. "You and Joseph and Mr. Tompkins may now go on deck."

"The devil we will!" cried Tompkins.

"Exactly. I will be responsible for this—this young man."

Trained to obedience, Lazard and Fetter left the saloon without protest. Tompkins dallied, sullenly seeking the eye of the leader. Abruptly he found it; and after a moment's struggle the stronger nature conquered. The mate yielded, and left Jimmy alone with Mr. Arthur.

The latter quietly produced two revolvers and placed them upon the table; then, watching Jimmy's face closely, reversed one until the butt was toward him. The young man's face brightened.

"Take that gun, señor," said Mr. Arthur.

Jimmy did so without delay, and, examining, found it in perfect condition and loaded.

"Are we to fight?" he inquired cheerfully. "I begin to have an admiration for you, sir."

"We are not to fight, señor."

"Then why—what is to prevent me from blowing your brains out?"

"Simply that under the circumstances you can't."

"You honor me, sir."

"Spare me your irony. I believe in your honor."

"I don't know about that," said Jimmy doubtfully. "I have provocation—and the temptation is great."

"But you will resist."

"Well, then, what is it? Are you trying to bribe me, sir?"

"In a way, yes."

"I warn you that you waste your time."

"Let me speak, *señor*. Briefly, this is the situation: the ship is now in Mississippi Sound, not far from Biloxi. Presently we will run into a little bayou, and take aboard a consignment of arms for the revolutionists. I shall then leave you."

"I shall then breathe more freely," Jimmy interrupted.

"Very well. So be it. But that is why I give you the revolver."

"A suggested suicide?" asked Jimmy, at his wit's end.

"To the contrary, you will preserve your life with it. Mr. Haigh is in his room there, very weak, but otherwise in no danger. But I leave you in the power of Lazard and Tompkins. Lazard thirsts for your death; Tompkins desires the captain's. They have given me their word to do you no injury, but I can't trust them. So I give you the revolver that you may protect yourself, but for no other purpose, and with the understanding that you won't try to escape with its aid. You will not be confined for long—only till our cause triumphs."

Jimmy gasped with amazement.

"And you are willing to trust me?"

"On your word of honor, remember."

"Positively, Mr. Arthur, or whatever your name is, you are a most engaging scoundrel! I begin to like you."

"That is a great consolation to me. Come, *señor*, do you agree?"

"I have no choice. Yes, I agree, and I thank you heartily. To think—" He weighed the revolver in his hand, frowning whimsically.

"To think what, *señor*?"

"There are five shots here. One would account for you, sir. The report would bring your three pals down the ladder there, hell-bent for election—and they'd get elected, believe me."

"That leaves one bullet for the crew."

"Oh, I'd have your gun by the time they got here."

Mr. Arthur laughed shortly.

"But you won't do it."

"No," Jimmy admitted sorrowfully, "I won't. But I ought to."

"You may go now, *señor*."

"But the Señorita Malone?" Jimmy was struck suddenly by the thought of her.

"Well?" Mr. Arthur's eyes narrowed dangerously.

"How is she protected? Have you armed her, too, sir?"

Very abruptly the woman that lay hidden beneath the man-mask called Mr. Arthur flashed into primeval jealousy, and Mrs. Lorrimer forgot herself. Was that shallow chit of a girl to stand between her and this man whom she desired?

"What is she to you?"

"A woman, Mr. Arthur!"

"You lie. You love her!"

"Sir! And if I do—what of it?"

"Merely this, that you are too late."

"You mean—?"

"That you trespass. The girl is mine, *señor*."

"Yours?" Jimmy asked blankly.

"Mine—mine body and soul!" Mr. Arthur cried defiantly.

Jimmy lowered his head, and his voice was very near to a whisper when he spoke—a trick of his when angered.

"That," he said slowly, "is a deliberate lie, you hound! It is a cowardly slander—none but a coward could have conceived it. We will fight."

Very coolly Curtice removed his coat. For once the woman was frightened. The color faded from her face and lips.

"I will not fight—" she began.

"You wish to apologize?" Jimmy's face fell.

"I told the truth—"

Placing one hand upon the table, Jimmy flung himself lightly across it, and faced the putative man.

"Apologize or fight!" he cried.

"No!"

Mr. Arthur's eyes met Jimmy's unflinchingly.

"Not even for that?"

The young man's arm swung swiftly, and his open palm slapped upon Mr. Arthur's mouth with a crack like a pistol shot.

There was an instant's silence, during which Norah's stateroom door opened softly and the girl glided into the cabin, unobserved by either. Then Tompkins called down the companionway:

"Do you want me, Arthur?"

"No, keep out! I'll attend to this affair myself." Mr. Arthur's voice was unsteady; her breast rose and fell convulsively, and the hard, gray eyes blazed. Mrs. Lorrimer was very near to betray-

ing her sex. "You'll pay for that!" she cried intensely.

"At your service, sir," Curtice returned.

With a quick movement she sprang backward, drawing her revolver. Jimmy jumped for her; his weapon still lay upon the table, and there was no time to get it. His only hope was to reach this fellow before—

But Norah slipped in between the two. She placed a hand upon Jimmy's chest, checking his rush, and turned imploringly to Mrs. Lorrimer.

"No, *señor!*" she begged. "Not that, not that!"

Curtice tried to evade her.

"Stand aside, Norah!" he said gently.

"No," she repeated in an obstinate monotone. "No, *señor—not that!*"

The woman paused; her gaze went dubiously from the man to the girl. Then, with a gesture as of final renunciation, she lowered her weapon.

"I lied, *señor*," she said rapidly. "Señorita, I have an apology to offer you. I wronged you intentionally; I am sorry." Humility became her ill; in a moment her mood changed again. "As for you, sir," she thundered furiously, "get back to your hole. We'll settle our affair at another time!"

"At your convenience. Señorita Malone, your humble servant!"

Jimmy turned and stalked stiffly away. But Mrs. Lorrimer gave him pause.

"You forget something, *señor*," said this remarkable woman.

"Pardon—my coat." He resumed the garment.

"No, *señor—the gun.*"

"Do you mean that?" he cried in genuine alarm.

"Most assuredly."

The magnificent magnanimity of the woman bewildered him; Mr. Arthur displayed inconsistencies which seemed almost feminine.

"You are a man!" he cried at last, admiringly.

"I begin to believe that myself," replied Mr. Arthur grimly.

"I withdraw my words, sir, and I regret the blow."

"Indeed? Believe me, *señor*, you will regret it to your dying day. Go, now—go!"

XVII.

AT precisely eleven o'clock in the morning Guayana shuts up shop—literally, for not only are the shops closed

and shuttered, but the business houses and government offices also. The lazy hour of the siesta approaches. The capital of Anahuac has risen with the sun, has been at its desks since the unearthly hour of seven, to provide time for the indispensable midday rest. After three or four hours of rest it will return to its affairs and take them up once more, reluctantly, perhaps, but refreshed.

The stranger within the city's gates soon becomes acclimated to this siesta. Thereafter, he is no more willing to do without it, to have its sacred minutes encroached upon, than is the native. And to this rule the case of the Señora Adèle de Casada proved no exception. She had adopted the custom with exceeding grace—in keeping with the manner in which she did all things—although but for three short days a resident of the capital. The adorable *señora* knew well the value of sleep. She was not of an age, confessedly, when one is apt to trifle with one's physical well-being. Moreover, rest is a marvelous rejuvenator, resisting well the sly encroachments of crows' feet—those vettettes of years and experience.

Her duenna, therefore, the Doña Inez, coming to awake her mistress at the hour of two, found that lady fast asleep and smiling slightly, sweetly, in her dreams. She seemed to Doña Inez to be singularly youthful in appearance, dowered with the compelling magnetism of health and beauty. The bare arm upon which the *señora* pillow'd her cheek was round and finely chiseled, as were the limbs whose outlines were scarcely concealed by the light negligee demanded by the heat, and permitted by the seclusion of her chamber. The figure was matured, but not unduly so. It was hardly conceivable that the firm, warm breast which rose and fell with the regular composure that comes of a quiet conscience, or the lack of any conscience, could harbor thoughts, desires, ambitions, other than the most womanly.

The duenna admired her mistress. To be sure, she knew little of the *señora*. On the seventh day back the Señor Rojas—he who was reputed to be a moving spirit in the councils of the revolutionary party—had come to her in her seclusion in San Diego. That seclusion, by the way, had been marked by the distress of poverty; for since the days when she had served Guzman Blanco in Caracas, making a comfortable little fortune as a police spy, Doña Inez had been little occupied. Her for-

tune had dwindled until she had been reduced to the necessity of making her home with the family of her young nephew, a clerk in the custom-house at the port. Therefore employment was quite a welcome prospect; and when the Señor Rojas had named a sum of magnitude as her consideration for becoming the companion of a certain *señora* soon to take up her residence in Guayana, she lost no time in jumping at the proposal.

Life had not yet lost its savor to the old woman. She thought that in Guayana, where it was always comfortable even upon the hottest days, existence would be very pleasant indeed—the more so that it promised to be seasoned with a spice of intrigue. Promised? More; it was an assurance, since Señor Rojas had let fall the name of the General Jose Maria Lazard; and where that buzzard hung poised there was the certainty of carrion politics. Doña Inez and the general were known to each other of old.

Following upon the visit of Rojas, there had been days of great doings. The house in Guayana, 7 Paseo de la Independencia, close upon the great Plaza de la Reforma—center of the city's life and gaiety—had been rented and furnished with a magnificence which was as startling as was the celerity with which it was accomplished under this indolence-inspiring southern sun. Doña Inez had been busy with the selection of a staff of house servants who might be trusted—cooks, maids, laundresses, a butler and a boy to attend the door, even a coachman and grooms; for had not horses of the finest and a landau been installed in the near-by livery stable, subject to the pleasure of the coming mistress?

And then, upon the third day, the *señora* herself had come down the gang-plank of the New Orleans boat, to be greeted effusively by Doña Inez; the latter having made the trip from Guayana to San Diego for that express purpose. Bystanders gathered, from the old woman's incoherent cries of welcome, that the charming *señora* was the duenna's long-lost niece. One of Doña Inez' most valued assets was her ability to impart misinformation by implication. The two had immediately gone to Guayana, and stayed quietly within doors for a time, until the *señora* should be rested from the fatigue of her recent journey.

This day was the fourth since Doña Inez had met her mistress. Already

there was action afoot. The Señora de Casada had ordered her landau to be at the door by four in the afternoon. She herself was to be awakened not later than two. That denoted a lengthy toilet, and a careful one, which in turn meant that the *señora* contemplated a conquest. But of whom? Doña Inez felt somewhat injured that she had not been taken more fully into her mistress' confidence, but consoled herself with the thought that she would know all before long. She was to accompany the *señora* on her drive.

The duenna started, suddenly becoming aware that her mistress' eyes were open, and were watching her with amused condescension.

"Why were you watching me, Inez?" inquired the *señora*.

"It is time for you to rise, *señora*."

"Yes, I know. But why—"

"One grows old! I have my thoughts, *señora*—an old woman's thoughts—"

"Yes?" interrupted the *señora* impatiently. She yawned leisurely. "My stockings, Inez—no, the silk ones."

She began to dress, slowly and with a careful attention to detail. Her color was a matter of much moment; the *señora* was quite blonde—dazzlingly so in that land of dark-faced people. She seated herself at a little dressing-table and lit a small alcohol lamp.

"Rouge," she said thoughtfully, "rouge, my dear Inez, is an unknown art among your women."

"As it should be with you," said the duenna slyly.

"And why?"

"You do not need it, *señora*."

The *señora* held a little stick of dark pigment above the flame until it sputtered with the heat.

"So? A compliment, eh, Inez?" She rubbed a brush upon the stick and applied it to her eyebrows and lashes. "But you are mistaken. My lashes, for instance, are too light; observe how much better the effect." The duenna was obliged to acquiesce. The *señora's* eyes, which were large and hard and gray, shone with a softened luster beneath the darkened hair. "And as for paint and powder, Inez, it needs but intelligence in application to be flawless. See—but a touch here and here; rub in ever so softly, spreading about with care; and behold, the bloom of youth!" She laughed triumphantly. "Now, my hair is another matter. A wig is always difficult to dress."

"*Señora*, your wig!"

"Certainly. I said wig. Don't look so horrified; there's nothing criminal about a wig, especially if it is made of one's own hair. This is." She lifted it from her head, and set it before her on the table, twisting the long, light, shimmering tresses into a chosen coiffure. "It nearly broke my heart, Inez, to have it cut off; but it was unavoidable. I had to become a man for a while, and—"

"But were you not detected?"

"Oh, yes; but it didn't make any difference. The disguise had served me for the time being. There! Is that all right, Inez?" She adjusted the wig and surveyed the result in the mirror.

"*Señora!*" The duenna raised protesting hands. "It is truly marvelous. Even I would never suspect it."

"Then, considering your experience, Inez, it must be a perfect wig. It should be; it cost me a pretty penny. If one fights one must go properly armed, if expensively. My dress, Inez." She shook herself into the silken folds of a sumptuous gown, which fitted and became her wonderfully well. It was not dark, neither was it light; not too quiet, nor yet showy. "And my parasol, Inez—the one with the chiffon lining; that shade agrees with me. And my gloves. I think I am all ready. Am I? Is anything wrong?" She revolved slowly before a pier-glass, inspecting herself critically.

The duenna was no less exacting. She peered anxiously into the face of the *señora*.

"If I might suggest—"

"What? Surely—go on."

"You have overlooked, *señora*, one or two—"

"Wrinkles?"

"Ah, *señora!* The ravages of time!" Dona Inez deprecated.

"Of course I have. You're not fool enough to think that I'd overdo it, are you, Inez? I don't pretend to be a spring chicken! Anything else?"

"You are charming, *señora!*" The tribute was quite sincere.

"I believe I am. You see what art will do for forty—oh, yes, but I am, almost! And so I have need to be charming. Well, come along. And tell the coachman to drive slowly to—what do you call it?—to Paradise."

"Paradise!" The duenna could have been no more astonished had her mistress said "Purgatory."

"Certainly; is not that the name you call your Campo Santo?" (cemetery).

"Assuredly, *señora*, but—"

"I hunt big game, Inez. Remember that. Why, whom do you suppose I shall meet—entirely by accident, of course—in the Campo Santo at four thirty this afternoon?"

The duenna shook her head sadly.

"Beyond doubt," she complained, "I grow very old and slow of wit. I am ready, *señora*."

"Really," said the *señora* a few moments later, as she arranged herself to her best advantage in the landau, "this turnout is worthy of Paris. Rojas has taste, Inez."

"Guayana," replied the duenna somewhat sharply, "is the center of South American civilization."

"So? And Boston is the hub of the universe!"

"You have never been in Guayana before, then?"

"Never. I have seen Caracas, however, and Rio, and Buenos Ayres." The carriage rolled smoothly over the asphalt of the Plaza de la Reforma. "And whose house is that, Inez?"

"The president's, *señora*. They call it the Green House, because of its color. There is a saying of the streets concerning the *Melone* of the Green House."

The woman cackled quietly over the feeble pun. The *señora's* interest was apparently languid, but be sure she saw all that was to be seen of the residence of Malone, though that were little to her satisfaction. It was a plain, two-story affair, pretentious only in that with its grounds it covered a fair city block.

Like most Spanish-American houses, wealth had not been wasted upon its exterior decoration. There was something more of stucco than is usual, the paint-brush had been used with a hand more free; but that was all. The windows that gave upon the street were the customary, small and heavily barred. The great door of mahogany was studded thickly and swung upon massive metal hinges; at the time it was tightly closed. One who did not know that five residences out of every six upon the streets which radiated from the Plaza would be found to present a similar blank front to the public might well have been excused for thinking the Green House of Anahuac a city prison.

Opposite it loomed the more imposing bulk of the Capitol proper, the Palacio Federal, severely white and dingy; the other sides of the square gave place to the Teatro Municipal and the Hotel National. Between these, confidently snuggled up to their important neigh-

bors, clustered open-air cafés, restaurants, and sweetmeat shops. The little park about the band-stand gave vivid color to the Plaza de la Reforma, as the swaggering, blue-coated, red-trousered sentries and the gay equipages of Guayana's aristocracy, with their liveried grooms, gave it life and movement.

It was the hour when society went for its daily airing. The asphalt resounded with the hollow clapping of many hoofs and the rumble of wheels. The eye was gratified with the dainty costumes of women, who lolled droopingly within their vehicles, or preened with the invitation to admiration.

The Señora Adèle de Casada affected a haughty air, disdaining her share of the admiration; and the warm glances which were bestowed upon the stranger were many, though unreturned. The piquancy of her light beauty gained instant appreciation in the eyes of Salvador and Pedro and Gonzalo. And if the *señora* saw, from the tail of her eye, that Mercedes and Concepcion regarded her with undisguised jealousy, she was not displeased.

Two young members of the Bulldogs, on their way to form with the president's escort, stared insolently, twirling their mustaches. One whistled perplexedly, while the other spurred his horse to a caracole and grinned impudently when the *señora* bit her lip to repress the smile.

"A stunner, me boy!"

"Looks the thoroughbred, Charley."

"Who is she?"

"Heaven only knows! But I'll make it me business to discover. To tell ye the truth——"

"Well?"

"I'm tiring of these dark-skinned beauties."

"Shame on ye, trifler. What of Teresa?"

"Hang Teresa! Wonder when we'll see her again?"

They had not long to wait. Malone found the *señora* pensively occupying his favorite bench in the Campo Santo, gazing with meditative eyes out over the sheets of living green that fairly covered the plateau—the fields of sugar cane—etc., upon the rise of the foothills, they gave way to the darker zone of the coffee plantations.

She was alone; Doña Inez kept the carriage, while her mistress wandered in the sacred precincts of the cemetery. She wandered aimlessly, finally to sink wearily to rest near the mausoleum of

that one woman to whose memory Malone paid homage. It was a bold stroke, thus to hunt the man in a place haltered to him by sentiment and by the potent influence of the tomb. But the Señora de Casada played boldly—with the audacity that is born of deep calculation, it is true; nor was she disappointed in the behavior of the president.

He halted, surprised to find his solitude invaded. It cannot be said that he was angered, since he admitted to all the world that he was lonely, and a pretty woman is a sovereign remedy for that mental illness. The stranger was undoubtedly handsome; her profile remained unchanged, since she did not seem to have heard the crunch of his boots upon the gravel. A subtle something in her pose roused within him a dormant reminiscence. Could it be—?

"Pardon, *señora*." He uncovered respectfully.

She started up and turned to him a disturbed countenance.

"Adèle!" he cried. "I suspected it!"

She stepped backward a pace or two, keeping her eyes fixed upon his face.

"Pardon, *señor*, but you have all the advantage—"

"Is it possible that the years have so changed me?" he said sadly.

"I do not know you, *señor*. Oblige me—"

The president's eye twinkled.

"True," he admitted, "'twas twenty years ago."

"Explain yourself, *señor*!"

"That evening I'm thinking of, after we had come from the Luxembourg gardens and dined at—"

"Why, Barry!" She consented to recognize him at last.

"And you called me your wild Irishman," he persisted, "and then we—"

"Barry!"

"We—"

"You must not say another word!"

The *señora* stamped her foot angrily; her face was crimson beneath the rouge. The memory was evidently embarrassing, recalling some incident of the old days in Paris, when the two of them had been very young and impossibly foolish. She, too, remembered all too well those rare years, when a dinner was dear for one and cheaper for two—though dearer still, indeed, and spiced with the laughter which cost nothing at all; when one loved, and generously, and—and an indiscretion was nothing more.

Was the memory of the past to prove her ally or her foe? She had counted on

its influence as friendly—but she had not expected the president to make such sudden reference to it. There would be plenty of time, when she should know him better, to recall it to him timidly, tentatively, that he might be more bold.

"Adèle!" said the president softly, his eyes twinkling.

She stood silent before him, her heavy lids downcast, her lips curled petulantly. It has been shown that she was gowned exquisitely; the clinging sweep of her skirts fitted well with the gracefulness of her. A well-gloved hand, not too small, piloted the parasol which traced meaningless designs upon the gravel. The hat which framed her face was calculated cunningly to show the gold of her hair. As she half turned from him Malone's eye caught and lingered upon an ear of perfection and the full, dangerous, enticing line of her neck's nape.

"Adèle!" he repeated; and now his eyes did not twinkle; rather they glowed.

The parasol continued to meander in the gravel. The president put forth his cane and followed it. Presently he caught up, though after an evasive chase, and hooked it. Their eyes met and both laughed.

"Barry," she cried merrily, "I declare you are the same wild Irishman!"

"You think so, 'Dèle? Don't believe it. I'm an old man. Come, sit down here and tell me all about it. I'm hungry for the ring of a friendly voice. In the first place—who are you?"

"Oh, your excellency, I am an old woman. Indeed, I am. I've married—"

"Ah!" cried the president; his face fell.

"Oh, but he's dead, Barry—long, long ago. He was—guess!"

"How should I know, 'Dèle?"

"You knew him. It was very long ago. We were married in Paris—the dear old Paris, Barry. And he—he died there, you remember?"

"I confess—" began Malone wonderingly.

She swept him a courtesy.

"I am the Señora Adèle de Casada!" she announced.

"De Casada of Guatemala?"

She nodded assent to her lie. The former president of Guatemala had died in exile in France; he had never married. But how should Malone know that?

"I am very wealthy," she continued. It was not unnatural that she should be; De Casada had not been over-scrupulous in his term of office. "I travel about

with my duenna, Doña Inez, for the excitement of it. In truth, Barry—shall I tell you?" She looked at him sideways, shyly.

"Of course you will," he demanded. "What?"

"I heard that you were president here, and that brought me to Guayana—just to see you again. There! Am I not bold?"

"You are adorable!" he declared gallantly.

Inwardly she sneered at him; what a big fool he was! She need use no finesse with this man; he was all too ready to jump at the bait of her flattery.

"And now tell me of yourself."

The president glanced uneasily at the tomb. Then, looking away toward the city which he had built, he told her baldly of his marriage, the birth of his daughter, his wife's death; of his struggles, his boundless ambition, the success which had attended upon him in his swift rise to the presidency.

"But how is it," she asked, "that you, a gringo, can be at the head of Anahuac? Does not the constitution provide that the executive shall be native-born?"

"It did; I changed it," he said.

He talked on for long. Her attention to the details of his life and her quiet show of sympathy warmed him. It is conceded that there are few men who will not talk of self if a pretty woman bends an interested ear. Malone made an end only when the shadows of the purple, jagged mountains were lengthening over the plain.

"Men envy me," he said bitterly, "and plot against me to get my power from me. They are fools, fools! Are they thinking that I live in luxury? Believe me, Adèle, it is Damoclean. But a week ago one tried to assassinate me in my own house; I crippled him and sent him to the Rotunda. An hour after, one of my boys, O'Mara, staggered to my room with his throat cut. I have no friends, none whom I may trust, save only my Irishmen. They are faithful, loyal, true. But I am lonely, lonely, Adèle. Tell me what life holds for me?"

"My friend!"

The woman put forth her hand. He caught and held it.

"Your sympathy is sweet, Adèle. The sight of your friendly face is like water in a desert to me. You'll not be leaving us soon, will you, now?"

"I have taken a house, my friend, in the Paseo de la Independencia."

She smiled upon him darkly in the dusk.

The minister of war occupied the president's carriage alone on the way back to Guayana. Malone rode by the door of the *señora's* carriage; and the Bulldogs were her escort.

XVIII.

OVER San Diego the stars hang low, burning with a fierce, soft brightness. Intense heat mellows their cold brilliance, magnifying them, so that they gain unnatural size and color. In the black mirror of the waters their reflections vie with the wave-shattered prismatic trails from the harbor lights. The breath of the blue-black night is bland—silky and warm and sweet as a *señorita's* throat.

Waves slap and anchor-chains creak, the ship's bells call to one another across the waters. If you listen sharply, a strain of faint music floats upon the breeze, from the band in the Plaza, where are the listless crowds, the cafés, and the statue of the Liberator. Barring these, it is quiet. The ships toss restlessly in the open roadstead, with one man on deck for an anchor-watch—the crews, for the most part, are ashore, carousing; and the deep, monotonous thunder of the surf upon the breakwater is but a mighty background to the silence.

There is no harbor proper; but the roadstead is broad, the holding is good, and partial shelter is given by the breakwater. This is of recent construction, erected during the latter part of Malone's reign. So, too, were the massive quays of stone, which project into the shallowing waters, providing wharfage. The town itself, San Diego de Anahuac, is scattered along the narrow strip of sand which separates the sea from the base of the mountains. It is an unpleasant place of many evil smells, of intense heat, populated only by those who cannot find other homes, or by those whose business interests demand their presence in the port.

Into this roadstead of San Diego, then, at about eleven o'clock of such a night, sneaked the *Miranda J.*, showing no lights, dropping her anchor as noiselessly as might be, far out from the shore. The twinkling lights of the city seemed very small and far away to those on deck; the beacon on the end of the breakwater was very near at hand. There was much to be done ere dawn—

many things in which the authorities, the commandant of the little old fort, and the custom-house officials would be likely to take a most vigorous and annoying interest.

It was consideration for their peace of mind, perhaps, that accounted for the manner of the vessel's arrival. It was better that her arrival should not be known to them until the dawn should disclose her swinging idly at her cable. By that time she would have become a peaceful coasting trader. Her manifest would show that she was the *Miranda J.*, master, Tompkins; owner, J. Smith of Norfolk, Virginia; out of New Orleans; destinations, San Diego, La Guayra, and Cayenne; with a mixed cargo, including some stationary gas-engines consigned to *Sanchez y Rojas*, San Diego; one passenger, D. Haigh, of New York, now ill in his berth with coast fever. A highly commonplace and most misleading document, that manifest, its innocent reading the result of some hours of hard labor on the part of Lazard and Mr. Tompkins.

As a matter of record, it may be said that the ship had delayed several days in the little bayou near Biloxi. It was lonely there, and none came near her save, upon the night of her advent, a party of teamsters, who hastily unloaded upon her decks four shining Gatling guns, one thousand Mauser rifles, and two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, the whole nicely boxed and labeled as gas-engines, steel cables, bicycle parts, and what-not.

The engines, as before stated, were to go to Messrs. *Sanchez y Rojas* of San Diego; but the cables, bicycle parts, and the rest were variously consigned to La Guayra and Cayenne—which places, be sure, they would never see. For there is a little adobe village some thirty miles north of San Diego, where the Rio de Manoah empties into the Caribbean, and where arms in cases, or out of them for that matter, might be unobtrusively landed. Thither would the *Miranda J.* shape her course, once she had left the gas-engines in San Diego, where they would do the most good in case of an uprising.

This was a very beautiful plan; it was Lazard's, and he was quite proud of it. That anything should occur to make it miscarry would be a great disappointment to his cheerful soul.

During the voyage from Biloxi, it is doubtful if Norah had been for two con-

secutive hours absent from the side of the sick man. Actuated not only by the affection she bore him, but also by the common humanity that gives aid and comfort to those in sore distress, she had tended him right faithfully. None other in the ship's company gave him a thought, perhaps, save the impotent pair in the lazaret, who knew nothing of his misery and danger. The fever had smitten him in his weakness, and he was truly in evil case.

The girl was left to her own resources. She levied with unsparing hand upon the quinine in the medicine chest, knowing, at least, that that would work for his good. Whisky she purloined from Tompkins' store and gave to Daniel in small doses, thinking thus to strengthen him. Daily she usurped the duties of the Chinese cook, and in the galley prepared dainty little dishes for the man, to whom, more often than not, she had to feed them with a spoon, so light-headed he became. And through all the frenzied illusions of the delirious, through the hallucinations of his disordered brain, fresh sorrow came to the girl that his high, clean soul should be so worthy and yet so loveless.

Her name was most frequent upon his lips during this period of his illness. There seemed to have been a submergence of all his faculties in his love for her, his devotion to her interests. And that which tore her heart as if on a rack was the sublimity of his passion, which, loving greatly, was resigned to relinquish his love to the arms of another.

During those long days she came to know quite well how much she cared for that other, how thoroughly intertwined with his fortunes her destiny must be. For the future she dared not hope; those men whose society she must suffer daily were bent upon his death. In some way they would encompass it, if it should be in their power. And without Curtice the world would be empty as a broken eggshell, flat and dreary as the sun-baked *llanos* of her parent country, tasteless as stale water. Lacking him, the world would hold for her naught but the mother church, whose wide, compassionate doors already opened for her.

That voyage was to her a dream, wherein she moved and walked and talked unknowingly. When at last it was ended, and they swung at anchor, she did not comprehend, or wonder that the rumble of the engines had ceased.

(To be continued.)

THE STREET-CAR KINGS.

BY E. J. EDWARDS.

THE VAST NEW FIELD FOR CAPITAL AND ENTERPRISE CREATED DURING THE PAST FIFTEEN YEARS BY THE DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRIC STREET-RAILWAYS IN THE UNITED STATES—THE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN LEADERS IN THE MOVEMENT, AS FINANCIERS OR AS OPERATORS.

ONLY fifteen years have passed since the demonstration was made at Richmond, Virginia, of the scientific practicability of the electric current for the propulsion of streetcars. Science having shown what it could do, there were developments to be perfected in two other fields—in the financing of electric street railways, and in their operation. How thoroughly and swiftly this development, both physical and financial, has been carried on, may be illustrated by the stupendous figures that tell briefly and impressively the story of a great industry's growth.

To-day, in the United States, there are nearly one thousand street railway systems operated by electricity, with a little more than twenty-five thousand track miles, and approximately one hundred and fifty thousand officers and employees. These last receive in salary and wages nearly eighty-four million dollars a year. The total capitalization of the companies is considerably more than two billions of dollars; and their earnings in one year were a little in excess of two hundred and forty millions.

In comparison with those that tell the story of the steam railroads, these figures are not large; but it should be remembered that they represent a traffic that is almost wholly local, urban or interurban. We get the best suggestion of the utility of the service when we come to the number of people who use it. American street-cars carried last year nearly five billion passengers—eight times as many as the steam railroads.

Almost all of the huge sum represented by American street-railways is

new wealth, created since 1888, and much of it since 1895. And besides opening a large and profitable field of investment, the new era of transportation has developed a group of street-railway managers whose achievements may properly be compared with the great things that have been done in the world of long-distance railway traffic.

In order to create and bring to perfection the immense traffic carried on by means of street-cars, nearly all of which are now electrically propelled, two forces were necessary. One was that represented by the kings of finance, men able to grasp the great opportunities provided, and possessing the capital necessary to realize them. Activity of this kind, however, needed to be supplemented by creative ability in the field of operation; and in answer to the demand there came to the front a small but brilliant group of young men, whose successful work has fixed upon them the attention of some of the greatest men of affairs in the world of finance. They are true captains of industry, and may very properly be called "the street-car kings."

New York was the first American city greatly to extend its street-car service. It was there that the first of the street railroads was constructed and operated; and following the building of that pioneer line came its expansion into the first steam railroad that penetrated Manhattan Island—the Harlem.

EARLY STREET-CARS IN NEW YORK.

A little later, capital was found for the construction of a surface railway running up the Bowery, and thence to

the suburban villages of Yorkville and Harlem, passing through the woods and wild lands of upper Manhattan Island, which this very line was soon to transform into a flourishing and continuous suburb. Early in its history, the control of the railway passed into the hands of a number of politicians, among them being the brilliant politician whose whole life was a romance, Thurlow Weed. Its stock was much below par. It seemed to be earning not more than enough to pay its running expenses; and it evidently needed a thorough organizer and a master operator. Mr. Weed said to the directors that he had in mind a young man who, he thought, would work out the problems which needed to be solved, if there were to be profit in the operation of this road.

Being a little suspicious of him because of his political alliances, they asked him whether his friend was a politician. Mr. Weed replied that he was, first of all, a young clerk connected with a business house in the lower part of New York, and that he was also a shrewd and active politician. In that pursuit, Mr. Weed added, he had revealed a thoroughness, an energy, and an organizing ability which would avail if they were employed in the direction of the Third Avenue system.

The directors asked him the name of his friend, and he replied, "It is William A. Darling;" and hesitatingly, and with much mental reservation, the young man was employed as the manager.

Mr. Darling was the first to teach the lesson of successful street-railway operation. Within a year, he had thoroughly systematized the whole line, and brought its discipline to a high perfection. He spent money lavishly where he believed that the emergency justified it, but enforced a thorough system of economy in the selection of horses, in the getting of the most work out of them, in the watchfulness of harnesses, of stables, of feed, and every detail of that kind.

Within a year, the operation of the line showed a profit. The stock appreciated until it became at one time the highest-priced street-railway stock in

the United States. Mr. Darling's success was so great, and he became of such prominence, that his party nominated him for Congress against the veteran politician, Fernando Wood, and elected him. He was afterwards a candidate for mayor, but defeated; and he retired from the management of the Third Avenue Railroad to become president of a bank, an office which he held until his death.

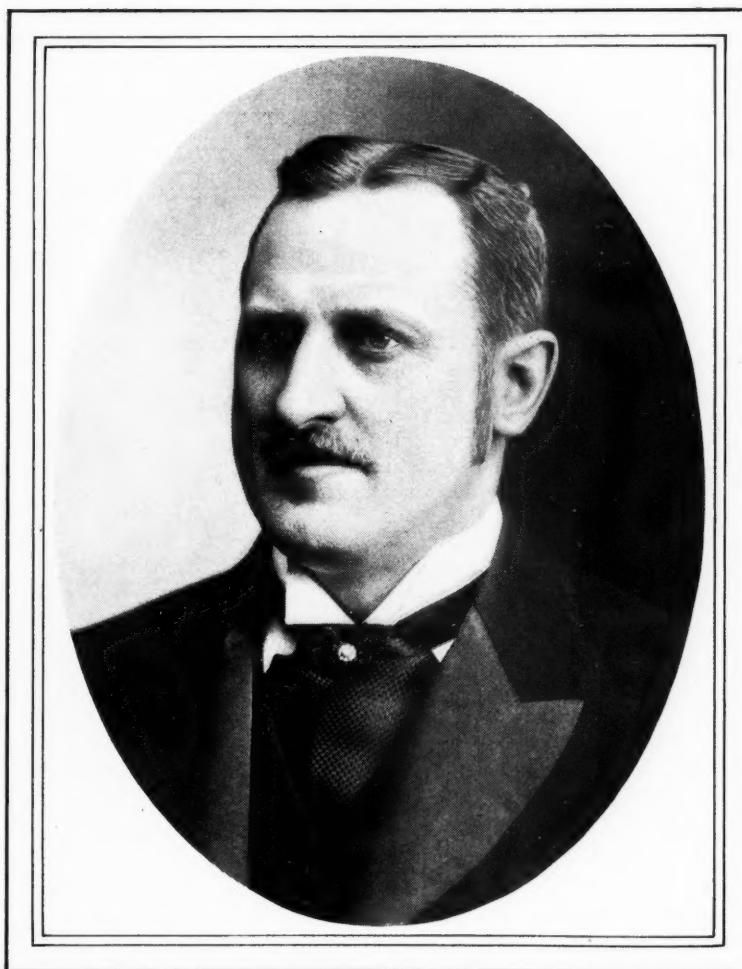
FROM SINGLE LINES TO SYSTEMS.

Mr. Darling foresaw that the day would come when the perfection of street-railway systems in any city would entail the merging of the various separate lines. He did not have a clear perception of the manner in which new business can be created; nor was it possible for him, as it was for one of his successors, to work out the formula by which street-railway traffic is increased. But he was the first advocate of mergers; the first to announce that the finest economies, the largest profits, and the best accommodation for the public, were only to be obtained through the merging of every railroad system in any city under one corporate control and one operating director.

In all probability, merging of this kind was not practicable until science had taught the way in which one central producer and distributor of power could be furnished. There were many experiments. The Vanderbilts spent much money in an exhaustive test of storage battery systems on the line they owned. It was made clear that one central power-producing agency furnished an exceedingly important factor in the successful solution of the problem; but the independent distribution of the power to each car by means of storage batteries was not found to be commercially practicable.

THE STREET-CAR KING OF NEW YORK.

It is recognized by American street-railway men that the foremost practical master of the business—foremost partly in the sense that he was the first, partly in the sense that he has been the most conspicuously successful—is Herbert H. Vreeland. Mr. Vreeland is the active head of the consolidated sys-



HERBERT H. VREELAND, THE NEW YORK STREET-CAR KING, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN STREET-RAILWAY ASSOCIATION, WHO ROSE WITHIN A FEW YEARS FROM THE POSITION OF BRAKEMAN ON A SUBURBAN RAILROAD TO THE HEAD OF THE GREATEST STREET-RAILWAY SYSTEM IN THE WORLD.

tem that controls all street-car transportation throughout the Island of Manhattan and the Borough of the Bronx, which constituted the old city of New York. When he came into the service of one of the smaller companies as its president, through his selection by William C. Whitney and that powerful group of financiers of whom Mr. Whitney was the representative in New York, his first piece of work, within an hour after he had taken office, was to walk the whole distance of his line. In

that pedestrian tour, he discovered extravagances which could not have been detected by any one who had not been trained, as was the case with him, as an employee upon a railroad whose chief business was to carry city passengers to and from the suburbs.

Early in his career, Mr. Vreeland reported to the directors in favor of the abandonment of certain lines, the selection of new routes, and the speedy consolidation of connecting systems. Consolidation, or merger, involved finan-

cing, which was no part of his vocation; but he demonstrated to the directors the possibilities of increased traffic at relatively reduced cost, which justified them, as they thought, in undertaking to carry out his suggestions. Some of the plans adopted involved the purchase of independent lines that had been profitless for many years.

Next, Mr. Vreeland reported in favor of the abolition of the recently-installed cable plant upon Broadway. It was a daring proposition. To make it indicated either an irresponsible mind or preeminent operating and constructive abilities. Mr. Whitney and his associates chose to take the latter view of Mr. Vreeland and his policy, altho'gh it compelled them to send to the scrap heap a cable plant which they had built at an expense of about six millions of dollars. Furthermore, it made necessary the substitution of electric power at an expense probably equally great; that is to say, this single proposition entailed a cost of from ten to twelve millions of dollars.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SUB-SURFACE TROLLEY.

A reward of fifty thousand dollars had been offered for a practicable plan for the propulsion of street-cars in New York by electricity without the employment of the overhead trolley, which was prohibited on Manhattan Island. No one was able to earn that prize, although thousands of propositions were laid before the directors; but by a process of evolution and development, a system of sub-surface trolleys—a sort of subterranean third rail, so called—was perfected, which, President Vreeland declared, was commercially practicable.

His first demonstration of this was upon a New York avenue paralleling Fourth and Madison Avenues, and within ear-shot of the rich and old-established Third Avenue line. When Mr. Vreeland was asked where he expected to get the traffic, his reply was:

"I know it will come."

It was the fine fulfilment of his prophecy, and the perfect working of the subway system, afterwards installed upon the Lexington Avenue line, that

clinched the high estimate the capitalists had of Mr. Vreeland's abilities.

He next proposed the electrifying, by the sub-surface system, of other paralleling lines, predicting an increase of traffic and an economy of operation which would more than justify the heavy expense entailed; and in all these forecasts he was sustained. Upon the easterly side of the city was an avenue line extending from the Harlem River through the heart of the tenement district, and then, by a devious route, to one of the more important ferries to Brooklyn. It had never paid. It was looked upon by financiers as a hopeless proposition; but President Vreeland advised his directors that it be purchased and merged. They asked him again where the traffic would come from. He said that if the line were electrified, and its lower terminals were changed, it would, within a month after these improvements, be found in the possession of business that would make the financing of the proposition a perfect success.

They told him that he must stand or fall by this advice; that if it were a failure, his prestige would be impaired and his judgment doubted. But his confidence was supreme and was abundantly justified, and so greatly were the directors gratified that they voted him a Christmas present of a hundred thousand dollars.

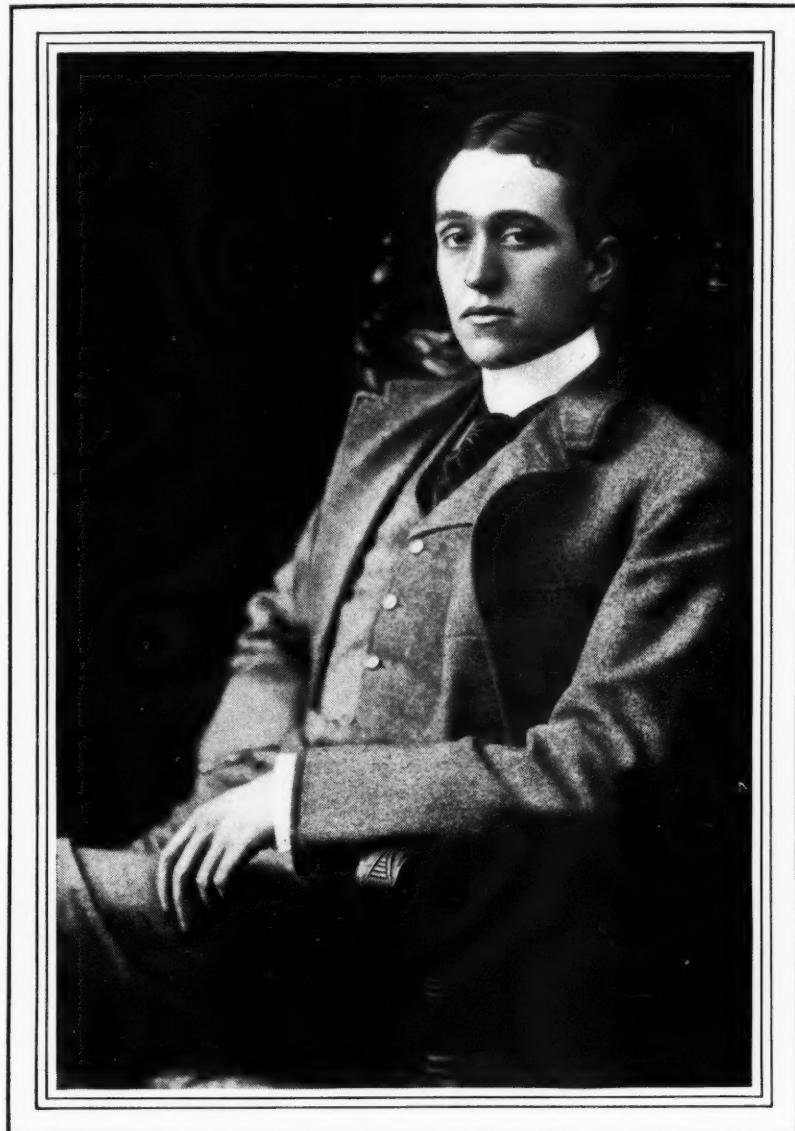
THE MAKING OF A GREAT MONOPOLY.

In this development of the New York street-car system Mr. Vreeland's part was that of a true operator. Many a time he might have been seen in the trenches, beside the workmen, sharing in their work, not sparing his hands or his clothes, or inspecting with microscopic eye details here and there on every part of his lines. The capitalists, meanwhile, were financing the consolidation of all the railway systems of Manhattan Island. Through the extraordinary mismanagement of the great rival company, the Third Avenue, there came an opportunity to obtain possession of its property. Acting with the celerity of great strategists, and striking at the right moment, they captured that important line, and were in com-

plete control of surface transportation in old New York.

The public feeling against monopoly

been little or no protest against its absolute grip on the streets and avenues of the American metropolis. Commer-



OREN ROOT, JR., WHOSE RAPID RISE TO A HIGH POSITION IN THE NEW YORK STREET-CAR SERVICE SHOWS THE POSSIBILITIES THAT THIS NEW FIELD OFFERS TO YOUNG MEN.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

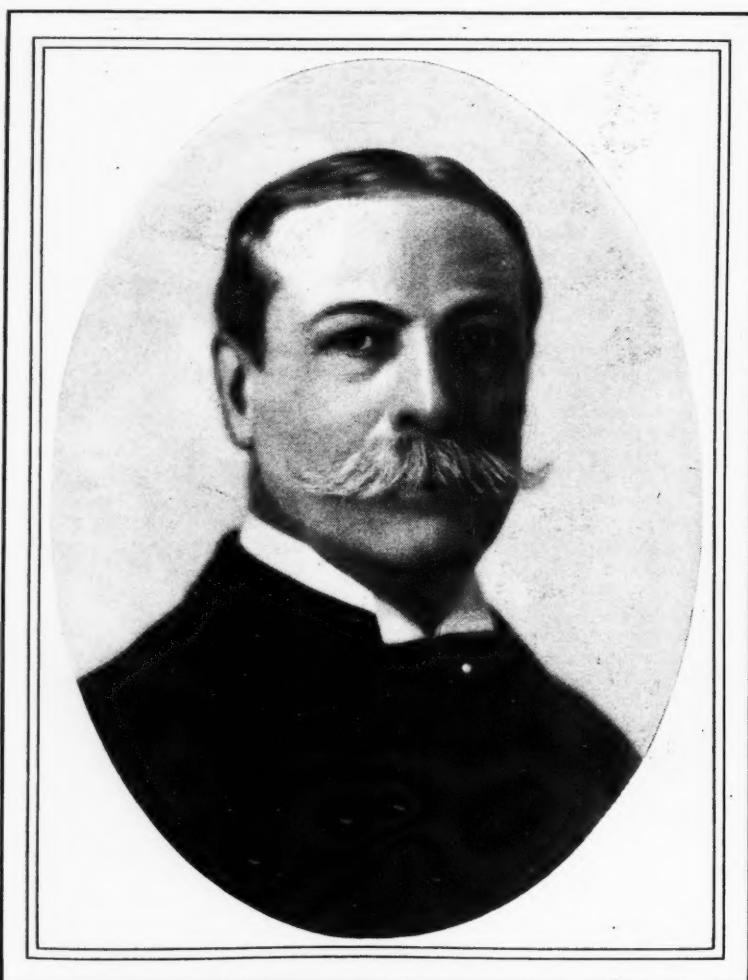
is strong; but New Yorkers have been so undeniably benefited by the improved service that they receive from Mr. Vreeland's company that there has

cially, it may be said to have been demonstrated that, in a city like New York, surface transportation should be under one control and directed by one com-

petent head to secure the most satisfactory results.

When it is remembered that in one year the surface lines of New York car-

of street-car traffic, make it clear that it is essential to the highest success that an operator should have been trained from the most menial employ-



CHARLES T. YERKES, WHO CONSOLIDATED THE STREET-CAR LINES ON THE NORTH AND WEST SIDES OF CHICAGO INTO A SINGLE SYSTEM, AND WHO IS NOW PROMOTING ELECTRIC RAILWAYS IN LONDON.

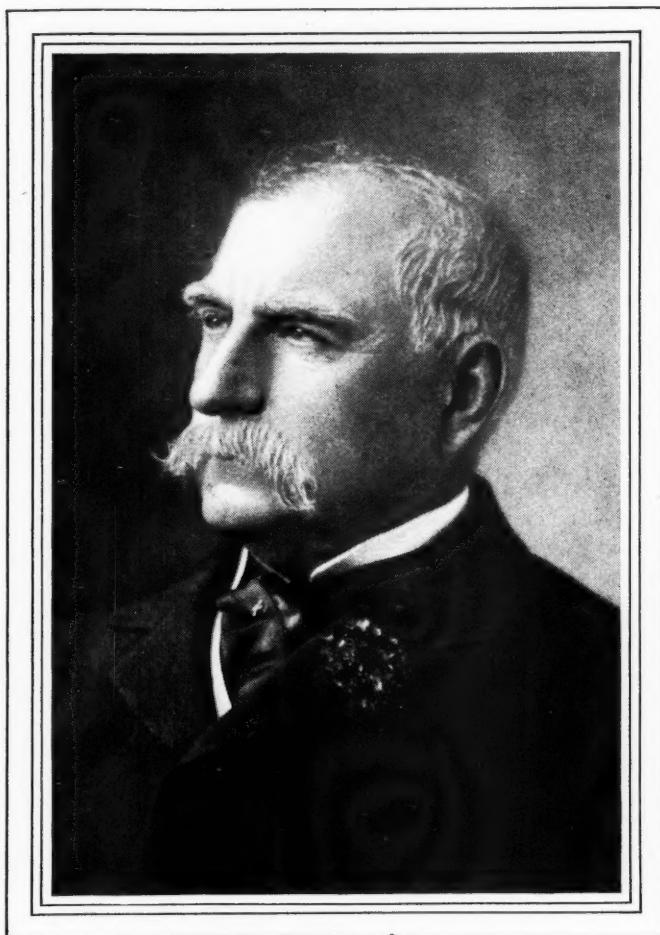
From his latest photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

ried considerably in excess of one billion passengers, and are expected, within a few years, to carry two billions annually, there will be better understanding of the magnitude of the problem which President Vreeland has worked out. It has often been said that his experience, and that of other kings

ment up to the most comprehensive operating responsibilities.

ELWYN C. FOSTER'S WORK IN BOSTON.

What President Vreeland has done in New York, men like Elwyn C. Foster and Hugh J. McGowan have accomplished in other cities. Mr. Foster was



WILLIAM L. ELKINS, OF PHILADELPHIA, ONE OF THE ORGANIZERS OF THE PHILADELPHIA TRACTION COMPANY, AND OWNER OF LARGE STREET-CAR INTERESTS IN NEW YORK, PITTSBURG, AND OTHER CITIES.

not long ago chosen president of the consolidated street-railways of New Orleans, with the result that the company's stock immediately appreciated in value. His training was practical, severe, and, at the beginning, humble. His first employment with any street-car company was as the driver of a car drawn by mule power upon a line running between Boston and Lynn. The fidelity with which he did his work, his keenness of observation, and the absorbing interest he took in his employment, at last brought him to the attention of the financiers of Boston, who

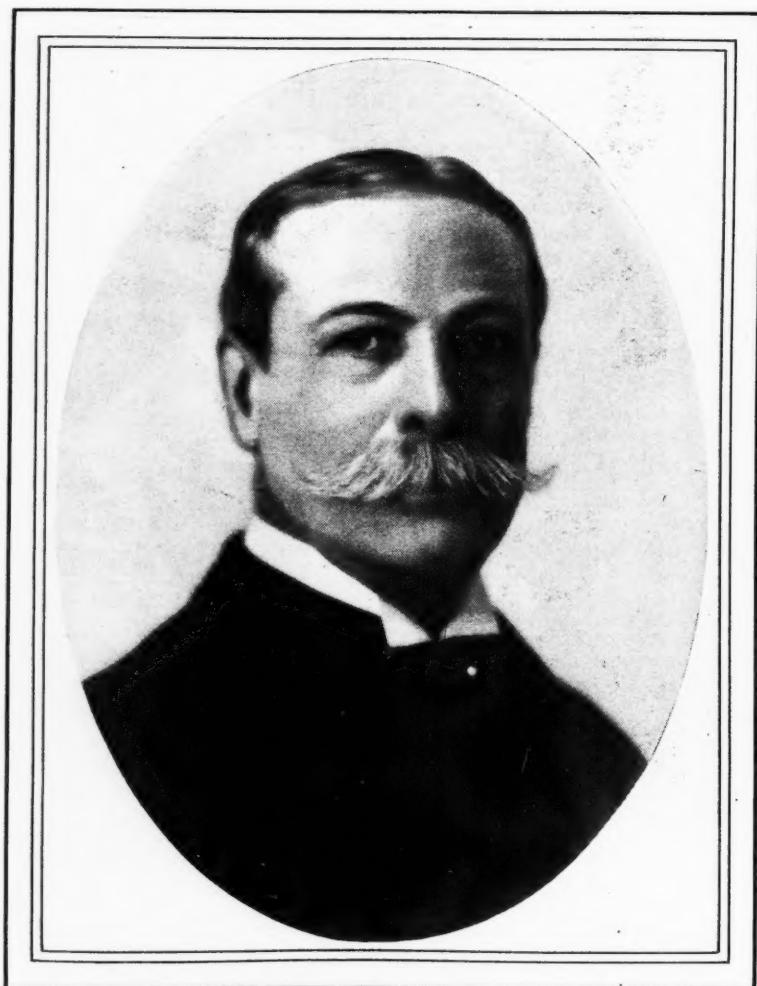
were organizing the consolidated urban system of that city. From the inconspicuous service he had been doing on the little road, Mr. Foster was brought to Boston, and to his charge was committed the problem of reorganizing the complicated and extensive urban system of the New England metropolis.

What he did there was, in many respects, similar to the achievements of President Vreeland in New York; but, unlike Mr. Vreeland, he was gradually promoted from one office to a higher one until at last he became vice-president, whereas Mr. Vreeland, at one

petent head to secure the most satisfactory results.

When it is remembered that in one year the surface lines of New York car-

of street-car traffic, make it clear that it is essential to the highest success that an operator should have been trained from the most menial employ-



CHARLES T. YERKES, WHO CONSOLIDATED THE STREET-CAR LINES ON THE NORTH AND WEST SIDES OF CHICAGO INTO A SINGLE SYSTEM, AND WHO IS NOW PROMOTING ELECTRIC RAILWAYS IN LONDON.

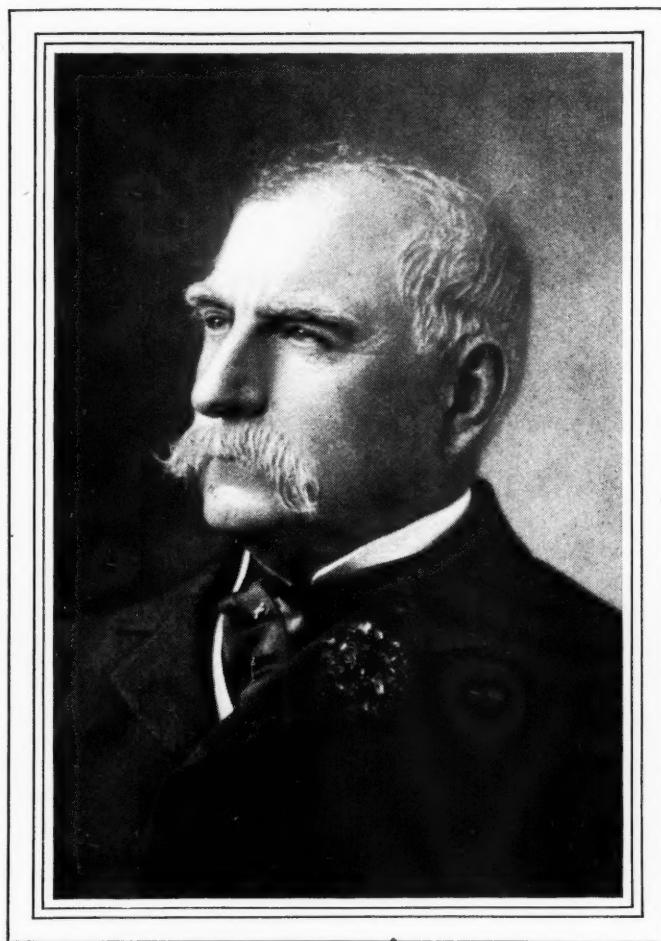
From his latest photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

ried considerably in excess of one billion passengers, and are expected, within a few years, to carry two billions annually, there will be better understanding of the magnitude of the problem which President Vreeland has worked out. It has often been said that his experience, and that of other kings

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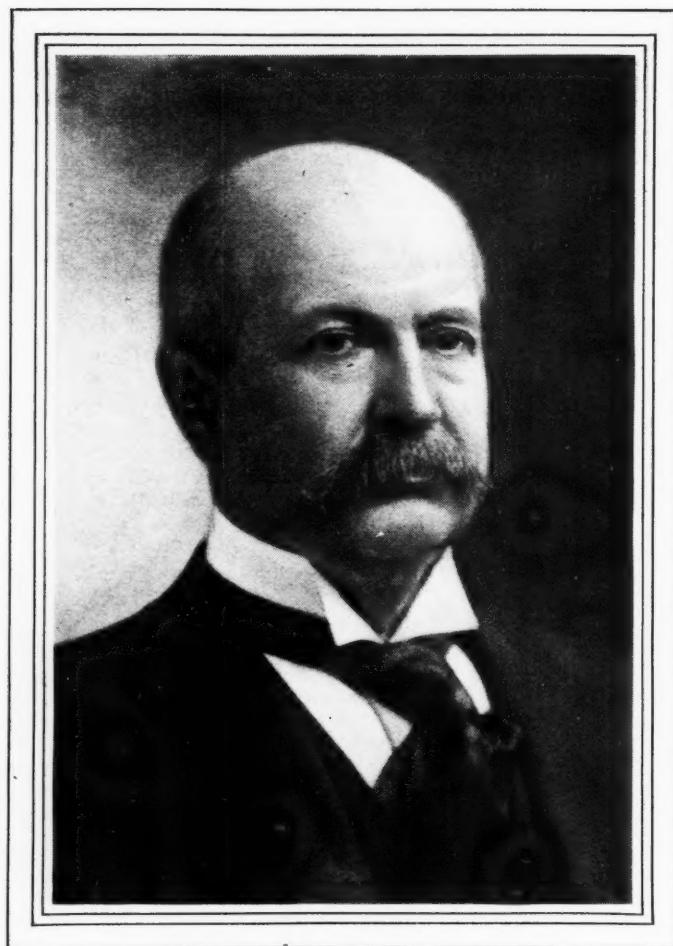


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PETER A. B. WIDENER, OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO WAS ASSOCIATED WITH MR. ELKINS IN FINANCING THE CONSOLIDATION OF THE STREET-RAILWAYS OF NEW YORK AND OTHER CITIES.

jump, passed from employment on a little suburban line to the presidency of a street-railway. Neither man has ever had difficulties with his employees. Having been employees themselves, they understand their men. They differ from some of those who have risen from menial place to high responsibility, in never throwing away the companionship of their earlier associations. Mr. Foster's election to the vice-presidency of the American Street-Railway Association was a merited recognition of his achievements, and he is likely to succeed Mr. Vreeland as president of

the society when the New York streetcar king retires from office.

Hugh J. McGowan, president of the street-railway companies of Cincinnati and Indianapolis, also made his way to the front by dint of practical experience gained through subordinate employment, and by concentration of mind upon his duties and quick appreciation of his opportunities.

INTER-URBAN ELECTRIC SYSTEM.

Within the last few years, the development of surface transportation has entered upon a novel and interesting

phase, involving not only urban traffic, but inter-urban communication. Here we open up a new field, with new conditions to meet and new problems to solve. The first to enter it with conspicuous success was Thomas Lowry, of Minneapolis. All the other important mergers, until recently, have been of various lines within the boundaries of a single city. Mr. Lowry, whose salient characteristic is the fine faith he has always had in the growth of Minneapolis and its twin sister, St. Paul, perfected a system of swift, safe, and convenient communication between the two Minnesota cities. He early commanded the confidence of the great capitalists of Minneapolis, and afterwards, at a time of embarrassment for the Twin-City system of electric railroads, he found that the fame of his ability and energy had preceded him to New York, so that he was able to secure financial support from one of the greatest trust institutions of the metropolis. It was his ultimate success that led to the organization, by merger or by original charter, of other inter-urban systems.

Mr. Lowry has sometimes been mentioned as belonging to the characteristic class of street-railway princes of which Peter A. B. Widener and William L. Elkins, of Philadelphia, are such conspicuous types. The Philadelphia group was, however, a financing rather than an operating force. Messrs. Widener and Elkins and their associates were the first successfully to finance various street-railway systems into one comprehensive organization. What they did in Philadelphia they also, in connection with Mr. Whitney, accomplished in New York. Afterwards, branching out into new fields, they included in their merger the utilization of electricity not only for traction purposes, but for lighting and stationary power.

Their initial merger in Philadelphia was followed by a movement that swept into a single corporation the electric light and gas companies of that great New Jersey district of which Newark is the center. The same men are now reaching out into the New England field, financing electric railways and

lighting corporations upon a plan similar to that by which the Bell Telephone corporation became one of the most notable monuments to the ability of modern constructive finance.

Mr. Lowry is both an operator and a financier, but he was compelled in the beginning to rely upon the capital of others, whereas the Philadelphia group have financed all their own colossal undertakings.

Another notable figure in the new development of electric transit is George A. Lee, of Philadelphia, who, early in May of this year, delivered to a group of financiers of New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg a line connecting the cities of Pittston and Scranton, Pennsylvania. The road is operated by the so-called third rail method. It is equipped with ninety-pound steel rails, is rock-ballasted, and has no grade crossings. That is to say, it is as perfectly constructed as is the modern steam railroad. It is to furnish transportation not only in the cities of Pittston and Scranton, but also between them, making the twelve miles in twenty-five minutes, with five stops.

A NEW FIELD OF VAST POSSIBILITIES.

This field of urban and inter-urban railway development is yet in its experimental stage; but the development of it is momentous, not only in the possibilities opened for vast increase of wealth and for speedy communication between cities and outlying districts, but also because it is creating a powerful competition with the steam railroads.

One of the largest of mergers has recently been perfected in New Jersey, involving a new feature in street-railway direction, which is the approach to New York by tunnel under the Hudson River. The unification of the constituent lines, including those which furnish transportation in and between the cities of Newark, Paterson, Passaic, Elizabeth, Hoboken, and Jersey City, was as difficult and comprehensive an undertaking as was that perfected by President Vreeland in Manhattan and the Bronx. Part of the work was admirably done by David Young, who is succeeded by a man of great ability and

of high reputation gained in the practise of law, Mr. Thomas N. McCarter. Mr. Young is to spend a year with the Chicago street-railway systems, and afterwards he will, if his purpose be carried out, devote two or three years to the study of European electric lines.

One of the conspicuous examples of the opportunity which this new field offers is discovered in the career of Oren Root, a college-educated man, son

of a college professor, a nephew of the Secretary of War. He accepted humble employment with the Metropolitan corporation of New York, and mastered every detail of every department to which he was promoted, carrying enthusiasm and energy into his work. Recently he was promoted to a position which is practically that of the managing director, the right hand man of President Vreeland.

THE HEAVENLY STAR.

A MYRIAD stars o'erhung the plains
Of Bethlehem that night;
But brighter far than all the rest,
One star flung out its light.
The brightness of that star proclaimed
The coming of the King;
And startled shepherds woke to hear
Angelic voices sing :

Hosanna, Hosanna,
Your King is come to-night !
Mortals, arise ! In Bethlehem
Behold the wondrous sight.
Lo, there beneath that brightest star,
In midnight sky impearled,
There in a manger see your Lord,
The Saviour of the world.

From out the east, with precious gifts,
Came wise men from afar,
To where with fullest glory shone
The radiance from that star.
"Here is the dwelling of the King,"
They cried with gladsome shout ;
And far above them through the night
The heavenly song rang out :
Hosanna, Hosanna,
Joy to the waiting earth !
Mortals, with heavenly choirs unite,
And sing your Saviour's birth.
Peace to the world, good-will to men—
The tidings glad He brings ;
Oh, hasten to that lowly hut,
And hail the King of Kings !

Dear Lord, we bring our hearts to Thee,
Not frankincense or gold,
Such as that night, with holy joy,
The wise men brought of old.
Abide with us, oh, heavenly Child,
Our Saviour, Master, Friend ;
And to Thy name our songs shall rise
In praises without end :

Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hail to Thee, Prince of Peace !
Mortals, there shines through all the earth
A light that shall not cease.
Lead Thou us still, Emmanuel,
That we, still following,
May serve Thee till our journeys end,
And we shall see our King !

J. H. Rogers.



THE CLEVELAND BOYS' CLUB ON ITS SUMMER OUTING OF 1902, WHEN THIRTY-ONE BOYS TRAVELED ACROSS THE STATE OF OHIO IN "PRAIRIE SCHOONERS"—THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE TRAVELERS PASSING THROUGH EAST LIVERPOOL.

The Cleveland Boys' Club.

BY W. FRANK McCLURE.

AN ORGANIZATION WHICH, ACTING ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN, IS DOING A NOVEL AND INTERESTING WORK AMONG THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE CITY ON LAKE ERIE.

HERE is in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, a boys' club whose members make "gipsy trips" across the State, pay visits to prominent personages, camp on distant historic grounds, travel to national expositions, and do other things that seldom fall to the lot of the average American boy. The club is backed by prominent professional and business men, whose initial contribution to its success amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars. This evidence of the stability of the plan, together with the novelty of the methods employed and the broad scope of the work, attracted general attention in the world of philanthropic endeavor.

The club is not intended primarily for the street gamin. The growing boy in the well-to-do home and the street waif represent two distinct propositions. On this very fact, however, hinges a plan of great possibilities for the future. The

central idea is to make the better-favored class responsible for their less fortunate fellows. This, according to the new system, is not to be accomplished by a movement which entails only prohibitions. In the words of Mr. Crackel, the secretary of the club, it is a "do something" rather than a "don't do something" organization.

The method by which the gamins of Cleveland are eventually to receive the attention of the members of the Boys' Club does not involve taking them into the club's home. Their needs are distinct, and a special building is to be erected for them. It will be a finer and more costly one than the existing club-house. It will have highly polished floors instead of carpets, and in many ways it will be adapted to the class to be reached. It is probable that there will be no lack of money for the work, especially after the present members have be-

come men, as many are of a class financially and morally able to sustain it.

DEEDS ARE BETTER THAN WORDS.

In the members' descriptions of some of their trips there are incidents which show the influence of their teaching in their regard for the unfortunate street boy. On their visit to the Pan-American Exposition, they found a lad, ragged and dirty, and with a pinched look in his face, selling papers outside the grounds.

homeward journey with a feeling that did more to make them happy than even the best sights of the exposition.

The home of the Boys' Club is at the corner of Franklin and Duane Streets, Cleveland; but the work carried out here represents a much larger constituency than those who meet beneath its roofs. This building is headquarters for the Knights of Sir Galahad. Clubs of these young knights, who sign a pledge and wear a button, taking the gallant Sir



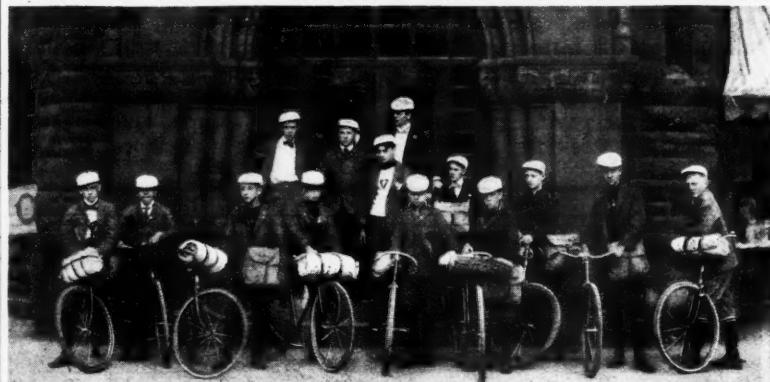
THE CLUB BOYS AT A MAPLE-SUGAR CAMP—THIS OUTING, A RATHER UNUSUAL ONE FOR CITY BOYS, TOOK PLACE IN THE EARLY SPRING OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

The boys asked Secretary Crackel, who was in charge of the party, if they might give the little fellow his breakfast with their own money. Mr. Crackel, delighted with the spontaneity of their request, complimented them upon the plan, which was promptly put into execution. After the lad had washed his face, he sat down to such a feast of good things as is seldom enjoyed by a waif. Breakfast over, his ragged clothing occupied the attention of his benefactors. Their next request was that they might be allowed to buy the newsboy a suit of clothes. When he was attired in a new suit his shoes were so out of harmony that the compassionate boys added foot-wear to their gifts, and then began their

Galahad as an ideal, are to be found in many of the different schools and churches of the city. Each club sends three representatives to the cabinet meetings, which are held in the club building, and which decide upon the various contests and events open to the knights. If in winter, this may mean an exhibition in which hundreds will compete in the making of models or inventions. The boys also draw, paint, collect stamps, carve wood, write stories, play the piano, and deliver orations.

CLUB BOYS AS ROUGH RIDERS AND CAMPERS.

The annual outing of the Boys' Club proper is the feature which has attracted



THE "ORIGINAL ROUGH RIDERS"—THE CLUB BOYS WHO IN THE SUMMER OF 1898 MADE A BICYCLE TRIP FROM CLEVELAND TO CHAUTAUQUA AND NIAGARA FALLS.

the greatest attention. In 1898, before the present home of the club was in existence, the lads, under the direction of the secretary, made their initial trip to Niagara Falls. The Rough Riders, as they were called, made the journey upon bicycles. On their way they visited Chautauqua, and at the Falls they were the first party allowed to camp upon the New York State reservation. Many signal kindnesses have been shown the young travelers from time to time when upon their tours.

The following summer, the outing party went to Mackinac Island, where the boys were permitted by the government officials to use the historic fort. They made the acquaintance of the French-Canadian Indians, wore Indian costumes—a rare treat, of course, for the average American youngster—and played Robinson Crusoe on an uninhabited island.

During the vacation season of 1900, thirty-three of the boys went down the St. Lawrence River to Montreal. On this trip they were introduced to the mayor of Toronto, who gave them the keys of the city. They shot the Lachine rapids, and halted at the most interesting points along their route. Two parties attended the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, in the following summer. But the

most notable and successful trip of all was made in 1902, when thirty-one boys in covered wagons, which they chose to call "prairie schooners," made a tour across Ohio. They traveled two hundred and twenty-seven miles, and were away from Cleveland two weeks. They visited the old village of the Zoarites and the great potteries at East Liverpool; they saw President McKinley's grave, and were greeted by Mrs. McKinley on the famous front porch of her Canton homestead. They set foot on the soil of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and filled a bottle with water from the Ohio River, to empty it into Lake Erie on arriving at home. The boys traveled from twenty to thirty miles a day, camping in the open air at night. Some of them walked most of the distance. Those who preferred riding were known as the "lazy duffers."

After returning from the gipsy trip, the members of the band went into camp at the "reservation." This was a forty-acre farm, about twenty miles from the city, which had been leased by the club. Parts of the tract were deeply wooded, and through it there extended a trail leading to a small river, on which there were picturesque waterfalls. Rustic bridges crossed the stream; fish abounded, and there were boats sufficient for

all who came. Here the boys fitted up a building for amateur photographers, a golf course, and tennis grounds. The old buildings on the farm were turned into sleeping-quarters, and there was a dining-hall, with a cook employed by the boys, each one paying two dollars and fifty cents a week for his board.

conservatory, gymnasium, offices for the secretary and physical director, class-rooms, dark-room for photography, wheel-room, boiler-room, kitchen, bath-rooms, swimming-pool, and lockers.

There are entertainment courses, free literature, lectures, and Bible classes in the busy life of the Boys' Club. Evening



AN EVERY-DAY SCENE IN THE READING-ROOM OF THE CLEVELAND BOYS' CLUB, WHERE "CIGARETTES AND BAD LANGUAGE ARE EQUALLY UNKNOWN."

Under a manual training teacher they learned to make boats. Forty boys, of the total membership of four hundred, could be accommodated on the reservation at one time.

CLUB BOYS AT WORK AND PLAY.

Last spring the younger boys had an early outing in the woods at maple-sugar time, and ate warm sugar in the midst of a real sugar camp. Later, in July, a camp was established on the Rocky River, at Albion, Ohio, where fifty could be accommodated each successive week. Here they have lived in tents, and have had ample facilities for bathing and boating.

The club-house will accommodate five hundred members. Within six weeks after the building was opened, there was a membership of three hundred. It includes a workshop, a reception room, a reading-room, two amusement rooms,

classes are organized for the benefit of members employed during the day.

One of the greatest features of the club's work is the fact that the boys themselves are building it up while their own characters are being molded. The conservatory is filled with flowers from their home gardens, and the orchestra depends on their own musical talent. Their photographs and drawings adorn the walls. They publish a newspaper devoted to their special interests, and they have done useful work for various charities.

Cigarettes and bad language are equally unknown in the club buildings. Military obedience to the secretary of the institution in matters of sleeping, eating, and exercise, when away from the boys' homes, is obligatory.

The child is father to the man, and the Cleveland Boys' Club aims to produce good American citizens.

The Home-Coming of Byrd Forebush.

A LOVE STORY OF LITTLE TURKEY TRACK.

BY ALICE MAGGOWAN.

I.

"**H**IT was the script'r' castin' of pearls befo' swine, all over ag'in, fer Melissa Troutman to marry Byrd Forebush," pronounced Uncle Josh Swafford, "an' the turnin' an' the renderin', hit'rt not to cause neither Big nor yit Little Turkey Track no amazement."

Uncle Jake, as usual, voiced the opinion which these silent mountain people are ever slow to allow to escape in the form of words.

Melissa was indeed superior to Byrd Forebush in family, means, and raising. The Troutmans were probably at the apex of social dignity in all the Little Turkey Track region. There was a good deal of wild land, with some tilled bits, where brave, tall corn-rows stood ranked along narrow benches; there were cattle and other stock, and a double log house that had been Garrett Troutman's father's house before him; and Melissa was Garrett Troutman's only child and heir, the girl most looked up to, admired, and desired throughout both the Turkey Tracks.

It might almost be said that Byrd Forebush was at the other end of the social list. The Forebushes were typical mountaineers of the wilder sort. Theirs was the kind of family that comes to a country when it is new and land can be had for the asking; when hunting and fishing are good, and neighbors few. When settlers begin to fill in, and the land appreciate a little, this type of mountaineer usually moves on, forming the advancing edge of the wave of civilization; always hunters, trappers, pioneers.

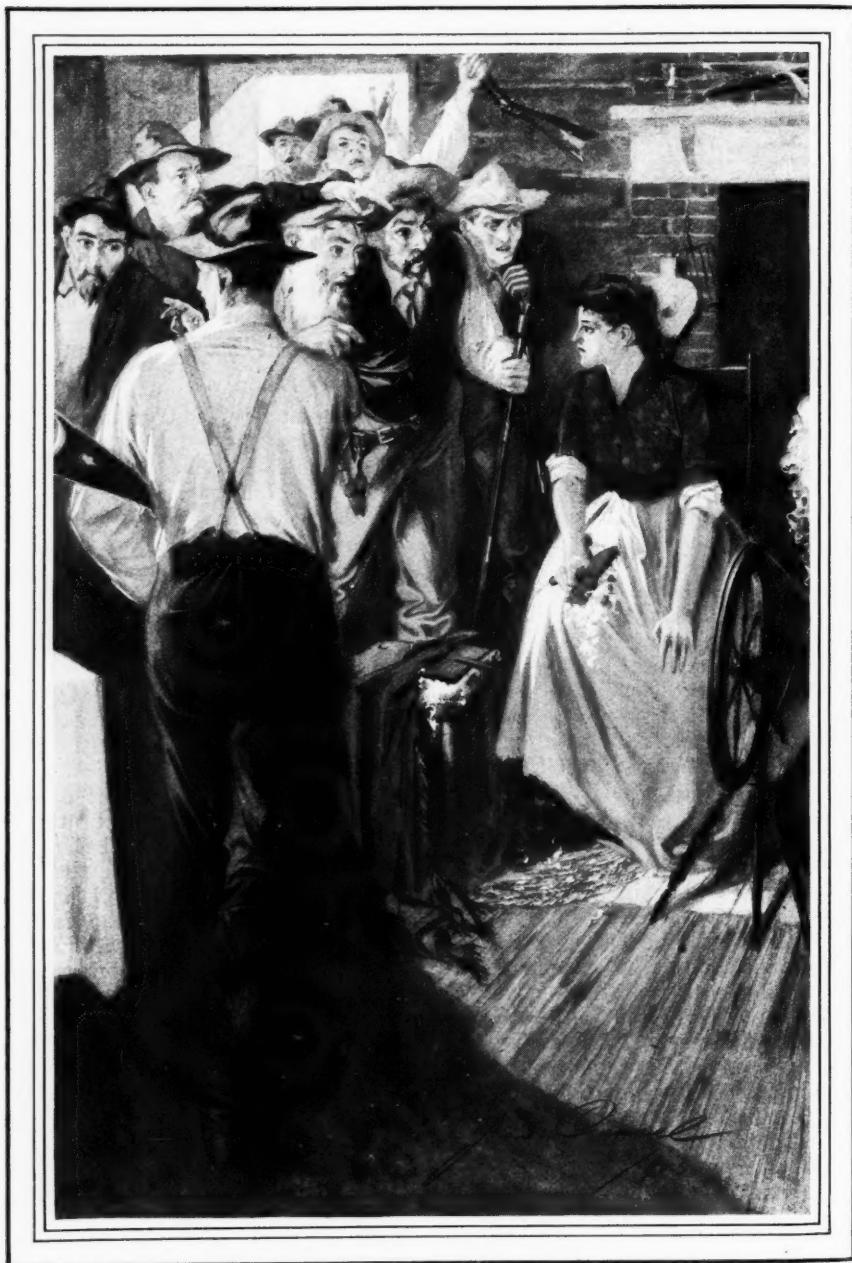
And the Forebushes—a tall, good-looking, daredevil, self-indulgent tribe—were genuine pioneer material. They possessed the virtues of their faults as well as the faults of their vir-

tues. If as a rule they loved not work, yet neither were they liars, cowards, nor dishonest. It was a gipsy strain; the kind of blood that makes lairds and chieftains when the world is young.

Byrd Forebush was a handsome, dark-eyed, aquiline-featured fellow of twenty-four or thereabouts. He possessed the unspoiled grace of a free wild thing. He had been accustomed to see Melissa Troutman at meeting, and at the store down in the settlement. He had watched her—an acknowledged belle—at all the little social gatherings of the mountain neighborhood. But when—almost accidentally, it would seem, but we well know what divinity, youthful and irresponsible, rules such chances—Melissa learned Byrd's hopeless passion for her, and accepted him then and there, he was fairly blinded with incredulous happiness.

His was a temperament as ill-fitted for harness, mental, spiritual, or material, and as fiercely resentful of it, as a puma would be; and when they had been married three or four years, and had buried a girl baby, the careless, irresponsible, impatient Byrd found his wife's grief dreary, her unintermitting devotion wearisome.

Since he could remember, he had shared with all his little world the most profound regard and admiration for the Troutman family. His passionate love for Melissa had been tintured with, and elevated by, a respect that was almost awe. And when he began to sicken of her unwearying, changeless, undemanding love, to occasionally slight and miscall her, he was amazed to find it go so easily. He had thought lightning would strike him for such impiety; to one of his enterprising blood and adventurous temper, that was reason enough that he should try it. No levin "ash followed the insolence. No thunder shook the air.



"M'LISSY, 'TAIN'T NO USE FER YOU TO FAVOR BYRD FOREBUSH."

If, when Ajax defied the lightning, the lightning had visibly backed down before the blusterer's face, he could not have felt otherwise than did Byrd Forebush when first he rebuffed his

wife, Melissa Troutman, and she accepted the rebuff in humble silence. He supped a sense of overweening greatness from the feat. Her patient eyes followed the scamp about with dog-like

submission; and it wrought his idle perversity to a perfect frenzy. He resolved, it might seem, to find the end of that patience of hers; and spiritually this was indeed just what he did.

In the course of this experimentation, he left Melissa for long intervals, strolling about in the Little Turkey Track and adjoining regions, hunting, fishing, turning his hand occasionally to this or that employment—doing just enough of any work to keep him going comfortably. After one of these absences, he would walk into the house with impudent coolness, and as if he had walked out of it but an hour back; always expecting—hoping, it might even be said—to be flown at, to receive at last a tirade, and always being disappointed. Indeed, he was all this time in that mental condition in which we see a child when we say it needs a good whipping.

For seven years Byrd's researches in the nature of Melissa went on, his absences growing longer and longer, his stays at home briefer and more infrequent. His manner to her varied from a cold indifference which scarcely confessed she was alive, to that curious taunting manner of an urchin who seeks to goad a smaller boy into a fight.

Poor Melissa was come to be pointed at as a deserted wife. The men felt for her a sort of lazy pity, fully approving her behavior, as would always be the case with the men of a mountain community. But the women—mountaineer women, those poor souls who have no possible dignity in themselves, no standing save as they have found favor with the respected sex—the women were openly and witheringly contemptuous. They felt the scorn of successful sycophants for one of their own class who has fallen out of favor with the ruling element.

II.

It had been nearly a year since Byrd Forebush was at home. He was known to be drifting about the mountain settlements in the Little Turkey Track vicinity for a time, but had months ago disappeared altogether. Rumors

had come back reporting him variously as at work on a railroad, in the mines, and gone to Texas.

Melissa, a pathetic figure with mute lips and wistful eyes, lived her grieved, darkened life, in the comfortable double log house which was hers now, since her father and mother were both gone. She spun and wove. She made the crops and tended the chickens, the cow, the humble life about the place that was scarcely more inarticulate and uncomplaining than her own.

She had sat late one night in the silent isolation of her living-room, to finish the basket of darning on which she was engaged. Finally she rolled up the last pair of stockings, homespun and home-knit, thrust the big darning-needle into the little shawl about her shoulders, laid her hands over the work, and still sat on, her sad eyes fixed upon it, thinking.

Suddenly there came to her ear, in the stirless silence of the winter night, a strange, sinister, whispering sound as of a hand drawn across the panels of her shut door. For an instant she sat rigid, with suspended breath and dilated eyes. Again the sound came, groping feebly. As fearless as she was mild, Melissa sprang to the door and drew it sharply open, the little lamp held high in her left hand.

There lay, face down upon her door-stone, with a hand stretched upward so that the relaxed fingers trailed at the very sill, what she at first took to be a dead man, but, stooping down, discovered to be her husband, Byrd Forebush, apparently bleeding to death.

Where a woman of the city, bred to softness and dependence, would have rent the air with outcry, this daughter of a mountain race instantly put out her light, locked her slight arms around her husband, and dragged his tall body painfully into the house, the blood streaming behind them. She never paused till she had struggled with her silent and seemingly lifeless burden up the steep stairway to the little loft. Then Melissa barred door and window, and, first covering every crack and crevice, fetched a light and examined the man's wound, which was made by a rifle ball in the back. She judged



MELISSA STOLE SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY OUT OF THE HOUSE.

thereby that he had been shot from ambush.

It melted the tender heart in her breast to think that in his peril he had fled to her. Followed, hunted like an animal, in the anguish of death itself, apparently, his city of refuge had been her house, her arms. And it should be a sanctuary indeed, from which none should tear him while she breathed.

She barely stayed to stanch the terrible bleeding, to dispose him so that if life were yet in him it need not lapse away while she was gone, and then left

him, to make his hiding-place secure, if she could.

She retraced every step, cleansing away or covering the blood-stains as she went, erasing the terrible marks of Byrd's passage. From the door-step, where the great pool was, she followed back these grim witnesses, carefully holding a shawl about the flame of her little lamp, in order to screen it from possible watching eyes.

When, in such wise, she had reached the forks of the trail up to the right of the house—and this had taken her nearly half an hour—she paused in distress. What good to clear this much of the path? Once followed into the neighborhood, and thus close to her house, the inference would be too sure.

Then the right thought came to her, the inspiration of pure love, the tender guile of the mother partridge. Lifting an eager hand to her bosom, she sought for the darning needle she had thrust there, drew it out, and, pushing up her left sleeve, dragged the homely poniard's keen point fiercely down the arm. A stream of blood followed the ripping stroke. As it dripped on the white stones of the trail-side, she moved on away from the house, toward Little Turkey Creek, which ran off to flow through the woods toward Hepzibah, twelve miles to the eastward.

She stopped from time to time, to let the blood drip longer upon some white-faced rock or bit of silvery sand; and so walking and so stopping carried the trail down to the creek, where it should seem to any who followed it that the fugitive had taken to water to throw pursuers off his track. Then she turned and ran back to the house, flew in, barred the door, mounted swiftly to the little attic where that silent form lay, and bent once more to watch the

long, thick, dark lashes resting motionless on the whitening cheeks.

III.

It was Zeb Tarbush that led the strangers.

"M'lissy," he urged, addressing the little figure that sat with bowed head, plying the cotton cards, "M'lissy, 'tain't no use fer you to favor Byrd Forebush. Bud Updegraves ain't a gwine to stop till—"

"Aw, yer granny! Tell her—*tell her!*" cried young Pope Sayles from the doorway. "Tell her, right out! She'll sea'cely favor Byrd, nor yit try to hide him, when she knows what 'tis he's ben up to."

The cotton cards hesitated in Melissa's small hands. The soft blue eyes were raised for the first time, and traveled from Zeb's face to young Pope's eager, brutal countenance.

"Tell her!" urged Pope.

Zeb hesitated.

"Hit's my wife," broke in a heavy voice from behind Zeb's shoulder, "an' I'll have his life fer 't, dern him!"

The cards were laid down beside Melissa, one upon the other. She rose and gazed quietly about upon this group of faces that wore the look of hunting animals close upon the quarry, eager, avid, ruthless—the hot eyes, the parted lips, the open nostrils.

"Gentlemen," she said in her soft voice, "I reckon ye'll take my word ag'in' Byrd Forebush, after what's been told me here. I don't reckon you'll 'low that I'm likely to shield him none now. I reckon ye'll b'lieve me when I tell you, ez I hope fer mercy, Byrd hain't set foot in this house—the home of his lawful wife—fer nigh onto a year."

The soft voice paused. Again Melissa looked about on them. They said not a word, and she began once more:

"I don't want to be bloodthirsty ner revengeful thataway—"

"That's right, Mis' Forebush. Speak out! Hit's no more'n jestice," prompted one of the older men.

"I want to do but what's right and just"—Melissa halted forward, her small face very pale—"when I tell ye that—"

She paused, seemingly torn between the jealous fury and her faithful love.

"That's right! Jest tell us whar to sorter look. We'll see't no harm don't come to ye fer hit," assured the man who had before spoken.

And Melissa finished, scarce above her breath:

"I reckon if ye go up the trail to where it forks at the big hick'ry, ye'll likely find some sign thereabout o' what you're a seekin'."

Melissa was right; they believed. What better servant of vengeance could they desire than a scorned, insulted woman? So they went, as directed, to the big hickory, and found—what Melissa had provided there for them to find.

IV.

SLOWLY, slowly, almost imperceptibly, Byrd Forebush crawled up from the very verge of death. He lay in the little attic room, made comfortable by a care and tenderness like that of a mother, and won hardly, through long days of physical anguish and through ways as long of regret and humiliation, back to the world.

His six feet of hardy manhood, that had been so consummate a thing, so all-sufficing for life and its needs, lay as weak, as helpless and dependent, in Melissa's little hands as new-born infancy. And as the babe's unconscious life unfolds to conscious love of the mother who sustains and comforts, so Byrd's spiritual consciousness awoke and unfolded to a love for her very much greater, as it was higher and better, than any he had ever known in the days of his early passion. She was the sun of his solar system; she was everything that he could conceive of sweet and brave and lovely and desirable; a soul to live beside, in whose strong, consoling presence a man might even make shift to die without repining.

Throughout those long first weeks when the quiescence of deadly weakness was upon him, Melissa's manner toward Byrd had been the manner only of a loving nurse; tender, with a touch of wholesome briskness. As he drew painfully out of that valley of obscur-

ity, as the light came back to his eyes, and a little color into his waxen cheeks—all the life and thought there was in him turning with one great impulse continually to her—Melissa's manner never changed.

One day, when she had bent tenderly over him to give the last touch to his covering ere she departed, Byrd for the first time essayed to break through the film of glass that she seemed to have spun between them. Fastening upon her those eyes which had so bewitched her girlish heart in the earlier years—the eyes that were so eager and humble now—he caught her hand lovingly as it passed before his face, and carried it impulsively to his lips.

Melissa drew back with a face like chalk, an intake of the breath, and a glance that was almost a blow. She seemed to check herself instantly, with the thought of his helplessness.

"Byrd," she said in a low voice, but one strangely commanding, "Byrd, don't do that ag'in," and went silently down-stairs.

An hour later she came to him with his little meal, so appetizing, so well prepared. She set it down beside him, propped him carefully up in the bed, and then began in a studiedly colorless voice:

"Byrd, I don't want to be ha'sh to you—an' you lyin' he'pless here—an' nobody to look to but me. I——"

The young glow awakened in Byrd's eyes. Over his face flashed the light of hope and love. It would all come right; she was yielding.

"Melissy—honey!" he whispered, and reached both hands toward her.

She was upon her feet instantly, crying:

"Byrd, don't ye tetch me! Don't ye lay finger on me! Did ye think I meant *that*? Did ye think I'd come a crawlin' on my knees, like I ben a crawlin' all these years, to kiss yo' feet, to praise ye when ye struck me? Did ye think—oh!" and her slight frame shook. "You 'lowed I was the same pore, self-despisin', low-sperrited thing you married, an' lef', and hilt up to the scorn of every woman in Little Turkey Track!"

"Melissy!" whispered Byrd. "Me-

lissy!" and made a deprecating gesture toward her.

Melissa stood back and clenched one small hand in the homespun that rose and fell upon her panting bosom.

"Byrd," she said, "I don't want to hurt ye—I don't want ye to harm yourse'f. I'll stand betwixt you an' danger. I'll keer fer ye, an' wait on ye, an'—an'—an' everything. Oh, Byrd"—and the blazing eyes filled with tears—"you're the baby's pappy—the boy I loved so crazy—the man I've set and watched and wished and prayed for, night after night, alone in this house, all these years, beggin' an' beggin' God fer ye; declarin' an' believin' that ef He would only send ye back to me, I'd be the happiest woman that ever thanked Him on her knees!"

"Oh, Melissy!" once more came the pleading whisper and the extended hand.

"No, Byrd, 'tain't no use. No—I couldn't now, ef I wanted to. You heerd 'em that day after ye come back. You heerd what Bud Updegrove told me."

"Melissy, hit's not true! Thank God, hit's not true—nary word! I——"

"Oh, Byrd! Ain't ye 'shamed to lie to me? Ye never done that befo', however bad ye treated me."

And with a look of grieved contempt she turned and once more left him.

Byrd lived in that little attic room, day in, day out, till four months had gone by, Melissa's bitter incredulity rearing an effective barrier to any explanation or confidence.

The Troutman place had no near neighbors; Melissa's life had isolated her from even such remote ones as there were, and thus made possible the fact that her husband's presence remained wholly unsuspected. Near the end of Byrd's convalescence Melissa made a trip to the store at Hepzibah, and there she learned that the differences in Bud Updegrove's family had been adjusted, he and his wife being fully, if somewhat spectacularly, reconciled. The natural inference appeared to be that the threat against Byrd's life was no longer operative.

He was now Melissa's lover indeed. In his own secret heart, denied all ex-

pression, he was now, as he had never been, as he could not have been in the early days, her friend and sympathizer and mate, the man who understood and felt for and with her.

And this change in the man but answered to the change in the woman. Upon Melissa's part, that indulgent tenderness which had always verged dangerously upon the supine, the abject, was gone. It seemed to be wiped from the tablet of her nature by the fierce contact of primitive jealousy; and the same native passion's spur had given her the salience, the hint of unfettered acerbity, necessary to win and to command the restive, irrepressible, ungoverned spirit of Byrd Forebush.

Byrd was now a well man. Save for the languor resulting from long confinement and inactivity, he ailed in nothing, and would long since have been gone about his own concerns had only physical causes prevented him. But ah, if he relinquished this poor hold, if he went now, what hope had he of ever coming back? Upon what ground could he ever approach Melissa again? If, even with the powerful allies of his illness, his helpless weakness, his suffering and her pitying tenderness, he had made no headway against this late-come tide of bitter resentment, what dared he hope for the future, when he should be merely a strong, self-dependent man—and the only man in the world who had insulted her love, despised and trampled upon her forbearance?

V.

THE beautiful mountain-bred June was upon them, not less sumptuous than her valley-born sister, not less kind and opulent, but with a finer spiritualized grace of her own. One silent, perfect day, Melissa had gone out to the blackberry patch, a short distance above the house, on the flank of the Upper Bald, leaving Byrd sitting in a great chair in the attic room. The front door was locked; she deemed it safe to leave him for the little time required to get a few blackberries for his evening meal.

Suddenly she raised her head, looked

down toward the trail which led to the front door, and saw advancing along it a sunbonnet—a sunbonnet whose hue instantly went against every instinct of her being. A woman who could wear that sunbonnet would be capable of anything; and Melissa made the best haste she could out of the blackberry briars, and down the mountainside to the house.

As she slipped silently through the back door, she was startled by the sound of voices in the front room, Byrd's and a woman's, in sharp altercation. She silently approached a chink in the partition wall and looked through. Assuredly the woman was a piece, a hussy; but it was not less conspicuously certain that she was pretty.

The objectionable sunbonnet was on the floor; beside it on her knees was the girl, before Byrd, who sat in a chair by the window. He must have got downstairs by himself, and opened the front door to this diabolical intruder. The thought stabbed Melissa like a knife. Yet how was this?

"But, Byrd," the girl was beginning, "you've done got the name of it, Byrd! We've got the name of it—we might as well have the game."

"Oh, you fool, you fool!" groaned Byrd, and tears of rage and weakness were in his eyes. "Where's Bud Updegrove? Does he know where you came?"

"He's at home," said the girl sullenly. "No, he don't know—I told him I was agoin' to sister Patsey's fer a spell."

"Well, go back to him! Lord A'mighty! He's a good man to ye. What in thunder ye wanted to set your mind ye was in love with me fer, the Lord only knows. For He surely knows, and *you* know, Nance Updegrove, I never give you cause—never, so help me God!"

"I—I—" the girl hesitated.

"You got me this bullet in the back—in the back, like a derned coward!" burst out Byrd fiercely. "Ain't that enough? Can't ye leave me be, and let me have sech chance as I've got here? God knows 'tain't much! The sweetest woman—the best woman! I'd—a man would be glad to give half his life to

have the love and good will of sech a woman fer the other half of it. An' she won't look at me, she won't listen to me, all along o' you, ye pore fool, that think ye cain't be happy 'thout wreckin' two fam'lies, an' settin' men to kill each other! She believes the whole lyin' tale —why shouldn't she? Oh, fer God's sake, git up and go back to the man that's too good fer ye. And leave me a chance, ef I've got any left, fer the Lord knows I ain't to blame fer you!"

Melissa turned and stole swiftly and silently out of the house, never stopping till she reached the farthest edge of the blackberry patch. There she sat down on a stone, a silent little figure.

It was scarcely five minutes later that she saw the offensive sunbonnet leave the house and move up the trail, much faster than it had come down. But it was nearly an hour afterward that Melissa rose, made her way down to the house, and entered the front room, strange and contradictory expressions chasing each other across her face.

Byrd met her, standing tall and straight in the middle of the floor. His eyes were very wide, and there was a crimson spot in each pale cheek. Before she could speak to him he began eagerly:

"Melissy, I'm agoin'; I ort to 'a' gone before this. I'm able to go. I've no excuse fer hangin' round here any longer."

"But, Byrd," she began, "air ye—was ye goin'—this evenin'?"

Byrd's face fell. The half-confessed hope died out of it. He glanced with a rebuked look down at his hands.

"Why, yes," he hesitated. "I—I could."

Melissa went down in a little heap on a splint-bottomed chair. The berries poured out over the floor. All the things that had welled up from her

heart, as she sat out there in the blackberry patch, drew back from her shy, unaccustomed lips. She looked at him piteously.

"Why, Byrd, I—I was goin' to make ye a blackberry p—p—pie!"

With one long stride Byrd was beside her. The next moment he was upon his knees, his arms thrown across her lap, his dark head laid upon them, his great shoulders shaking with sobs.

Here was a situation Melissa could handle. All the nurse, mother, lover in her, spoke in the arms that clasped him, the hands that soothed and caressed, the voice that murmured:

"There, honey! There, Byrd darlin', don't grieve. I—I heerd her; I know it all, honey. We"—with a voice that trembled and caught flutteringly between laughter and a sob—"we've upset my berries. We—"

He lifted his head, and they looked in each other's eyes, both smiling through their tears.

"I reckon we ain't a gwine to miss that pie, darlin'!"

The late sun slanted in upon the little low chair and its motionless group; the restless Byrd at rest at last in Melissa's arms, his errant head laid upon her faithful breast, his strong arms locked close about her small form, her tears shining among the black plumage-like curls, her lips murmuring over him:

"My boy—my husband—M'lissy's pore, tired baby!"

An enterprising hen thrust an inquiring bill in at the door Melissa had left open, followed it cautiously, sighted the scattered berries, and, cruising desperately across the spotless and forbidden floor after them, was amazed beyond expression at finding herself permitted to feast upon them unscared and unreproached.

REVEALED.

THE wild bird summoned his mate;
Strange I should hear in the cry
The note I heard in your careful word
The night that you said good-by!

The wild mate answered and came;
Strange I should hear it so—
In voice of my own the selfsame tone
The night that I bade you go!

Theodosia Garrison.

A Christmas Incident at Santo Domingo.

HOW AN OUTCAST SINNER CAME TO HIS OWN AGAIN.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

I.

NOT until she was fifty-five years old did Frederica Carey experience an overwhelming emotion. More than half a century of prosperity and dignity, of worthy affections not too vehemently cherished, and of meritorious activities, had left her a graciously handsome woman. Her gray hair had the luster of its dark youth, her brown eyes the clearness of their early years. The few delicate lines on her face had not marred its wholesome charm of pink and white.

Daughter of the leading citizen of Elmburg in the days when it was a mere town, she had married the leading citizen of the days of its young cityhood. Her husband had made unfortunate investments, and she had been left a widow without wealth, yet with sufficient means to maintain the simple and unostentatious elegance of living to which she had been bred.

It was on the evening of her wedding anniversary that her heart was pierced to its center for the first time in all her years. She sat alone in her library, the light from the reading-lamp glowing about her. The letters of her two married daughters, decorously tender, lay in her lap. She had been looking back over her life with a grateful satisfaction very slightly tempered by the grief of her fifteen years of widowhood. Always she had known upright and distinguished men and women, and had been of them; always she had known orderly affections and had experienced them. In her sorrows there had been no remorse, in her separations no shame. Surely, she thought, the world is very good to the sane and the deserving!

And then her son Theodore came in. She stirred from the review of her blessings and glanced at him.

"Have you had your dinner, Ted?" she asked. "I was sorry you were detained to-night."

There was a scarcely perceptible reproof in her emphasis of the adverb. Theodore repeated heavily after her:

"To-night?"

"Yes. It is our wedding anniversary, your dear father's and mine. I could have wished that one of my children might have been with me."

Theodore sank upon the sofa beyond the circle of light from the lamp.

"Your wedding?" he mumbled. Then suddenly he buried his face in his hands and groaned. "God!" he said. "Your wedding anniversary!"

His mother spoke sharply, frightening her voice almost strident.

"Theodore! What is it? What do you mean?"

He made no answer, but sat huddled against the end of the sofa, his face hidden in his hands. She rose and went toward him.

"I insist upon knowing what the matter is," she demanded, trying to force his fingers down.

He dropped them limply enough and looked up at her. His forehead was wet, his dark hair streaked upon it. In his gray eyes there was a look of agony and appeal such as had never been in any eyes turned toward her before.

Mystified and terrified, she found herself suddenly angry. She shook his shoulder.

"Tell me, tell me!"

He made an ineffectual effort to speak, but no sound came. Then he buried his face in a cushion. When he raised it again there was determination on it.

"Mother, mother," he cried, "I'm ruined! I've got to go away, to run away."

"Ruined? Run away?" Frederica Carey was exasperated at words so meaningless in her vocabulary.

"Yes. I've been—all the money passed through my hands—all the stock certificates—"

"Of course! You were the assistant treasurer of the company."

"Can't you understand? I've been stealing—speculating. Of course I always thought—mother!"

She had drawn away from him, and was staring at him with utter disbelief and loathing, as one looks at a monster

too hideous to be true. Her face was as ashen as his own.

"Mother!" he cried again. "Don't, don't look like that!"

Her hands went out in a gesture of utter repudiation. She stumbled away from him and sank into a chair. The sight of her collapse, the quick understanding of her self-absorbed sense of outrage, gave back to Theodore himself something of poise. He sat up and his voice had a new ring.

"It seemed to me better that you should know, mother," he said, and at the title she struck out toward him with her hand, forbidding it. He drew his breath sharply. "Very well," he said. "At any rate, I thought it best that you should hear it from me. Lincoln—it's no excuse, I know—but he advised the speculations. At first I made some money. Then I lost. Then I borrowed—no, I stole. And now I am ruined; it's all gone, and I'm suspected. I know they've sent for some experts. I'm going to run away."

She raised her head at that, a sudden light in her eyes. For the first time since the revelation she spoke.

"Do you think you can get away?" she whispered.

The boy nodded. A piteous little smile trembled for a second on his lips. After all, his mother cared for his safety!

"Thank God for that! At least one disgrace will be spared me."

The glimmer of yearning hope faded from his face, but to hers returned something of its normal color.

"I should die," she went on, "to think of a child of mine, a Carey, a Townsend, in jail, in those clothes! Ah!" She shuddered and closed her eyes against the vision.

Opening them again, she was shaken with passion as she looked at him. She had always been a correct mother, affectionate, sufficiently indulgent; but at that moment she had no sentiment save outraged honor. And in the inexpressible fury she felt was the strongest emotion of her life.

"I am going," he said. "I shall take a new name. I shall pay them back every accursed cent before I die. I had thought of—quitting. But I couldn't."

"Quitting?"

"Yes. Suicide."

"How much have you—taken? Is there no way of saving your name?"

"Fourteen thousand. There's no way of saving me now."

"If the house were mortgaged—sold?

And I have still a few shares of Pennsylvania."

Theodore stopped her with a gesture.

"You know it can't be done. All your little money is in trust, and I'm glad of it. I couldn't have you homeless in your old age."

"Better leave me homeless than dishonored," said his mother bitterly.

The boy looked at her helplessly for a second.

"I was afraid," he began haltingly, "that you would want me to stay and take my punishment like—like a man. If you had wanted that, I should have done it. I thought maybe that it would accord with your ideas of right and wrong. But I am going. I can escape. I shall. And I shall pay them back. And, mother—"

Again the gesture of repudiation. His mother was looking at him with hard and unforgiving eyes. But this time he was blind.

"Mother," he repeated brokenly, desperately, "Beth?"

"You did not think of Beth when you were disgracing your name. Why do you speak of her now?"

"I want you to see her," he begged. "I cannot. Make her understand that I was a fool, a weak rascal, but can't you make her see that there was something decent in me? Don't let her utterly—" He broke down.

"I wish that I might never see her again," answered his mother slowly. "You do not understand what you have done. You have made me a reproach, my name a dishonor. I wish that I might never see a living soul again, much less that girl whom I thought distinguished—distinguished—by you! I wish that I might die before I have to face the world. You, who have known only good things all your life; you, your father's son, your grandfather's, yes, mine! I am glad that you are going away. I am glad that I shall know nothing of your further disgrace, for you are weak and wicked at the core, and dishonor will be your portion."

"Everything you say is probably true," answered the boy, standing and looking down at her with a queer look of misery and defiance, "except the last. I shall not go down. I shall live to pay this back, and then—then it is nobody's business what I do."

He waited awhile, standing beside her. Hope was not quite dead in him yet. He ventured another appeal.

"Somehow," he said—"of course it

was silly—but I had expected you to pity me. Oh, not much, but a little!"

He waited for a second after that, but in the white wretchedness of her face there was no relenting. Her proud lips were tight shut, her eyes directed straight before her.

"All right," he said finally, and in another minute she heard the door slam behind him and the ring of his footsteps on the flagging. It was not until they had died away down the street that she was stabbed with any sense of loving loss. Then, when the inexorable silence closed about her again, for a breathing-space she forgot the outraged pride of a daughter of an upright race in a sudden burst of longing for her son.

II.

Not until three or four days had passed did publicity come. Then the officers of the County Traction Company, journeying to the substantial dwelling set upon its stately terrace, asked Mrs. Carey for information of her son. She replied, with some appearance of alarm, that she had supposed him absent on a business trip in the interest of the corporation.

Then followed the revelations. That Mrs. Carey fainted was due to no power of hers as an actress, but to the sudden collapse, from sheer relief, of nerves strained to the utmost for three days. She would never have to wait again for these words, never have to live in expectation of this scene! She need brace herself no longer; and so she fainted. The next morning's papers referred to her most gently and respectfully when they chronicled the embezzlement and the escape of her son.

She had read the papers, each word a knife in her heart. She had telegraphed to her daughters. She had left word with her maid that no one could see her, and that she had nothing to say to reporters. She sat alone and fed her soul on bitterness.

There was an imperious ring at the doorbell. There was a swift flow of words, a flurry of skirts, and past the palpitating maid a girl flew down the hall and into the dining-room. It was Elizabeth Darrell. Her face was white save where two disks of excited red burned high on her cheeks. Her fair hair was disordered beneath her big hat.

"It isn't true!" she cried, disdaining all preliminaries. "It isn't true. I know that. But where is he?"

"I don't know," said his mother woodenly.

"Don't know? Why do you look so, Mrs. Carey? Why do you—you don't believe this—this absurdity?"

Something in her young disdain angered the older woman.

"I know it is true," she announced briefly.

Elizabeth's wrath flamed.

"How do you know?" she demanded furiously.

"He told me."

The girl looked at the woman for a full minute with no change of expression. Then she walked slowly to a chair and sat down. She remained quite still for another minute.

"Where has he gone?" she asked dully.

"I do not know."

They faced each other again. Then the older woman leaned forward.

"Do you care so much?" she said curiously.

"How can you ask me?" replied the girl. "You who must love him beyond all words! Am I never to know where he is?"

"I do not desire to know."

"And I," said Elizabeth, "would give everything to know where he is, to go to him, to bring him back here for his expiation, to wait through it, and to make him happy at the end!"

"He has not disgraced your name, and you are young, and heroes are for you."

"You are his mother!"

"That is it. My son, flesh and blood of me, is a thief and a fugitive. You can know nothing about it."

Elizabeth sat, the youth frozen out of her face as if it were a flower blighted by the first frost. But by and by her indomitable spirit came back, melting the hardness of her look, almost dissipating its misery.

"Dear Mrs. Carey," she said gently, "you are right. I do not doubt. I cannot understand your feelings. But neither can you mine. I loved him. We were waiting, playing with our certain knowledge of ourselves and of each other, enjoying our love better because we had never used the words. It was like—it was like—ah, just before the orchards break into their useful leaf and fruit, when they are all a mist of pink and white, and you hold your breath for fear they'll change! Well, we hadn't said the words. But I belong to him, and I shall wait for him; and

because he is your boy you must let me come to you and try to comfort you."

"There is no comfort. I am disgraced." But her voice wavered.

"But he is homeless and forlorn and disgraced and unloved—and he was your son, your little boy!"

"Do not let us speak any longer of it," said Mrs. Carey quickly. "I am sorry for you, but you are young, and—you'll forgive me—romantic. In my day we were not so—so intense. You'll outgrow it. You'll come to blush for your folly, generous as it is. But never, until one of your children disgraces you, will you know what I am suffering. There may be worse to follow—his capture, a trial—"

She shuddered. Elizabeth bent over her.

"You don't know how I have half envied you," she whispered. "To have been his mother, to have cradled his dear little baby head on your arm, to have seen his little boy face shining with the wonder of each day's newness! I never thought to talk like this. But now you make me think that I, in my mere fancy, have had more joy of his childhood than you, who can think so selfishly of him ashamed, ruined, fleeing! Oh, why did you not go with him?"

She finished tempestuously. Usually there was a delicate reserve beneath even her most impulsive talk, but to-day, in her shocked and jealous anger for the man she loved, she was stirred to relentless self-revelations.

"Will you go?" cried Mrs. Carey, her low voice savage.

But when the door closed upon Elizabeth, her proud, miserable head was bent and she sobbed. A rush of tenderness for the little boy of Beth's conjuring imagination engulfed her. She loved and cherished the memory with a sudden primitive passion that she had never known for the original.

III.

In Canyon Center there are many men whose eyes have the look of the hunted. They are apprehensive of footsteps behind them, they scan newcomers with furtive keenness. They resent any searching inquiry into their habits of life "back East." They sometimes absent-mindedly forget to respond to the name by which they have introduced themselves to the community.

Something seemed to place Carruth in this band when he first appeared in the

town, the last link between civilization and the sun-baked hills and mesas of the desert. Yet something also seemed to differentiate him from most of its members. There was rather the recollection of misery than the apprehension of trouble in his look.

The delicately-balanced code of the place stifled inquisitive curiosity. In Canyon Center a man stands upon his record from the time of his arrival. Carruth's was good. In a place where many men were drunkards, he was conspicuously sober; only a certain charm of manner prevented him from being offensively so. Where many were idlers, he was consistently energetic. Where the population seemed almost equally divided between spendthrift and pauper, he was thrifty. Where it was the custom to be uproarious in mirth and lax in conduct, he seemed to dwell upon some sure height of kindly indifference that removed him from temptation. In a place where half the men were gamblers—gamblers who settled for their day of faro in the saloons and hotel lobbies with a businesslike promptitude in the morning, gamblers who staked their fortunes upon the chance of gleaming copper in places which they did not know among the bare hills, gamblers in cattle that they had never seen—among all these he held steadfastly to sureties.

He was poor when he arrived, but he was both well-educated and trained to business methods. In the big, hideous smelter at the edge of the city, just where the burnt desert began its wavering ascent to the shimmering blue hills, he found some sort of clerical employment, and step by step he mounted until he became the manager's assistant. He knew the details of the business; he knew the mines that sent their product to the establishment. He rode among them, fifty miles a day in the clear-domed waste places of the earth.

Gradually men came to trust him greatly, relying upon his unhurried judgment, his exact honesty. And women liked him for his long, lean frame made hardy by the life of the frontier, and for the inscrutable melancholy of his gray eyes.

He had been in Canyon Center eleven years, changing from a slight boy of twenty-four or five to a man. Whatever fear had dogged his footsteps at the beginning was gone. He sent no hasty glances over his shoulder now at unexpected steps. And he had resisted the allurements of Southwestern women and

the snares of Southwestern parents who knew of his growing balance in the bank.

There was an air of elation about him just at this time which it was difficult for those who noticed to explain to their satisfaction. The housekeeper of the Mansion Hotel, where he lived, had been pained, on reconnoitering through the keyhole, to see him "positively gloatin' over a bank-book—for all the world like a miser," as she said. She had not waited long enough to see him produce from a clumsy, man-sewed case of oiled paper a small picture of a girl, bare-headed, in the opening of a vine-hung piazza, or she would have seen the look of mysterious elation change to the lover's instinctive, unquenchable rapture, and then fade to utter misery.

Just before Christmas, Carruth was sent to El Paso on business for the smelter. His chief occupation during the journey was to cast up figures on the back of envelopes or the edges of newspapers, and in this he seemed to find a deep and mysterious satisfaction. In El Paso he transacted his business comfortably. He had an evening and a night to spend. He strolled among curio stores, ate sumptuously at a Chinese restaurant, and was again strolling about when the shout of a newsboy attracted his attention.

"Extry, extry!" the boy called, after the more vehement Eastern fashion. "Full account of the bank failure."

Carruth bought one of the papers. As he read the report of the speculations of a trusted official and how these had forced the bank to close its doors that afternoon, his face grew ashen. A number of smaller banks, the report said, would be involved in the failure. Carruth knew that Canyon Center's was one of these.

The paper crackled in his shaking hands for a second. Then he flung it from him and broke into a run which brought him to the railroad station. He knew that there was no train to Canyon Center that night, but there was one to a station thirty miles south, on one of the haphazard branches which the main line radiated into the wilderness. Laying about him to the right and left, falling over people, elbowing them aside, he breathlessly bought his ticket and swung himself aboard this train just before its departure.

On another track the Overland lay, its passengers stretching their legs on the platform. He dashed through them recklessly, and as he did so a tall,

graceful woman caught an older one by the arm and cried:

"Mother, mother! It—did you see him?"

Mrs. Carey turned her patient, tender eyes toward Elizabeth Darrell.

"No, dear," she answered.

"There, there!" cried Elizabeth breathlessly, pointing.

The other train, with Carruth catching his breath on the platform, was just starting. And Frederica Carey, stretching out longing arms toward him, astonished and disconcerted the other promenading passengers from the Overland. They were even more astonished when they heard the younger woman demand wildly of an official the destination of the moving train.

"Santo Domingo?" she repeated after her informant. "Porter!" she cried, running along the platform until she reached their own car. "Porter, get our things out of section fourteen. We've changed our destination. The Pacific can wait. Santo Domingo for us!"

Thus the winter trip of Mrs. Carey, and of her constant companion for the last eleven years, Elizabeth Darrell, was broken short. And the next morning's train for Santo Domingo bore them toward that small shipping station for the mines of the Santo Domingo Range, of which neither of them had ever heard before.

Then for the first time the magnificent faith and love of the young woman faltered. They had been strong enough to penetrate through the crust of habit and pride to the heart of his mother; they had triumphantly overridden all doubts of an ultimate meeting and of ultimate happiness. The abounding belief of the utter idealist had sustained her and Frederica Carey for eleven years. But now, since she had seen him, only one question agitated her.

"Oh, mother," she whispered, using the name they both loved, "what if—what if he should be married—or anything?"

For a second there was something of the selfishness of the unregenerate Frederica Carey in the woman who answered.

"It is possible, of course. But at any rate I shall have my boy again." Then she looked at the stricken, tremulous face beside her—the face still lovely with sweet imaginings and high courage despite all the years of pain—and her heart relented. "Ah, no, no!" she

cried remorsefully. "It could not be, it could not be!"

IV.

It was one o'clock in the morning when the train pulled into Santo Domingo. Theodore Carey, later Carruth, leaped from it before the great wheels had ceased their revolutions. He ran through the deserted main street to a saloon he knew. There he bargained for a horse and was out upon the trail with breathless haste. The men he left behind averred that they would not care to run counter to his wishes that night.

"He sure had the devil in his eyes," said one, returning to an interrupted game.

The thirty-mile stretch that lay before him, rough, bare, and sandy, he rode like a madman. He talked to himself, to the great stars, to the black expanse above him and the mystery of waste about him.

"I won't have it, I tell you!" he cried. "I won't have it. All these years for this—to lose it all for another man's dishonesty! I won't have it!"

Then he laughed aloud—a laugh that startled the hard-spurred beast beneath him.

"God!" he said. "What an ironist you are! To destroy my chance of restitution for another fool's thieving!"

Still galloping, he planned more quietly.

"The fool just got off," he reasoned. "Canyon Center won't hear of it until to-morrow morning. There can't be a run on the bank, the doors can't be closed, until after that. I'll have my money to-night."

It was five o'clock when he drew rein at an adobe house on the hill at the hither edge of the city. He had ceased his ravings, and his bronzed face was set in lines as hard as metal.

In answer to his ring a head appeared at a window. It was Rallson's, the cashier of the Copper and Silver Bank of Canyon Center.

"Rallson, it's I, Carruth!" said Theodore steadily. "Will you put on something? I want you."

"All right. Wait a minute."

Rallson felt as sure of Carruth as he did of himself. In an instant he appeared in the doorway.

"Come to the bank," said Theodore in an even voice. He had the cashier's arm in a grip of steel. "Come quietly, or I'll kill you."

The other hand showed a gleam of metal. Rallson nearly dropped dead of shocked surprise. Then he began to sputter. Then he looked at Theodore. Here was a madman, he decided. Wisdom counseled humoring the man until they reached help.

"I want my own money, that's all," declared the madman. "And I must have it before morning. You can learn my balance, you can open the safe. I must get it and be out of here before daybreak."

Rallson tried to think, tried to plan, to reason; but he could not. And then he heard the voice he knew and liked going on with a new note of pleading in it.

"Rallson, you know how I've slaved for it, how I've saved for it. It's mine—made of my muscle and my mind. Well"—Theodore paused, and the half-lie had greater effect when it followed—"I came here to hide. You know how straight I've lived; you see that whatever brought me, whatever damned folly or crime, I'm a man now. Well, they're on my trail at last. I've got to have the money and go."

His heart smote him when he thought of the closed doors of the bank, the consternation among the shops and saloons, among the ranches and mines beyond the town. But after all, his thousands would avail nothing in that panic. And he would not be cheated of the moment for which he had lived every hour of eleven years.

Rallson looked at him, trusted and liked him as ever, pitied him with quick sympathy.

"I'll do it," he said. "We'll date your order back to yesterday, and that may save me."

Twenty minutes later, on a fresh horse from Rallson's own corral, Theodore had set forth again for Santo Domingo. The next morning the doors of the Copper and Silver Bank of Canyon Center were suddenly closed after receiving a telegram from El Paso. In the general confusion Rallson's irregular action of the night before was overlooked. His explanation that Carruth's balance had been withdrawn just before closing time of the day before was not questioned.

V.

At Santo Domingo the two women lost the trail. They did not know for whom to inquire. They did not even

dare to describe too closely the person whom they sought. A sudden fear that even now he might not be safe from pursuit had assailed them. The station agent, the hotel people, and the loafers of the town were all ready with garrulous suggestions, but none brought the two any nearer the object of their search.

Christmas, the third day of their pursuit, found them still in the forlorn little town at the edge of the hills.

"It is all my fault," Elizabeth said remorsefully. "You might have been comfortable at Santa Barbara this minute but for me and my craziness. It was probably not Ted at all. And if it was, he's swallowed up out there in that awful desolation that is alike at every point. I'm sorry. When I am eighty I may have learned to distrust my impulses."

"That was Ted," said his mother simply. "And having seen him, you don't think that I could have gone on? You don't know a mother's heart, my dear."

So generous was Elizabeth's nature that it did not even occur to her that Mrs. Carey herself had not known a mother's heart until she, Elizabeth, had uncovered one in the mere organ of circulation with which the older woman had been so long content.

To pass the woful time they went to church—the tawdry, evil-smelling little church of Our Lady of All the Angels. The soft-eyed Mexicans were there in bright-colored groups, gently sibilant over the waxen image in the toy manger at one side. The sisters from the hospital were there, somber and serene, and a few of the American families had come in.

Mass was nearly half over when Theodore Carey entered the church. He was on his way back, and, thanks to a

wreck on the direct line to Canyon Center, he was going again by way of Santo Domingo. He wanted "to have it out with Rallson" in any way that Rallson demanded. The certified check to the Elmburg County Traction Company was speeding due east from El Paso. So was a hopeless letter to Elizabeth Darrell.

What impulse led him to the adobe church with the cracked belfry he did not know. He had not been in such a place since last he had accompanied his mother to the family pew in the white-steepled Congregational church at Elmburg. But some superstition of rendering thanks according to formal rite seized him, and here he was in the back of the tinselly edifice with its bright pictures, its toy manger, and its altar candles aureoled in the heavily-incensed air.

He rose and knelt awkwardly enough with the others. He listened to the simple Spanish sermon with a reverence that he had not expected to feel. It was all of love and forgiveness, and of the tenderness of God made manifest in the tender Mother of the Stable—and in all tender mothers, the kind old priest finished by saying.

Theodore smiled a little sadly, a vision of his own outraged mother before him. Still, he understood her better now than on the night when she let him go, unloved, to his expiation of his sin.

There was a murmur across the aisle. He glanced in its direction. He saw a face with hollow eyes—a face transfigured now with a light of a great joy, and then, before the wide-eyed Mexicans, he crossed the aisle and took the fragile old figure in his arms. And across his mother's head, he gazed, with joy and love too deep, too sure, for questioning the miracle, into the radiant face of Elizabeth Darrell.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Out of the past's black night
There shines one star
Whose light
Is more than countless constellations are.

High in the east it gleams—
This radiant star
Whose beams
Are more to man than all the planets are.

Still be thy light displayed,
Oh, Bethlehem star!
Nor fade
Until the circling systems no more are!

Sennett Stephens.

ETCHINGS

MY FIRST BOOTS.

At Christmas I haunt olden ways
As at no other season,
And live again the halcyon days
When rhythm discounted reason.
And always on a loaded tree—
The genus whereon such fruit grows—
Hung near the tippy-top I see
A pair of boots with copper toes.

Of books the usual array
My eager optics greeted;
A pair of skates another day
Had my delight completed;
But soon was added to the toys
To make me shortly friends or foes,
The cream of all my boyhood joys,
A pair of boots with copper toes.

That things to wear could constitute
A "really truly" present
I never would agree. Repute
Had me tagged "*Boy: Unpleasant.*"
However, it may be believed
I didn't class footwear as clothes,
For I went wild when I received
That pair of boots with copper toes.

To-night I'll tread the minut
In shining patent leathers,
Recalling as I turn Fanchette
What's said about fine feathers.
When I first learned to make a bow
I wore less sightly boots than those;
I wish that I could wear them now—
That pair of boots with copper toes!
Edward W. Barnard.

A SPRIG OF MISTLETOE.

ENCASED in paper soft and white, tied
with a scarlet bow,
Within a grim old trunk there lies a
sprig of mistletoe.
Old guns, the hilts of broken swords, and
rusted spurs declare
That no white hand of dainty dame
had placed the love-gage there.

Oh, strange it looks, that relic of a
far-off Christmas Day,
Among the souvenirs of war so deftly
laid away!

Who were the twain it favored when its
leaves with silver sheen
And berries of a pearly hue shone out
'mid holly green?

I seem to see them dancing in a grand
colonial hall—
Her, dark-eyed, grave, and haughty;
him, gray-eyed, gay, and tall.
I see the startled crimson sweep up to
her ebon hair
As he whirled her 'neath the mistletoe
and boldly kissed her there!

I hear the call of bugles, the tread of
marching men;
I see him pause beside her, and kiss
her once again;
Her face, as white as snow-flakes, sinks
on his blue-clad breast,
The while her heart turns traitor, and
hails him as its guest!

How ends the tale, I wonder, of that
fateful long ago?
In grief, I fear, since he it was who
kept the mistletoe.
And still it holds the secret of some
heart that bore a scar—
A waif of love and Christmas joy
'mid souvenirs of war!
Adela S. Cody.

THE APPLE.

SEE how this friendly, toothsome sphere
Presents the story of the year.

The tender fragrance of the spring
Aroused to rapt awakening—
A breath from bursting copse and
whin—
This lingers in the apple's skin.

Beneath, a mellowness that seems
To call back golden summer dreams:
The sun-drenched fields, the basking hill,
The bee's bassoon, the thrush's trill.

But, mingling, is the winy bite
That speaks of autumn day and night;
September's varied, piquant moods;
The crispness of October woods.

Within, the central, harder core,
Esteemed by some, despised by more,
And which, ordained by nature's needs,
Like winter, guards the springtime
seeds.

And thus the apple waits to treat
Him who will only take and eat.

Edwin L. Sabin.

KISSING THE CANDLESTICK.

In days of quilting and of reel,
When merry young folks played
At forfeits and "cross purposes,"
And penalties were paid
Of quaint device, the youth condemned
To some confusing trick
Was bade to "blow the candle out
And kiss the candlestick."

And Kittie, with the blossoms spread
To roses in her cheek,
Or Deborah, with bashful step
And manner shy and meek,
Would hold the gleaming light aloft
Above her curly head—
Herself a witching candlestick
Of bonny white and red.

The olden games are laid aside
With spindle and with loom;
Those rustic merry-makings share
The tarnished sconces' doom;
No more the ruddy ear of corn
Can raise a shout of glee,
Nor light feet trip to "Weevily Wheat"
At autumn husking-bee.

The youth of now, who longs to try
His skill at old-time plays,
Has only one resource at hand—
When Christmas fagots blaze,
To garnish every jet of light
With mystic mistletoe,
And for a candlestick, mistake
The girl who stands below!

Harriet Whitney Durbin.

OUR SCHOOL.

From the dawn till day's close
Do my boys 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!
'Tis their class call, that ends
With a shrill *Sis, Boom, Bah!*
And they can't understand
How the school of my youth
With no ear-splitting "yells"
Could teach knowledge and truth.
It is quite true that we
Cried no cannibal cries,
But our slogan was this:
"Take a fellow your size!"

Young James quotes a Latin
Or French commonplace;
"That's our motto!" he says,
Pride illumining his face.
"What was yours, dad?" he asks,
And I'm fain to concede
That the plain Golden Rule
Filled our every need.
As to mottoes, I fear
We were not rich nor wise;
If we had one, 'twas this:
"Take a fellow your size!"

And I oftentimes think,
In these days of the trust,
When our treasures laid up
Are for thieves, moth, and rust;
When it's might that makes right,
And the fight's to the strong,
What a fine thing 'twould be,
As we journey along,
If the school of mankind
Made the chief of its cries
That old slogan of ours—
"Take a fellow your size!"

Edward W. Barnard.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

"WHAT is the Monroe Doctrine,
My father?" asked the child;
And as the father closed his book,
Approvingly he smiled.
"That's right, my son; I'm glad to see
Your mind with questioning stirred;
What is the Monroe Doctrine?
I'll tell you in a word."

He fixed his eyes upon the floor,
His thoughts to concentrate;
And then he cast them up, as though
The ceiling were a slate,
And on its face he hoped to find
The definition writ—
"What is the Monroe Doctrine?
Now, let me think a bit."

He took the glasses from his nose,
And polished them with care,
And then he tapped his forehead, and
Got up and changed his chair.
"The Monroe Doctrine—well, my son,
You must be on your guard
In stating it, but I should say—
What makes you breathe so hard?"

At last when he had been assured
His son would breathe no more,
He set his brains to work anew,
And rose and paced the floor.
"The Monroe Doctrine is, my child—
Well, it's a rule," he said—
His eye fell on the clock. "Here, boy,
You run right off to bed!"

William Wallace Whitelock.

The Hold-up on Split Mountain.

A STRANGE TALE TOLD IN THE SMOKING-ROOM OF A PULLMAN CAR.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

I.

THE Denver Flier on the Burlington had dropped the dining-car over in the edge of Nebraska, and was boring its way westward into the night, when four men, strangers all, drifted together in the Pullman smoking-room.

Of the four, one was a railway chief clerk on his way to a rate meeting in Denver. Another was a cow-puncher of the collegiate type. A third was a tinned-meat salesman of childlike assurance and Falstaffian girth; the fourth an alert young fellow who looked as if he might be anything from a rising captain of industry to a successful soldier of fortune.

It was the tinned-meat man who first broke the thin ice of unacquaintance.

"I take it we are all members in good standing, gentlemen?" he said mildly, with a lift of the eyebrow and an interrogative glance for each of the others.

"Of what, for instance?" queried the railway man.

"Of the club—the Ancient and Honorable Guild of Smoke-Room Liars."

The ice-breaking laugh went around.

"Pitch out," said the Harvard expatriate. "If we don't believe your stories, we'll give you the glad hand and never let on."

The salesman shook his head.

"I wasn't speaking for myself. I'm a shy man, and there are too many of you. My specialty is the personal confidence with one listener. You wouldn't expect me to tell three of you at once how I divorced my third wife and married my fourth in the same court-room?"

"Same here," chimed in the cow-man, making the excuse loosely his own.

"It's up to you," said the chief clerk, passing it on to the unclassified member in the basket chair.

But the possible captain of industry was also an apologist.

"Sorry to disappoint you, gentlemen; but I can't lie extempore at such short notice," he laughed.

"Tell the truth, then," said the Harvard undergraduate. "No true Pullman liar will believe it, you know."

"But the club rules!" protested the new member. "If I were to tell a true story—"

"Don't trouble yourself," the salesman cut in. "You won't tell the truth here; nobody does."

"Well, if I must! It's a hold-up, and I'll tell you the story of another—a one-man affair that fell out while I was in the express service in Colorado. That is, we'll suppose it did."

"The thing happened on one of those black nights between moons in the early autumn, on the Split Mountain branch of the C. & G. R. The west-bound passenger—Harding, conductor, and Hallett, engineer—was late; and half way up the four-per-cent grade on the mountain the train came to a stop with a sudden jerk.

"There were two men in the express car—Lessig, the messenger, and a fellow named Renwick, who was a sort of traveling lawyer for the railroad company. At the moment of the stop, Lessig was standing under the poor light of the bracket lamp, billing a few pieces of freight taken on at Slawson's, and Renwick was sitting in the one chair the car afforded, facing the door, which was open the width of a big man's shoulders. Before either of them could wink, a masked face appeared at the opening, and a voice said:

"Hands up—both of ye!"

"The lawyer was the cooler of the two. He was holding his cigar in his fingers, and he took time to flick the ash from it and to put it between his teeth before clasping his hands behind his head. But Lessig jumped as if he'd been shot at, and dropped his bill-clip. His sawed off shotgun was lying in its brackets on the far side of the car. Naturally, his eyes went that way; but the hold-up, who was climbing in at the door, pistol in hand, saw the look and understood it.

"Don't you try it!" he snarled, flourishing the cocked revolver. "You'd cash in before you could bat your eye!" And Lessig's eyes let go of the gun.

"The small route safe stood in the middle of the floor. Its lid was closed, but the key was in the lock. The fellow

slewed it toward him as he spoke, and flung the lid open.

"Right there was the messenger's opportunity, but he let it go by. The distance across the car to the sawed-off gun was only a fair jump, and he might have made it while the hold-up was rummaging in the safe. He had a fighting record; had stood off three dynamiters on the main line the year before, and got honorable mention. But this time he let that one man ransack the safe and get away."

"That's natural enough to be true," was the cow-puncher's comment. "Go on."

II.

"WHEN the fellow jumped from the car with his fistful of money packages, two or three shots whanged out, and the hue and cry was raised *pronto*. Lessig was cool enough when the rush came, and told his story to the crowd of excited passengers and train-men in ten words. There was the usual hullabaloo, of course; the more when it became evident that one man had run the bluff alone and single-handed. Then somebody trod on something paper-wrapped lying on the ground just beneath the car door, stooped, groped for it, and found it was one of the money packages. Instant search turned up more of them, and everybody laughed. In jumping from the car the robber had stumbled and dropped his plunder; at least, that's what everybody thought.

"Lessig climbed down and checked the findings on his safe-slip. The money was all there, even to a twenty-five-cent C. O. D.; and again the laugh went up. But when the obstructing cross-ties were tumbled from the track, and Hallett was once more hammering the ten-wheeler up the mountain, the messenger had a fit and jumped for the bell-cord.

"'I knew it!' he yelled; and when Harding came running forward to see what was the matter: 'Back her down, quick, Clarence! I'm short—a package of valuable papers from the Sylvanite Company's lawyers to Manager Harkness. There's one chance in a thousand—'

"But there wasn't. Hallett dropped the train back to the scene of the hold-up, and everybody got off to look for the missing package. It was not to be found, and the messenger's face was haggard when Harding finally swung the engineer the signal to go on.

"Just before the train reached Sylvanite, Lessig, who had been sitting on the

locked safe and thinking things too lurid to print, tackled the lawyer.

"'You're the only witness to this thing, Mr. Renwick,' he said. 'Was there anything I could have done and didn't do?'

"Renwick thought there wasn't. He hadn't marked the messenger's lost opportunity. After a little, Lessig began again.

"'There's going to be the devil to pay about that lost package,' he said; and then he told the lawyer what he knew about it. The Sylvanite mine was in litigation over a disputed title to the original claim. Two prospectors had discovered the vein, and were equal owners. One of them had gone back East to die, leaving the other as his quasi-legal representative. It was all loosely defined, as such trusts usually were between friend and friend in the early days of the mining era. Later, the find had proved a bonanza, and a syndicate had been formed to take up other claims impinging and infringing. The living partner, unable, for the want of proper writings from the dead man, to make good his standing in court, was—or was about to be—frozen out by the syndicate,

"'Well?' said the lawyer, when the messenger had got that far.

"'That's all,' said Lessig; 'except that the case comes to trial day after to-morrow, and I happen to know that the syndicate lawyers have got hold of some of the dead man's papers that give them the cinch. Also, I happen to know that Manager Harkness had a wire this morning telling him to look for these papers on this train.'

"Renwick was a sort of cold-blooded fish, and he said:

"'Young man, doesn't it occur to you that you know a little too much?'

"Lessig confessed that it had occurred to him, but he did not tell the lawyer how he came to be so deep in the secrets of the Sylvanite affair. That would have necessitated an explanation of his relations with Miss Priscilla Burford, daughter and assistant of the agent at Sylvanite station; and, like most young lovers, he was reticent on that side of him.

"After a bit Renwick asked what the Sylvanite business had to do with the hold-up. Lessig stammered and said:

"'Nothing much, only—'

"'Only the taking of this one package points a pretty straight finger of suspicion at the dead man's partner? In that case, you have only to give your superintendent the simple facts in your wire

report of the robbery, and the officers will nip your man in twenty-four hours.'

"Hallett was whistling for the terminus, and the shriek of the steam and the clamor and bang of the wheels on the switches drowned Lessig's reply, if he made any. Two minutes later he was waiting alone at the open door of the car for Burford to come and check him in. But instead it was Miss Priscilla who came to sign the way-book.

"Where is your father?" asked Lessig, with his heart in his throat, and yet knowing well enough what the answer must be.

"I can't imagine," she replied. "He went out right after supper, and I haven't seen him since."

The messenger loaded his freight on the truck without another word and trundled it into the station express-room. When he had turned the key on it, he followed Miss Priscilla to the telegraph office.

"There has been a hold-up," he said, wishing the earth might gape and swallow him. "I'll have to report it."

"A train robbery?" she gasped; and as he nodded his affirmative the waiting-room door slammed open and the manager of the Sylvanite Consolidated came to the ticket window.

"Good evening, Miss Burford," he snapped. "There is a package of valuable papers for me in this train's express, as you know. I'll take it, if you please."

"It was Lessig who broke the bad news. "There has been a hold-up, Mr. Harkness, and your package was taken," he began; but the manager cut him short with a blaze of fireworks.

"You—you scoundrel!" he shouted, when he could spare the breath for a connected sentence. "And you stood by and saw it done? But, of course, that was part of the game; it took both of you to work it successfully. You see, Grimsby"—whirling short upon the man who had followed him in—"I told you this man Burford wouldn't stick at anything. Come on; our business now is with the sheriff."

"You might have heard a pin drop in that telegraph office after Harkness and his man went out. Prissie was the first to speak.

"Tell me, Ralph," she said in a trembling whisper, "what did he mean?"

"Now, Lessig was a tender-hearted young chump in those days, but if you pushed him to the wall he was likely to blurt out the truth in its raw state.

"He meant that he was going to

swear out a warrant for your father and get the sheriff's posse out after him; that's what he meant. That's bad enough, but it isn't the worst, by a long shot. *I've got to make my report!*"

Miss Burford was the station operator, and she sat down to the telegraph instrument mechanically and called up Denver. Then his meaning suddenly dawned upon her, and she broke out with a pitiful little cry.

"Oh, Ralph, you can't do that! Father didn't do it—tell me you didn't see him do it!"

Lessig flung himself into a chair and put his face in his hands.

"I wish to God I could tell you that, and believe it, Prissie!" he groaned. "But I can't. It was the old man, right enough; if it hadn't been, he'd 'a' died with his boots on." Then, pushing a pad of blanks toward her: "Tell Denver to hold the wire open while you can write out a message." And when she was ready he dictated:

To M. J. GARTH, Superintendent, Denver:

Train Number Three was held up on Split Mountain grade at 12:10 this A. M. by masked men, and safe rifled. All packages except one of valuable papers addressed to Harkness, manager Sylvanite Consolidated, recovered. No money loss.

He paused, wet his lips, and went on: Agent Burford, defendant in suit, is missing, and sheriff's posse is out after him. I will testify under oath that he is not the man who—

Miss Burford dropped the pencil and looked him straight in the eyes.

"Are you going to perjure yourself, Ralph Lessig?" she demanded.

"The man who loves you as I do, Prissie, and wouldn't sell his soul for you, wouldn't be worth marrying."

"Oh!" she cried, daggering him with the reproach in the slate-blue eyes. "How base you must think me! You believe my father did it—you think you saw him do it. I know he didn't do it; but that makes no difference. If you tell Mr. Garth this thing which you believe to be a lie——"

"What then?" he asked.

"Then you don't know my father's daughter, and this"—twisting the ring from her finger and dropping it into his hand—"this goes back to you!"

Lessig stared at the ring like a man struck dumb; and then there was another interruption. The waiting-room door opened again, and two deputies entered to arrest the messenger as an accessory both before and after the fact.

He went peaceably. Passing the ticket window on the way out, he saw

Priscilla tear the last three lines from the pencil copy of the report to the superintendent, and hold the slip of paper in the lamp flame."

III.

THE tale-teller paused, and asked for the box of safety matches. His cigar had gone out. While he relit it the Harvard cow-man dropped in his comment.

"So far, this is the fetchin'est lie I've heard in many a session," he said. "If you can keep it up, we'll break into the buffet and open a pot of baked beans and a bottle of pure food catchup in your honor. I suppose Lessig went to jail *pronto*, as you'd say?"

"He did that—had to. About noon the next day Renwick heard of it and bailed him out; after which he cross-examined him like a prosecuting attorney, and pulled out all the facts. They were dead against Burford.

"But the cross-examination brought out some other things that set Renwick's lawyer wit at work in another direction. Pinned down to details, Lessig was made to doubt the evidence of his own senses. Renwick drove the wedge skilfully and with gentle tappings. Wasn't there a chance that the messenger, knowing all the ins and outs of the affair, had mistaken likelihood for certainty? Could he go into court and swear that the robber was Joel Burford and no other, after all? He—Renwick—had also been a witness, and, knowing the agent passing well, had never thought of identifying him with the robber.

"Lessig weakened. Hat, coat, figure, and voice he had identified, or thought he had; still, there was room for the thin edge of uncertainty.

"But the motive," he protested. "Who else would—"

"Never mind the motive; or rather, let's look for it somewhere else," said Renwick. "Does anybody but Harkness and his crowd know positively what those papers contained?"

"Lessig thought not.

"Very good," said the lawyer. "Now let us suppose, for the sake of another way out of it, that the contents of these documents were such as to make the disappearance of the evidence a prime necessity for the plaintiffs. What a fine double stroke of villainy it would be to efface the evidence and to inerminate the defendant by a single piece of sleight of hand!"

"Lessig couldn't believe it possible.

"How does the matter stand with the railroad and express companies?" the lawyer asked.

"Burford and I are both suspended, pending an investigation."

"And Miss Priscilla?"

"She is relieved, of course. An operator came up on Number Five."

"Very well; you make it your business to keep tab on Harkness till further notice. Don't let him out of your sight, if you can help it, and report to me here if he does anything out of the ordinary."

Lessig obeyed the order, not hopefully, but because there was nothing else to do. Nothing unusual happened during the afternoon, but at nightfall there were two things to report. The sheriff's posse had returned to town, without Burford; and Harkness was at the station wiring for a special engine to take him somewhere down the road.

"If he goes, we go, too," Renwick announced. "Come on!"

They hurried, and were none too prompt. Arrived at the station, they found that Harkness had secured his special—an engine with its crew of two—and was about to embark with a rough-looking miner for a traveling companion. Renwick drew Lessig aside.

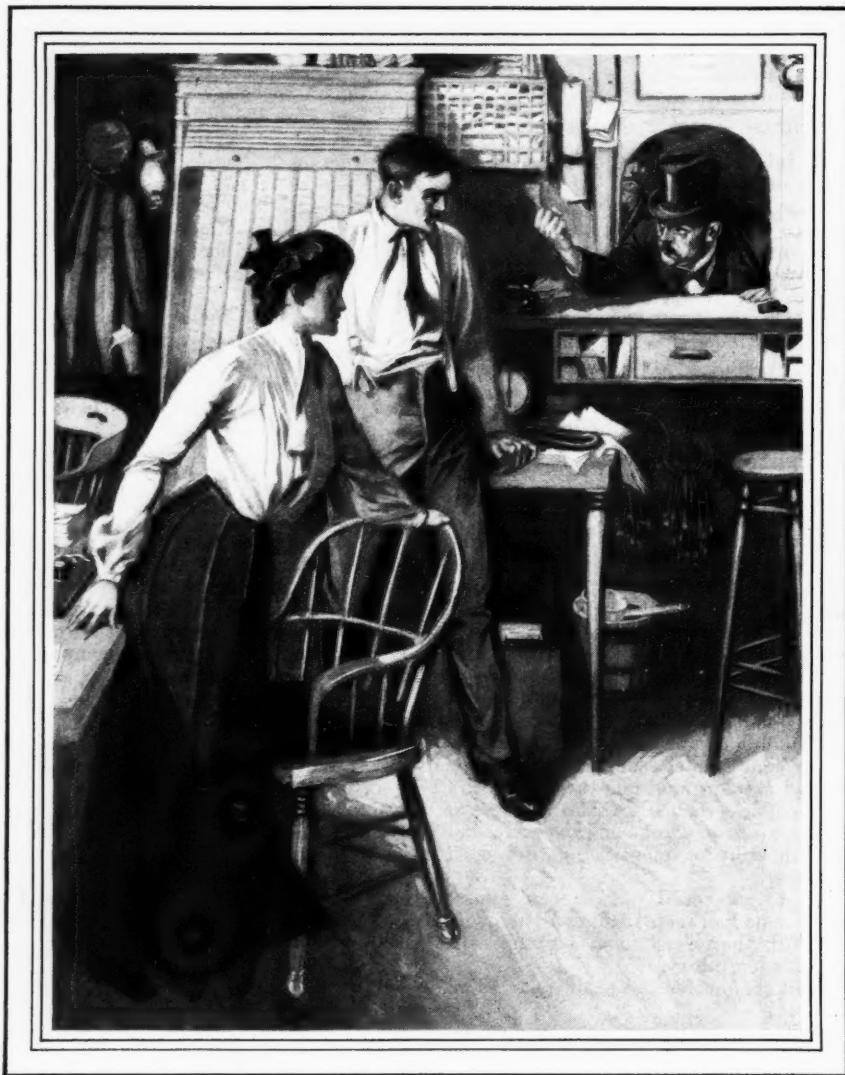
"We ride with them," said he. "It's for you to say how."

Lessig said he would fix it, and he did. Hallett was the engineer, and when he swung down to sign his running orders, the messenger had a word in private with him. A moment later Lessig was dragging Renwick around the back of the station to the corner of the building just opposite the engine's pilot—cow-catcher, you fellows call it. The glare of the electric headlight made everything within its broad beam as light as day; and in the momentary pause they both had a glimpse of a gray-clad figure in petticoats running across the tracks in the yard. At the same instant the light dynamo stopped suddenly, the glare went out in darkness tangible, and Lessig grabbed the lawyer's arm.

"Quick," he commanded; "on to the pilot before they see us!"

They were safely stowed under the sizzling headlight before the dynamo began to buzz again. But just as the blinding beam flashed out anew, the gray-clad figure reappeared, rising, as it seemed, out of the ballast under the pilot's nose. It was Priscilla.

"Oh, Ralph—Mr. Renwick!" she panted. "Take me with you! That man knows where father is—I'm sure of it!"



"YOU—YOU SCOUNDREL! AND YOU STOOD BY AND SAW IT DONE!"

"There was no time to argue the point. The steam was whistling into the cylinders, and the big engine was shuddering for the start. With a common impulse they caught at her, and set her safely between them; and in the act the locomotive coughed hoarsely, spat fire, and surged away down the canyon.

"The breath-taking rush in the darkness was a short one, pausing, as Lessig had begun to believe it would, at the precise spot on the steep grade where Number Three had been stopped the night be-

fore. Harkness and his companion were off at the grinding of the driver-jams. There was the sputtering crackle of a match, and a dark lantern was lighted.

"'You'll wait for us, engineer,' said the manager; and then the pair of them plunged into the firs, the rough-looking one in advance as lantern-bearer.

"Renwick took his measures promptly, whipping back to the cab, where Hallett was leaning out of the window.

"'Down with you, Mr. Hallett, and come with us. Leave your fireman in

charge, and bring something to fight with.'

"Hallett joined them at once. 'What's up?' he asked, screwing up the loose jaw of the big monkey-wrench so that it should not rattle as he carried it.

"We don't know; but we mean to find out. Quietly, now, and keep that lantern in sight!"

Hallett led the way, and Lessig brought up the rear with Miss Burford, who refused to be left behind. They had not far to go. In a rocky gulch, less than a hundred yards from the track, the guiding light halted. They closed in upon it silently, the thick carpeting of fir needles underfoot muffling all sound. What they saw when they came near enough was the manager and his accomplice standing over the body of a man stretched out at the bole of a great tree—the man for whom the sheriff's posse had been vainly searching all day.

"There was a breathless pause, and then Priscilla's whispered moan:

"Oh, God, they've killed him!"

"What was that?" said Harkness, starting guiltily. Then he recovered himself. "Give me the package, and let's do what you ought to have done last night—put it where it will explain things when he's found. There's a rope at the end of this if we're not a blamed sight less club-witted than you've been!"

The miner fellow fumbled in the pocket of his duck coat and took out a sealed express envelope, passing it to Harkness. Then two things happened. Priscilla darted forward to throw herself with a hopeless little cry of anguish upon the body of her father; and Lessig suddenly confronted the arch villain.

"I see you've got your package, Mr. Harkness," he said. "I'll trouble you to give me a receipt for it. As things stand, it's charged up to me."

Of course there was a lively row. Harkness and his bully fought like wildcats, and Hallett had to beat them both insensible with his monkey-wrench. When the dust settled, the engine had a full load for the run back to Sylvanite, where Sheriff Lukens took two of her passengers to patch up and board pending their trial.

No; Joel Burford didn't die. He was up and able to testify at the trial. His story was simplicity itself. He had seen the real robber stealing his coat and hat out of the freight-room at the station, and had followed him, which was precisely what the robber desired. The chase was a long one, since the coat-stealer

was mounted and Burford was afoot. The pursuit ended at the scene of the train robbery, Burford coming up just as the robber was jumping from the car. Given another half minute, he would have captured the hold-up single-handed; but the lacking thirty seconds turned the fight into a chase, and one of the robber's back-flung shots had taken effect."

IV.

THE railway chief clerk yawned and flung his arms aloft.

"It's a plausible yarn," he said. "And it beats the written ones, because we can make you go on and lie it out to some sort of a finish. What were the papers, and what became of them?"

"Oh, they figured in the lawsuit—Burford's suit with the syndicate; which, by the way, he won. There were the dead man's will, bequeathing his interest in the original mine to his sister's son; and a power of attorney authorizing Burford to act as executor until the young man turned up."

"Of course he never turned up," interpolated the seller of meats in armor.

"He did, indeed; very pointedly. He is Priscilla Burford's husband now, and is managing the Sylvanite, vice Mr. Alfred Harkness, who is doing time at Canyon City. The dead man's legatee was none other than the express messenger, though no one knew it at the time."

The ready laugh went up from the three listening members.

"And they lived happily ever after," quoted the Harvard cow-puncher. "Same old story, without the variations. You don't ask us to believe it?"

"Oh, no; certainly not."

"Because there are a couple of impossibles, you know. Harkness knew what was in the papers, and yet didn't destroy them. That's count one. Count two is the common weakness of the novelists. You've been taking the top of that express messenger's head off all along, and letting us see what he thought and felt."

The tale-teller rose, smiling sadly.

"I told you I couldn't lie on such short notice; and now I'll go to bed and give you a chance to vote me out of the club. In fiction, the manager would doubtless have destroyed the papers; but if you've noticed, your real, human criminal is always lacking at the pinch, in wit or in courage. As for the other extenuating circumstance, it vanishes when I confess that it was my own story I told you. My name is Lessig."

THE ANGELIC CHOIR.

BY BERTHA DAMARIS KNOBE.

THE SURPLICED CHOIR OF MIXED VOICES, AN INNOVATION WHICH MANY EPISCOPAL CHURCHES ARE ADOPTING—THE WEAKENING OF THE OLD FEELING AGAINST ALLOWING WOMEN TO SHARE IN THE SERVICES, AND THE CONSEQUENT GAIN TO CHURCH MUSIC.



A CHOIR GIRL AT THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, NEW YORK.

ognized part of some of the best of American choirs.

This new chapter seems to have been begun in Australia. As surpliced members of a chancel choir, women made their first recorded appearance at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, in Melbourne, about thirty years ago. A little later the innovation was adopted in certain churches in England. A somewhat bitter controversy ensued, and Canon Liddon, who espoused the ultra-conservative side of it, was so unkind as to remark:

"It is difficult to say whether the spectacle of ladies in surplices is more irreverent than it is certainly grotesque."

The ungracious speech of the famous English preacher may be forgiven and forgotten along with St. Bernard's saying that woman is an instrument of the devil. The world grows wiser as it grows older, and it has never learned more quickly than in this day and generation. We do not dream of excluding the better and purer sex from heaven.

THE choir girl is of course no new thing, in spite of St. Paul's opinion of women who made themselves heard in the churches. But a new chapter in her history is being written by certain metropolitan houses of worship in which she now appears in all the glory of cap and gown, and takes her place as a rec-

During their probationary period on earth we are beginning to let them vote, conduct businesses, and enter the professions; and common sense is suggesting that if they have at least an equal chance of admission to the seraph choir above, there can be nothing greatly wrong in letting them use their God-given voices in services of praise and prayer below.

During the last three years quite a number of American churches—all of them, so far as the writer is aware, being of the Episcopal communion—have established the so-called "angelic" choirs. The pioneer in New York was All Souls', during the rectorship of Dr. Heber Newton, and with Richard Henry Warren as choirmaster. Shortly afterward the idea was taken up at St. Bartholomew's, to which church Mr. Warren went from All Souls'. To disarm the criticisms of prejudice, the change was accomplished gradually. At first a choir of thirty-six men and women was placed in a gallery. Then it was brought down to the chancel for the Sunday afternoon services. This latter position was so manifestly preferable that after a few weeks it was definitely adopted, and no change would now be thought of.

THE SPREAD OF THE MOVEMENT.

The Church of the Ascension, St. George's, St. Mark's, St. Michael's, and perhaps half a dozen other New York churches have followed the example thus set. St. Michael's in Brooklyn was among the first to institute a surpliced mixed choir. There is one at the Church of the Atonement, in Philadelphia. Dr. Canedy, of Trinity Church, New Rochelle, is one of the strongest supporters of the movement, which is constantly enlisting new adherents.

It would be idle to deny that there has been in many quarters a decided feeling against the wearing of ecclesiastical garments by women. On the other hand,

it was urged that an appropriate and uniform costume was far better than a display of changeable and incongruous feminine fashion; that it was indeed almost a necessity for a decorous ceremony of worship. And fortunately, this latter view has triumphed over blind conservatism. At St. Bartholomew's the women of the choir wear a black skirt and purple waist, over which is thrown a flowing white garment, resembling the traditional cotta, but fuller; and a small purple cap. In most of the "angelic"

Modern composers and modern choir-masters have infused an emotional and even a dramatic element into church music which was quite unknown to it in former days. For work of this sort a choir in which boys take the two upper parts is not well suited; but women singers have given church music a new range and an added warmth and vitality. They have helped to make obsolete the old school of composition which cared so little for the expressiveness of a chorus that it would frequently assign different



THE GIRLS OF THE CHURCH CHOIR AT ST. MARK'S, NEW YORK—THEIR UNIFORM IS A BLACK SURPLICE AND A BLACK AND WHITE HEADPIECE.

From a photograph by W. H. Alling.

choirs the uniform is the same, or very similar, the chief difference being that at some churches a black "mortar-board" replaces the cap. The choir girls of old St. Mark's, shown in the engraving on this page, have a prim headpiece of black and white, though the Sunday schools choir in the same parish wear the college cap.

Together with the introduction of feminine voices there has come a marked tendency to change the character of the music used in ecclesiastical services. Each movement, it may be said, has been both a cause and an effect of the other.

words to the various parts simultaneously, making the result a meaningless jumble of sound.

Last Easter the Choir Girls' Guild, an organization which includes some three hundred members, gave a sacred concert at St. Michael's, New York. Not only was the occasion musically interesting, but it was a strangely attractive sight to see the uniformed choristers march, each with its ornate banner, into the chancel of the spacious church. The gathering is to be repeated annually, and it is likely to attract increasing attention.

STORIETTES

A Clipped Cable.

I.

THE office of the United States legation at Bodega was at a temperature of eighty-four degrees, and Mark Adderley, who had divested himself of coat and waistcoat in order to wrestle as coolly as might be with the tedious calculations of despatch-cabling, leaned back in his chair flapping himself with a silk handkerchief.

"Hang Burroughs!" he said, apostrophizing his absent junior. "What does he want to leave for just now? If he had been here, I could have shoved this job on to him."

And he tilted his chair backward to the angle of the wall that concealed the clock, thereby endangering his equilibrium, but displaying to advantage a very symmetrical figure, long-limbed, broad-shouldered, clean-featured. Indeed, his personal attractions had won for him the nickname of "the Seraph" at Bodega.

"By Jove," he continued, as one eye secured a glimpse of the time, "I can't do it! Twenty minutes' ride to Murano's Point, five minutes to cool down, three more to reach the villa—it's impossible! If I am late, Valencia will go out driving or give an order to admit other callers, or mark her displeasure in some equally annihilating form."

He rose and paced the room restlessly, returning to the table and looking discontentedly down at the despatch.

"It's a devil of a length," he said, "and most of it palaver. The chief seems to have selected all the words that have the least meaning and take the longest time to cable. Look at this!"

He dabbed angrily at the sentence where he had broken off; it was a relief to his feelings to give voice to them.

"Twenty-five thousand five hundred and sixty-four—twenty-five thousand two hundred and twenty-eight. 'We are anxious to maintain these friendly relations, but—but I'm hanged,'" Adderley continued, "if I am going to miss my appointment with Valencia for the sake of all the powers rolled into one!"

He turned the two next pages of the despatch and glanced at the end.

"It's the same sort of thing all through," he said. "I know the chief's way of wriggling out of a tight corner. There is no pinning him down to anything definite. I shall skip a page—it won't make any difference, and no one will ever be the worse."

He turned to the last leaf, looked back again at the one he was cabling, saw that two of the sentences dovetailed quiet neatly together, with no apparent hiatus, and, concentrating his whole attention on the substitution of figures for words, galloped through the remainder of the despatch.

"That's done," he said complacently, as the last click released him.

Resuming his vest and coat, he pulled his tie into shape, seized his hat, and descended the office stairs with an energy inspired by desperation.

"I can just do it," he thought, looking at his watch, "but I haven't an instant to lose." And as he rode at full speed toward Murano's Point he laughed at the remembrance of his reckless defiance of diplomatic shackles. "I wonder if I dare tell Valencia," he thought. "It would score with her. She likes to feel that she can pull the strings of the world."

Ten minutes later he strolled on to the lawn of the Desvignes' villa, looking as leisurely and nonchalant as a young diplomat who knows his business should.

"*Mademoiselle* is in the garden," said the butler, and a glimmer of blue through the trees guided Mark to the hammock, Valencia's favorite resort.

It was a charming picture, certainly—the slender, lissome figure in its draperies of azure chiffon; one little foot drooping over the hammock edge; the head with its waves of dark hair pillowled on rounded arms whose whiteness was revealed by elbow sleeves; the fringe of lashes resting on cheeks like the petals of a magnolia blossom.

French on her father's side, with the inherited grace and fascination of a Parisian beauty, and English on her mother's, which accounted for some further attractions of person and mind,

Valencia was bound to be the star of any social firmament in which she might elect to shine.

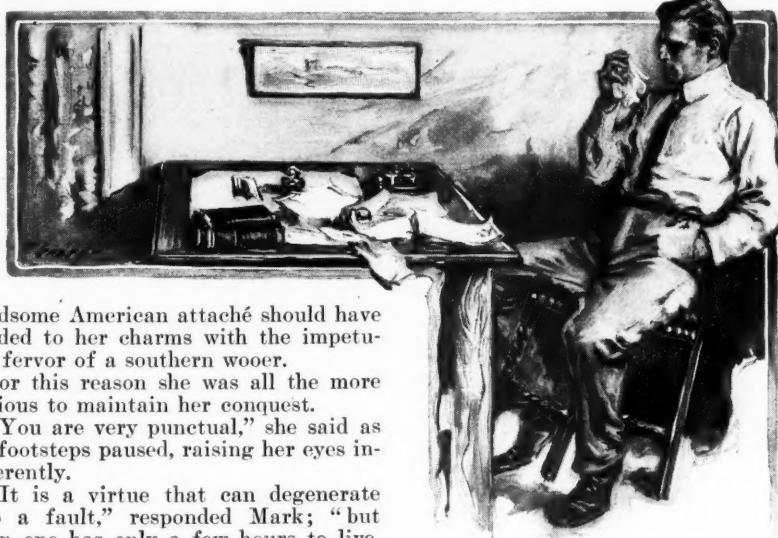
It had taken Mark Adderley exactly three hours and a half to fall in love with her, and exactly three days and a half to tell her so. And, accustomed to homage as she was, Valencia had felt a touch of triumph—which she rigidly concealed from him, however—that the

"And what will happen?" she whispered enthusiastically. "You will be detected, disgraced, dismissed?"

"That is the sentence awaiting me, doubtless."

He ventured to fold his arms, thereby imprisoning the hand.

"But it is delightful," she went on. "Charming! Your whole career ruined, your country betrayed—"



handsome American attaché should have yielded to her charms with the impetuous fervor of a southern wooer.

For this reason she was all the more anxious to maintain her conquest.

"You are very punctual," she said as his footsteps paused, raising her eyes indifferently.

"It is a virtue that can degenerate into a fault," responded Mark; "but when one has only a few hours to live, one does not wait for the clock to get ahead of one."

She sat up, pushing the smooth sweep of hair away from one side of her forehead.

"What do you mean?" she asked, her eyes beginning to sparkle. "Are you going to talk in enigmas, Mr. Adderley? I had not heard of any immediate danger threatening you!"

"No," he assented; "you would hardly have heard of it yet. But let us talk of other and pleasanter things."

She sprang lightly down and came close to him.

"You must tell me," she said, smiling dangerously into his eyes. "You do n't leave this garden alive otherwise."

He affected to peer cautiously round for eavesdroppers.

"The fact is," he said, lowering his voice, "I had to choose between two impossible things—neglecting the interests of my country, or at least postponing them, and being too late for the rendezvous you gave me. I chose the less impossible!"

She laid a slim hand on his sleeve.

"HANG BURROUGHS! WHAT DOES HE WANT TO LEAVE FOR JUST NOW?"

"Well, perhaps that is putting it a little strongly," he demurred.

"All kinds of political complications, and all through me! Mr. Adderley, you shall have a good mark for that!"

"Yes," he said; "I feel I deserve something. Pardon me, do you want your hand back at this moment?"

"Why, of course, I always want it."

"So do I," he interjected.

"And besides, I must write down the good mark, or else I shall forget it."

"You can write it after I have gone," he said. "At present I am a living illustration of a good mark, with a capital M. Valencia—"

"Oh, you must not!" she interrupted.

"I thought you would not mind, as it was probably our final meeting. Certain privileges are always conceded in one's last hours. Shall we stroll down the syringa walk to the arbor?"

She was too occupied with her new thoughts to make any objections.

"Do you know," she said confidentially, "that nothing pleases me so much as to have the impossible accomplished for me? Are you certain to be found out?"

"It is a foregone conclusion, I should say," Mark avowed gloomily.

She clasped her hands rapturously.

"And—and you still care for my opinion of you, Mark?"

"That is the only thing I do care for, Valencia," he protested, and this time he captured both her hands. "Only, of course, if I am under a cloud, honor will compel me to exile myself from your presence."

"Will it?" she asked softly. "But if I follow you into exile, if I choose to be outlawed with you?"

"Valencia! You promise?"

"Almost!" she whispered.

It was a desperate situation. Apparently his business in life must now be to insure the discovery of his reprehensible conduct in the matter of the cable.

"You promise," he repeated firmly, "that if I am found out, you will share the consequences with me? Stay, though! I have no right to ask you for such a pledge. It is my duty to renounce you, darling. I must love you, and leave you!"

And he turned away from her with a gesture of finality. There was an eloquent pause; then she touched one of his limp, despairing hands.

"But, Mark, you would not want to break my heart, would you? What is duty compared to—love?"

And, softened by this unanswerable argument, the conscientious young diplomat yielded.

II.

BUT at the very moment of his success there came an interruption. A messenger from his chief arrived in hot haste with a summons for his return to Bodega on important official business.

No delay was admissible. He had to take his leave immediately. He read in Valencia's farewell glance her admiration of his coolness at this crisis.

"My apologies to your mother and father for departing without seeing them," he said, as she accompanied him to the veranda. "May I return this evening or to-morrow?"

"As soon as you can," she murmured, and he mounted and rode away.

Nevertheless, he looked forward with

mixed feelings to the coming interview with his chief.

"How can it have become known?" he said to himself, puzzling over the rapidity of the thing. "It isn't possible! The chief must have been concealed in the office—that is the only solution."

Smiling ruefully, he made his way to the library of the residency. The minister was immersed in papers, while two lengthy cables were spread out before him.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Did you walk?" was the chief's grim greeting.

"I was at Murano's Point, sir; I rode back at once."

The chief's eye showed a passing gleam of amusement, then he frowned.

"I made sure I should catch you at the office," he said. "Look here, Adderley, we are in a frightful muddle over that despatch you cabled."

"A muddle, sir—how's that?"

"I didn't think you could have got it off so quickly," the chief continued. "Now I find that the whole thing has gone wrong."

"But how can you have heard, sir?" said Mark anxiously. "There surely has not been time for any sort of reply. Even if I made an error—"

"An error!" echoed the minister, cutting him off sharply. "What sort of error could you possibly make? I don't understand you. Explain yourself, Adderley."

"Well, the fact is," said Mark, seeing nothing else for it but open confession, and floundering about for an excuse; "I had a sort of misgiving, after I had finished it off, that I might have skipped part of it. There were two sentences exactly alike, sir, and—well, it occurred to me—"

The minister rose and laid his hand impressively on the culprit's shoulder.

"This is very extraordinary, Adderley," he said. "I could not have believed it of you, whom I have always thought so trustworthy. Such carelessness—"

"I assure you, sir, it was not carelessness, it was simply an error of judgment," said Mark incoherently.

"But," resumed the minister, "if you mean to tell me that you omitted any of the despatch, either intentionally or unintentionally, will you show me exactly what part you left out?"

There was no mistaking the finality of the chief's tone. Adderley need feel no further anxiety about the fulfilment of Valencia's condition.



"WHEN ONE HAS ONLY A FEW HOURS TO LIVE, ONE DOES NOT WAIT FOR THE CLOCK TO GET THE BEST OF ONE."

"Here is the despatch," said the minister. "I sent for it to the office."

Mark turned the pages over, assumed an air of injured innocence, and pointed to the two sentences that had dovetailed neatly.

"I am very much afraid, sir, now that

I look at it again, that I left out the whole of this page. You will see that the beginning of the last sheet seems quite consecutive, and I fear that on turning it over rapidly I read straight on. This page, I confess, seems unfamiliar to me."

The chief dropped into the chair.

"Thank Heaven!" he said devoutly. "I have been worrying myself unnecessarily. That page contained the gist of the despatch—our ultimatum, in fact. These cables that have just come alter the whole position of affairs, and we should have found ourselves in a nasty fix if we had been bound to that policy. As it is, you have been unpardonably careless, Adderley, but I am immensely grateful to you. I will overlook your offense"—the minister's eyes twinkled—"I will not even inquire into the precise cause of your hurry. I would not advise you to scamp any future work, but I will take care that this particular piece of diplomacy is not detrimental to you."

He was laughing heartily as he shook Mark's hand.

"One of the greatest pieces of luck!" he said. "The rest of the despatch was ambiguous; we can slide out of that. Don't let me detain you, Adderley; I dare say you want to get back to Mu-rano's Point."

And ten minutes later Mark was galloping back to the villa.

Valencia never learned the details of that awful interview; but she understood that Mark had hung on the verge of the abyss by a single hair, and that he was saved only by his representations as to the blight that would be cast on young lives and budding hopes.

"I owe everything to you," Mark declared enthusiastically. "My future career will be of your molding, Valencia. What an ambassador's wife you will make!"

Which decided the matter conclusively.
Beatrice Heron Maxwell.

Tommy Mullin's Folks.

I.

WHEN Tom Mullin, Senior, deserted Mary, his wife, the women of the tenements hastened to condole with her. They were learned in the vocabulary of the occasion. Their tongues were tipped with wrath for Tom, and with pity and endearment for Mary. But to their utter undoing, conversationally, they found no use for either vituperation or sympathy.

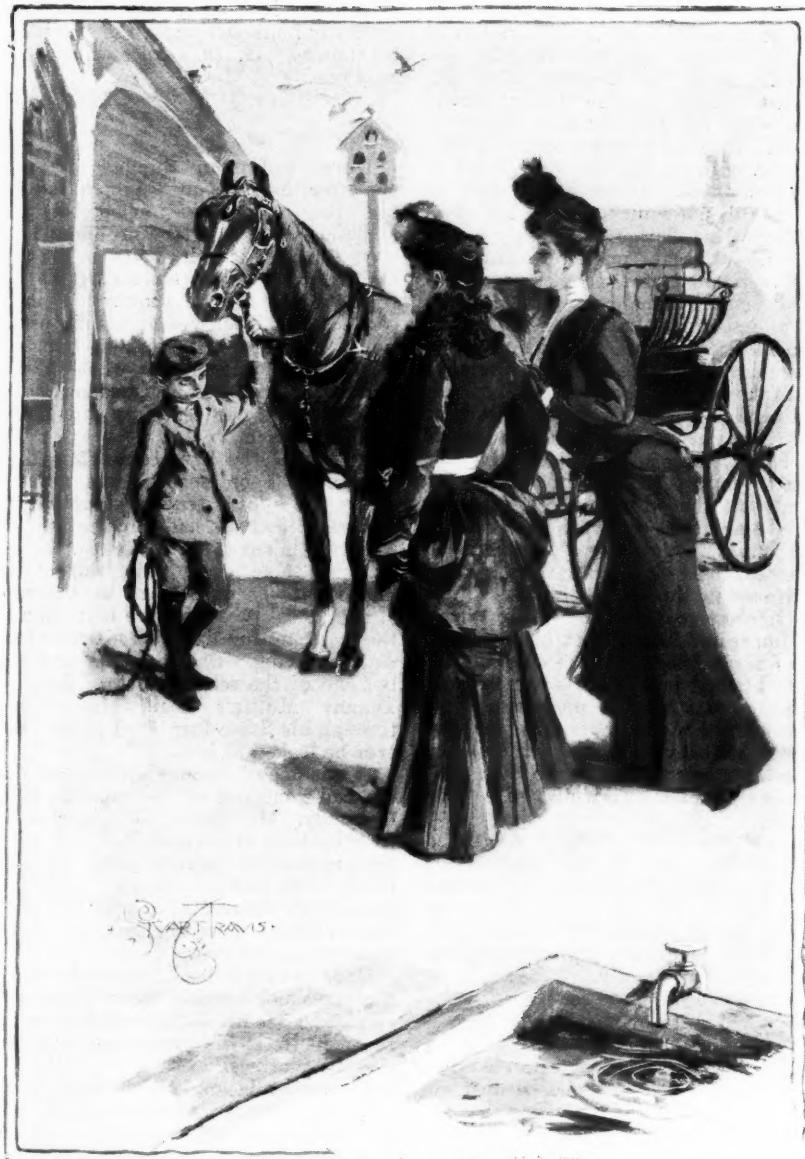
"Mr. Mullin, were you askin' about?" said Mary, looking at her neighbors tranquilly out of eyes that had fallen into deep caverns of darkness during the fortnight of Tom's absence. "Mr. Mullin? I'd a letter from him this morning, thank you kindly, ma'am. He's lookin' for work up Lowell way, an' when he finds it, sure, little Tom an' me will be tellin' you good-by."

They knew that she was lying bravely, but they did not dare to probe beyond what she told them. On her chalk-white face, in the fixed droop of her lips, in the pitiful eagerness of her sunken eyes, her sorrow was written plain for them to read; but she would not let them read the writing aloud.

The other women, some of them, knew what it meant to be deserted for long or short times. To them it was a cause of anger. To Mary Mullin it was only a source of shame. It meant, primarily, not that her support was taken from her, not that her burdens and her trials were brutally increased, not that her husband had failed, but that she had failed. She had not held her own. In what seemed to her—for she was a poor, unreasoning, elemental creature—the first duty of a wife, she had fallen short; and the chief glory of a woman, the love of one man, she had lost. She had a pitiful little pride, and she would not endure sympathy. When Tom's absence could be no longer explained away, she moved from the region where she was known, and in a new neighborhood, free from the insult of understanding eyes, she worked for herself and little Tom.

It was in the fourth year of her loneliness and the tenth of Tommy's existence that she gave up the unequal struggle. In the beginning of her illness she had been distracted over her boy's future, but by and by even that anxiety slipped from her, and she died smiling peacefully.

Tommy had numerous adventures during the six months that followed. He was a quiet boy with a wistful face, and the good neighbors of his mother declared with great unanimity and vehemence that he should never go to "the society," never, not while they had life in their bodies. They meant it, too, but circumstances were too strong for them. The husband of this one lost his place, and Tommy was passed to the next; and her sister died, leaving a helpless brood, and Tommy's share of the trundle bed was needed. Moreover, he became a trifle more barbaric than he had been, fonder of "running the streets," and not above teasing the Italian fruit-vender or stealing occasional apples from the Irish apple-woman. The climax was reached when he took to throwing stones and broke the pawnbroker's plate-glass window. After that heinous offense there was but one place for Tommy—the reform school; and thither he departed, tear stained and terrified, amid a chorus of



"SEE IF YOU CAN GET READY TO GO BACK WITH US WHEN WE ARE THROUGH."

admonitions and counsels from his small army of late foster-mothers.

The son of Tom and Mary, thrown into the big, ugly building on the outskirts of the city, passed from unreasoning fright, through unexpressed dislike of his surroundings and a silent hatred of the routine of his days, to a state of mind not far removed from contentment. He swiftly

acquired a wide knowledge of evil from the worse boys among whom he was herded; but he had something of his mother's quality. Vice rebounded from him as officious sympathy did from her.

He had been at the school two years when the new superintendent came. During all that time he had not gone beyond the confines of the institution, except

when, as a member of the junior baseball team, he had journeyed to the grounds of another juvenile asylum. He had not especially pined for freedom, after the first few months; but on Sunday afternoons, when the families and friends of the young inmates were permitted to visit them, he, with no visitors, had pangs of great loneliness. It was then that he used to rub his knuckles into his eyes, thinking of his mother.

The new superintendent brought with him the renown of a penologist of the newest, most humanitarian type. All sorts of improvements were made in the conduct of the school, and eventually it was announced that on certain Sundays certain boys who had attained a high standing would be allowed out, on honor.

There was great excitement and great joy. The swelling importance of the first batch of boys permitted to leave the grounds unattended was beautiful to witness. Their proud return in the evening, their delight in themselves as persons to be trusted, their swaggering tales of their adventures in the city—all these things were impressive. But the thing which most impressed Tommy Mullin was their talk of their "folks." This one had exhibited himself proudly to an uncle, who had bestowed a quarter upon him; that one had dined with a married sister, and had seen her baby; and here was a bag of cookies in confirmation of the tale.

Tommy listened wistfully. He said nothing.

"Ain't you got any folks?" demanded a boy who had just finished relating the story of his meeting with his mother and stepfather.

"Yep, plenty," answered Tommy nonchalantly, suddenly perceiving the shame of being without family.

"Why don't you go to see them?"

"Guess I will, next Sunday," was Tommy's casual rejoinder.

The superintendent found no record of the relations whom Tommy Mullin applied for permission to visit; but Tommy had been committed on complaint of a pawnbroker, and it was part of the superintendent's theory not to be suspicious or prying. So Tommy went out, unguarded, from the school grounds, his eyes shining with excitement, his cheeks very red with the same cosmetic.

The last car brought him home in the evening with the other honor boys. From his pocket he produced forty-five cents—the gift, he said, of a delighted uncle. He described the joy in the avuncular household over him; and his work in the school

classes, his bearing in the school sports, promptly improved under the stimulus of his outing and the expectation of his next one.

II.

TOMMY had many Sunday afternoons out after that. He always separated from the other honor boys immediately upon reaching the end of the grounds; he always came back with money in his pockets and with joyful stories of his relatives. Gradually he acquired a family connection of really commanding proportions. The superintendent, studying him, was puzzled, but on the whole pleased. Occasional snatches at freedom and the joys of home life certainly did Tommy Mullin no harm.

And then Miss Lucy came. Miss Lucy, the rumor soon spread, was going to marry the superintendent's brother, the professor; and she had come to pay Mrs. Superintendent a visit. She had the most laughing blue eyes, which often filled unaccountably with tears as the ranks of the school passed before her. She had the most smiling lips with a trick of sudden quivering. She won the undivided homage of the school in three days, and Tommy Mullin's heart almost burst through his State-furnished jacket whenever he looked at her.

It was one of Tommy's honor Sundays. He had gone out of the grounds rather laggishly. His desire to linger in the neighborhood of his divinity combated, in true masculine fashion, with the desire to go forth and do fine and astonishing feats, with the recital of which to charm her ear later. Moreover, he had a strange premonition of evil.

Once he turned back toward the school; then he shook himself free of his indecisions and set his face resolutely toward the domain of his prosperous and affectionate relatives.

Five miles beyond the Reform School, where the broad road winds among woods and fields and passes park-like estates, there is an inn. On Sundays this is much patronized by horsemen and driving parties. Its glazed piazzas and its fireplaced rooms have a constant succession of parties from the middle of the forenoon until after dinner.

As the superintendent's wife and Miss Lucy approached the inn on their way home from their afternoon drive on this particular honor Sunday of Tommy Mullin's, Miss Lucy complained of chill and demanded the immediate restorative of

hot tea. The carriage-sheds lay behind the inn in a long curve. Miss Lucy drove toward them. The small, slight figure of a hostler's assistant came forward to take the reins as she dropped them.

"Tommy!" cried the superintendent's wife.

Tommy paled, and the reins dropped from his hands. Then he picked them up again. He avoided the gaze of the superintendent's wife. Over his face quickly crept the sullen look of the institution child.

"Tommy!" cried the superintendent's wife again, more vigorously, more provokingly, than before.

"Don't, Anna!" whispered Miss Lucy. And then she went on: "Tommy"—ah, what a different "Tommy" that was!—"Tommy, we are going to get some tea here. See if you can get ready to go back with us when we are through."

Tommy looked up and met her eyes. They were clouded in their tender, mysterious way. He broke into sobs.

"It was because I hadn't any folks, an' I was ashamed!" he cried. "An' they needed extra stable boys here on Sundays—an' I always came back, didn't I? An'—"

"But to lie!" began the superintendent's wife.

Again Miss Lucy's voice said:

"Oh, Anna, don't!"

And again Tommy Mullin, son of Mary, who would not admit herself a deserted wife, sobbed his ample explanation:

"It was because I hadn't any folks, an' I was ashamed!"

III.

LUCY EVERTHWAITE was known far and wide as a person of mad quixotism. Every one said that she reached the limit of folly in beginning her married life by adopting into her family a twelve-year-old waif from a reformatory.

But they are beginning to admit, now, that there may have been some sense in the scheme. Certainly, they say, Tommy couldn't be more slavishly devoted to the twins if they were really of his own folks.

Katherine Hoffman.

Children of the Enemy.

I.

THE man was there first, or his scrambling fall from the upper ledge and the groan which followed would have driven away the Warden of the Rocks. As it

was, the latter did not come forth until the man had established himself in a little embrasure commanding the steep, wooded slope below. There he lay, his face drawn with pain, but watching with steady eyes. The pain was the outcome of a gunshot wound in the ankle, received the day before, and Baldwin, of the revenue service, watched for those who had inflicted it. He reflected that the spot had its advantages as a place in which to die.

The Warden of the Rocks came because it was his habit. He was a big rattlesnake of rusty brown, and on his arrival he lay flat with his broad head down upon a level rock close to the spring which bubbled from the limestone. So closely did he resemble the stone in color, and so quietly did he lie, that you might have put your hand on him as you bent over to drink, or have brushed him with your sleeve as you reached for the gourd which lay just beyond. That would have been your affair. The rattler was there for birds.

Sis Jones came up the trail swinging her sunbonnet by the strings. At the spring she knelt and stretched a slender brown hand toward the gourd. A fluff of russet hair hung downward as she stooped, disclosing a forehead milk-white in contrast with the warm tan of the unprotected face and neck. She had the quick and pliant grace of a fawn, and the bubbles that rose and burst in the water marred with tantalizing regularity the reflected face of a wood nymph.

A puff of smoke jetted from the ledge above, and the detonation of a six-shooter shattered the silence. There was a thrashing sound like the flopping of a great fish, and Sis Jones was six feet away, straight as a young sapling, and poised for another spring. The gourd, flung into the air by a blow from the rattler's tail, fell with a clatter at her feet. Shot through three coils at the instant of striking, the Warden of the Rocks writhed and twisted, his fangs dripping death from a flurry of impotent strokes.

Sis Jones did not change color. One glance of her slate-blue eyes eliminated the rattler from the situation. She next discovered Baldwin.

She stared straight up at him. There was no sound but the thrashing of the serpent, and the snap of the cylinder-gate as he closed the reloaded pistol. The firm jaw under the yellow mustache was softened by the ghost of a smile; for the man knew that the shot which saved the girl's life had probably cost him his own.

"Yo' better be makin' tracks," said she.
"So had you," he answered.

"Reckon I kin take keer o' myself. Hain't gwine to budge till I see yo' light out."

"Well, I'm elected to stay here. And there'll probably be a fight, so you'd best go while there's time."

The girl listened sharply.

"Some one's comin' now," she said. "Yo' been watchin' pap's still, an' they'll get yo' shore. They knowed yo' wa'n't no phosfite looker, an'"—her voice was suddenly charged with feeling—"yo' all saved my life."

"I tell you to go. I've got a chance unless you spoil it. One of your people got me through the ankle last night, and I have no alternative but to stay where I am until dark. I can hold these rocks unless I'm winged, and if I go under, it's all in the day's work—there's nobody to cry about it."

"That's a lie," answered the girl, looking gravely into his eyes.

A strange, immeasurable thrill passed through him, and his throat dried suddenly at the back. He laughed a foolish little laugh of beatific content.

"Yo' take cover," she went on quickly. "Here's Bud Wylie comin'. Don't show yo'se'f now—hit's yo' on'y chance!"

Baldwin sank down behind his parapet. A singularly self-sufficient man, it did not strike him as strange that in this affair he should yield implicit obedience to the daughter of his enemies.

Bud Wylie appeared cautiously among the hickories upon the lower slope—a long, sallow, slouchy young mountaineer, with narrow, suspicious eyes. Across the hollow of his left arm rested a Winchester, the fingers of the right hand caressing trigger and lock plate. The sight of Sis Jones standing above had drawn him from the cover under which he approached, but his native suspicion was not wholly allayed.

"Oh, Bud!" she called, with the drooping, melancholy hail of the Knobs.

He stopped and shifted uneasily upon his feet, looking above and beyond her. At length he spoke, with a level drawl.

"What yo' want?"

"Come up here. Hain't nobody gwine layway yo'."

"Who-all shot?"

"Rattler done quiled by the spring. Come up an' see him."

"They's been wuss nor rattlers here. Whar's the revenooyer?"

"S'posin' he done a good turn for—for me, an' s'posin' he done promised not to

bother our folks no mo', don't yo' reckon you'd let him go back to his own folks?"

"Sis Jones, what's that revenooyer to you? Don't yo' s'pose I seed how he done follered yo' with his eyes when he come pokin' round yere a month ago, pertendin' to be huntin' for phosfites? Yo' tryin' to save his hide? Why, jes' fer that I'd plug him, ef I was to swing the next minute! Whar is he? He kain't get away. They's a plenty laywayin' for him betwixt this an' the valley."

The girl moved her bare, brown feet and dropped her eyes. Then she glanced at him sidewise.

"Yo' hain't no call to be jealous," she said. "He hain't never co'ted me. He wouldn't look at po' white trash like me that kain't read nor write. But he done saved me from the rattler, Bud Wylie, an' ef yo' keer for me like yo' say yo' do, yo'll help him get clear."

The man dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, and, leaning upon the muzzle, regarded her intently under his level palm. Then he spoke slowly.

"Ef I get him clear—him that's up thar on the ledge with his gun cocked an' p'inted—will yo' marry me, Sis Jones?"

"I will," the girl answered.

"You will not! My life is my own to dispose of, and I refuse to accept it upon any such condition!"

As he spoke, the man on the ledge leaned far over. He was deadly pale, and in the vehemence of his protest he raised his right arm, holding his weapon by the barrel. The next moment he cast it from him, and it lay half buried in the mold at their feet.

Wylie and the girl neither moved nor spoke for a long minute. It was the girl who broke the silence.

"I kin marry as I please," she said, "an' I 'low to marry Bud Wylie when he does what he promised."

There was a finality in her voice that sank into Baldwin's heart. His whole being revolted against this outrage, offered in the garb of sacrifice, and the violence of his passion raised him to his feet, oblivious of the ankle through which a bullet had torn. As he rose, his right leg doubled under him; he pitched over the ledge and lay on the ground at their feet, white-lipped and inert.

II.

ALL night the children of the mountains moved in silence. One led a blind horse, upon the back of which a man reeled unsteadily, while the other walked



H.L.V. PARKHURST

"MY LIFE IS MY OWN TO DISPOSE OF, AND I REFUSE TO ACCEPT IT UPON ANY SUCH CONDITION!"

by the stirrup. The rider was light-headed and burning with fever. He babbled of things beyond the horizon of the Knobs—of wealth that had gone in a day and a woman who had changed in an hour. And between these half-articulate echoes of a strange world, he would live over the fight, and all that followed.

By blind trails, or following the brawling watercourses, they moved like the fugitives they were.

With dawn they came to a hamlet set in the lap of the hills. The rising sun reddened the blank windows, a cool breeze blew across cultivated fields, and they heard the clang of an anvil from a wayside forge. Baldwin, revived by the dawn wind, straightened feebly in the saddle. In front of the smithy they halted.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked.

The mountaineer made no answer. The blacksmith appeared in his doorway, bare-armed and open browed.

"Squire," said Wylie, "they's two people here that wants to be married."

The girl drew herself up as if to meet a blow, but her glance did not waver as she looked at him.

"You 'n' she?"

The squire indicated Sis with his thumb.

"I 'low not." Wylie turned to Baldwin. "You'll be good to her, revenoore?"

The girl trembled, looking from one to the other.

Then the mountain justice forged the bonds that were to hold Baldwin and Sis Jones through life, while the man who stood aside looked upon them with tired eyes—a mean and shambling figure from which the great soul flashed out in this one act of supreme renunciation.

Those two made one, he turned in silence and set his face to the lonely wilds that bred him.

Frank Z. Stone.

Genevieve's Chaperon.

I.

I MADE two wrong stitches in my centerpiece when sister Beth asked me this morning to take charge of Genevieve during her Piny Springs outing.

I do not wish to have even nominal charge of any young woman at all resembling my niece, Genevieve Taswell. If Genevieve Taswell, at the age of four, had felt disposed—as was often the case on occasions when her nurse left her temporarily in my charge—to slide down wet

cellar-doors in her best starched white skirts, or to throw her shoes and stockings into the next-door people's yard and paddle barefoot in the rain, it never was within the range of my small abilities to alter her line of conduct. Pleas were vain, and she could get so muddy and messy, and use her hands and heels with such spiteful ingenuity, that superior strength of arm counted for very little. I have a vivid remembrance that I used to come out of every battle not only defeated, but with muddy claw-marks embellishing my organdie skirts; and I do not now wish to have any contention with my niece on the score of undesirable lovers.

I did not serve it out cold to Beth in just that way. I said she ought to pick out some older, wiser chaperon, reminding her that I was not yet forty. Beth was polite enough to screen off her smile with the back of her hair-brush, as she observed that I was near enough to it to do very well.

"Genevieve won't make you a bit of trouble," she said—that's what girls' mothers always say. "It's only a matter of form in her case. I can't go to the Springs this summer, on account of other engagements, and there's no one else I can send her with. She thinks the water benefits her. You know, and I know, and Genevieve knows, that she can marry Abingdon Bisbee whenever he can take his mind from his lineage long enough to think about a wedding, and her head is entirely too level to encourage any one less desirable."

Beth did not always know about the cellar-door riots. But of course my doom is sealed.

II.

I KNEW there was bound to be a cellar-door, but I hoped it would not present itself so soon. I came down to the veranda to-day to find evident good-fellowship established between Genevieve and a young man. She said he was an old golf ally of hers; she had met him several times at Piny Springs and other places. He and his father have just arrived at the Springs. He is tall and trim and fresh. His eyes are like a good-hearted schoolboy's. He is a son of Judge Champion, who is well known as a man of ability, but is lacking in Abingdon Bisbee's ancestors and affluence.

I wish Genevieve might slide down her cellar-door this time, without any meddling from me. Abingdon Bisbee is about as interesting as one of his moldy ances-

tors. But then, she is in my charge, the nurse is absent, the cellar-door is forbidden, and I shall do my duty in spite of claw-marks.

Judge Champion says the waters help his rheumatism; that is why he came here; and he says his son Geoffry comes because he thinks they are good for palpitation of the heart.

The judge is good looking, after a superb, leonine style. He has found the world lonely since his wife died.

III.

I WISH I could lock Genevieve up somewhere and have some comfort of my life. Not that she lets you have a splinter of a peg to hang a good, honest complaint on. If she did, you could relieve your mind. She makes you feel that there is a mysterious danger somewhere. I remember she used sometimes to be so good that we forgot to watch her, and then all at once some frightful piece of mischief came out. Her mother assured me long ago that she had outgrown such streaks, but I don't feel so certain about it myself. And still I do forget now and then, and my conscience is chasing me around this morning, assuring me that I am a faithless chaperon.

My backsliding was partly the result of my anxiety. I tried to shift a little of my burden of responsibility on Judge Champion's shoulders. He only shook his head placidly, and said:

"Let the children enjoy their little holiday; they'll be young only once. Why shouldn't you and I do the same, dear Miss Pink? Even we are not prehistoric people. I don't see why we need disdain a bit of romance for ourselves."

The moon was simply tumbling cascades of brilliance all over the lawn. The few gray hairs in Judge Champion's thick, dark hair glistened like silver silk. A big maple-tree checkered us both from head to foot.

Like a serene white mist Genevieve came rippling down the path from the veranda, with Geoff trailing along after.

"Dear Auntie Pen"—her voice was like cream—"your poor delicate little throat will surely be worse if you stay out in the dew. And, judge, I'm afraid I'll have to scold you—you must remember your rheumatism!"

She stood there, tall and white as a goddess—the youngest of the party, ordering us around that way! The irritating part was that the judge and I went trotting back with her like a little boy and girl.

And there wasn't a scrap of chill or damp in the air. Judge Champion had the benign expression of a big mastiff amused at the presumption of a little terrier; but I was conscious of a feverish wish that somebody or other would smack Genevieve hard.

IV.

I COULD slam doors, I am so exasperated. Chaperons, indeed! They are a misjudged and down-trodden class.

I was sitting inside the closed music-room blinds early this morning, trying to have it out with my conscience, and didn't notice little sounds outside, until all at once Geoffry's voice came through the slats.

"Why not let the old boy and girl have a little fun? Aren't you and I going to build up the sweetest romance that ever happened?"

"Yes," Genevieve answered, with as much composure as if he had asked her if she was going to have a glass of mineral water, "but not until we get safely back home and I inform my parents I have reconsidered about Mr. Abingdon Bisbee. There isn't going to be an atom of anything here that looks like flirtation, Mr. Champion. As for the 'old boy and girl,' they can do as they see fit when we get them home, but they've got to behave themselves as long as they're on our hands, and not be giddy."

Geoffry's laugh rang out.

"I hope they'll be happy finally," he said. "My dad is pure diamond, and Auntie Pink is as sweet as her name and as guileless as a chicken. She reminds me of one, with her dear little lacy frillings and quillings and fluttery ribbons. Now about us—"

I always had a talent for recognizing duty as soon as the opportunity to perform it was past. I might hop up and fly now, with my ears all in a tingle, but my portion was that of the eavesdropper and the listener.

I shall get Genevieve home as quickly as possible—or let her get me there—and clear my skirts forever of chaperoning.

It is but the history of the past repeating itself. Genevieve has slidden down the forbidden cellar-door in spite of me. And the humiliating point is that she has done it so decorously and exemplarily she has not soiled a ruffle, while I stand in the shoes of the giddy one! As of old, I am not only defeated, but clawed up besides.

There is just one little blessed golden thread woven through the whole fabric.

Geoffry hoped the old boy and girl would be happy finally.

V.

I AM so relieved since I handed over my niece to her natural guardians that I am afraid I shall be cutting some schoolgirl caper. As for Genevieve, cyclones and earthquakes couldn't demoralize her calm propriety of demeanor, and I know not what could disturb her perennial consciousness of rectitude. My sister's wrath and dismay when she heard of Geoffry Champion beat about Genevieve like frantic boiling waves against a serene rock. Beth blames every stitch of the business on me—says she'll have to accept Geoffry and make the best of it, but it wouldn't have happened if I had been any kind of a chaperon. That is the effect Genevieve and her doings usually have upon people. But I can still forgive and love my niece.

Judge Champion came to the city with Geoff, and has finished by electric glare what he began to say by moonlight under the maples that night when Genevieve came down on us like a gracious white hawk on two culprit chickens; and we hope—the judge and I—that she and Geoff will be as happy as we know we shall.

Mr. Abingdon Bisbee is still peacefully pursuing his ancestors.

Harriet Whitney.

Answers to Correspondents.

I.

MISS HART surveyed the customary rejection slip through the customary mist of tears. The green globe of the electric light above her battered desk—it had been the managing editor's before he acquired a roll-top—danced three or four times multiplied through her tears. The grimy wall behind was obliterated.

Her lips quivered, and her hand, which was beginning to show the heavy veining of age in the wrinkling skin, beat nervously upon the big envelope which held the thousandth destruction of her hopes. Miss Hart would never be able to accept the rejection of her manuscripts with the philosophic indifference of those who have had manuscripts accepted. That the *Cycle* had declined, in the politest manner compatible with a printed form, her verses on "The Life Immortal," was as bitter a grief to her at forty-seven as its rejection of her verses on "Eternal Love" had been to her at seventeen.

The managing editor of the *Weekly Chronicle* passed behind the withered little woman's desk, and heard the suspicious sound of a snivel. He had leisure that day, and felt the wide-embracing sympathies of a man lately come into an unexpected legacy. Pausing, he questioned his "associate," as he called her in expansive moments, and heard the story of thirty years of unavailing effort.

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Beedy," said Miss Hart, in tones divided between sobs, strangulation, and shrill oratory, "it is not mere ambition which is hurt—not mere worldly ambition, that is. But oh"—and she raised her tear-stained, lined, conscientious, homely little face to him—"but oh, if you knew how I long to influence my kind, to say some word of—of—of anything—"

Strangulation won. Miss Hart could not proceed.

"Well, well, my dear young lady," mumbled the embarrassed editor, who clung to the title of more than twenty years' use, "well, well, we all have our trials. And the *Chronicle* has a circulation; and your 'Answers to Correspondents,' eh? You've done more good by them, I'll wager you, than if you had written twenty novels in the last—let's see, how long it is—twenty-one years, eh?"

"Twenty-two years," corrected Miss Hart with some acidity. "And as for 'Answers to Correspondents,' they're mere bread and butter."

Mr. Beedy slouched on; he did not wish to discuss high art versus a competency with the little woman whose closest touch with literature had been through the despised department which she so conscientiously conducted for the *Chronicle*—the department of patterns and recipes, of household hints and advice to young mothers. And Miss Hart, drying her eyes and consigning the latest of the *Cycle's* rejections to the bottom drawer of her desk, resumed her interrupted occupation of dispensing information.

"Flora M." wanted to know how to remove iron-rust, and Miss Hart patiently told her. "Anxious Mother" was instructed how to prevent her children from biting their finger-nails. "Isabel Dean" besought advice as to the entertainment of an evening party, and Miss Hart, after due consultation with a volume entitled "Parlor Games and Pastimes," gave her the necessary information. Occasionally, as she sorted her queries and wrote her answers, the drab

little sub-editor of the *Chronicle* wiped away a tear. Once in a while she leaned her chin in her palm and sighed over the dream that would never come true—the dream of “influencing her kind.”

Eventually she came to the end of her pile of letters. There remained only the questions of “Boscobelle” and “Mrs. X. Y. Z.” for consideration. “Boscobelle” was distraught about her new home, a century-old Colonial house. How should she redecorate the dining-room? With Delft-patterned paper and a golden oak sideboard, curtains of fish-net, wall-racks for plates, a rubber plant and a rug of “filling”? Or should she leave things much as they were?

The other correspondent’s problems were even more serious.

My husband and me don’t get along together. I’ve lived with him near twenty-five years, and since the first year or two he ain’t ever given me a loving word, excepting when one of our children died. He ain’t a bad husband; he don’t drink, and he don’t gad around. But he don’t ever show me no affection, and I couldn’t tell you when I have had a new dress to my name. All our children is dead or married now, and I could go and live with my eldest daughter, Susie. It seems kind of hard to leave him alone on the farm, but he won’t let me have a horse for buggy-driving, and he wouldn’t go even to camp meeting this year, and I am tired of living so lonesome. Please advise me what to do and oblige yours truly, Mrs. X. Y. Z.

Miss Hart’s eyes sparkled with the lust of battle. One of the disillusionments of her late youth, one to which she clung with vehement constancy, was the worthlessness of Man. She herself had found Man false, and no future experience could correct the antagonistic philosophy which she adopted when she emerged from the first bitterness of her own unhappiness. She advised Mrs. X. Y. Z. vigorously, although in somewhat guarded language; for the *Chronicle*, as former experience had taught her, was averse to circulating in the community as a home-wrecker. This was her answer:

No woman is justified in bearing a situation so distasteful. No one can say that the old situation has not been fairly tried. In new surroundings, such as you suggest, you will doubtless find mind and heart expanding. All the joyousness native to you will return. You have done your whole duty by the old state; success to you in the new.

With less enthusiasm she considered “Boscobelle’s” dining-room difficulties, and counseled that seeker after decorative wisdom thus:

By no means make the change you suggest. It is almost desecration to think of it. The old has a reverence and charm of its own, and you would soon regret the introduction of tawdry novelty into your scheme of life. Rearrange if you will;

introduce a few features of modern brightness into the house; but do not, in a misguided fit of weariness, change the character of your home.

She put the appropriate marks for the printers’ instruction upon her copy. She sighed again over the old, vain dream of “influencing her kind,” and went to her lonely home.

II.

It was two months later that Miss Hart found among the impersonal mail which came to the correspondents’ corner of the *Chronicle* a long, rambling, personal letter.

I acted on your advice, and how much I have to thank you for! I gave up all thought of going to Susie’s. I put flowers on the dining-room table and opened the parlor on week-days. By and by I had a talk with Xenias—that’s my husband—and he was awful surprised to hear how I had been feeling. And I’ve got a buggy and horse of my own, and Xenias and I both hope that you will come to help us celebrate our silver wedding anniversary the thirteenth of next month.

Yours truly, MRS. XENIAS Y. ZIMMERMAN.

Miss Hart frowned, puzzled for a while. Then she consulted the files of the *Chronicle*. She found that she had made a strange mistake. The emphatic advice meant for “Boscobelle,” of the dining-room, had been absent-mindedly assigned to the unhappy wife.

Miss Hart drummed the page with her fingers. She frowned and sighed.

“That dining-room,” she said, “must be a sight! But maybe Boscobelle likes it as much as Mrs. Xenias likes her readjusted existence. Mr. Beedy,” she called out to the managing editor, “can you spare me the twelfth of next month? I want a day off—to test the influence of the correspondents’ corner!”

S. SPENCER MORRIS.

The Intervention of Billy.

I.

MR. LEMSON’S interest in Myrtilla Webster had flattered that young woman and had alarmed Philip Geary for nearly a year. Mr. Lemson, by the kindest calculations, was forty-five, while Philip was twenty-six. In the younger man’s gloomier moments the nineteen extra years were but nineteen points of superiority. So, indeed, they were in the older man’s estimation. Exactly what Myrtilla thought was unknown.

On one fine October day a picnic party of the simple sort still popular in Larchester was to be held out on Ferncrest

Hill, eight or nine miles away from the town. Myrtilla had, to Philip's half-astonished delight, agreed to walk out with him, while the rest of the party drove or bicycled. He was conscious of a wonderful feeling of elation when he ran up the familiar path to her house that morning. Lemson had not been invited—bless Mrs. Dowden's heart! The air was crisp without chill, and the light a subdued glory of yellow, and Myrtilla was going to walk with him!

Myrtilla met him with an air of distance, of absorption, disconcerting to his mood. She was wandering in her replies, uncertain in her temper. He dashed at the conclusion that she was annoyed because of the absence of Mr. Lemson.

As a matter of fact, Myrtilla was reciting in her mind the lines of the note she had received from Mr. Lemson that morning. It was a request that she should be at home to him that evening to make him either the happiest or the most wretched of men. It was a graceful little production; it held the same suggestion of restrained ardor that his manner always carried. But he was going to ask her to marry him, and she had had a sort of girlish pride in pitting her wit against his and delaying that moment. She did not want to marry him—that is, she was almost sure that she did not; but she did not wish to lose his interest, she was quite sure.

Agitation made her moody. Philip, albeit not the most intuitive of men, knew that it was the presence of Lemson in her thoughts that was spoiling the day for him.

"Seen Lemson lately?" he asked in what he flattered himself was a casual manner.

"Last week some time," answered Myrtilla, immediately arming herself against catechism and reproof.

"And to-day's Tuesday," Philip went on as in dreamy calculation. He had a vague intention of being satirical, but he failed. He changed his tactics and blurted out: "I don't see what you see in that fellow, Myrtilla. He's no good. He's old enough to be your father—"

"Oh, make it my grandfather while you're about it!"

"He's been a dangler at women's skirts from his youth—"

"Even to this advanced period of senility? Don't be absurd, Phil. Mr. Lemson is a very attractive man, in the prime of his intellect and—er—everything. Of course a man of his experience has met and admired many women. But—"

"He makes fools of them," proclaimed the fatuous Philip; "or did. He's either trying to amuse himself with you, or he begins to realize, the old grasshopper, that his chirping season is over, and that he'd better make provision for the winter of old age. He may have the presumption to want you to marry him—the shop-worn old remnant!"

Myrtilla was angry. The unflattering light in which she was made to appear—one of a line of silly women, ministering to an insatiable vanity, or the possible maker of gruel for a palate on which spices had palled—did not please her the more because she had occasionally seen herself in the same light.

"He may want me to marry him," she agreed quite clearly. "If he does, I shall feel honored. He is, at any rate, not so lacking in conversation as to be obliged to descend to the abuse of a rival to make the time pass."

"A rival?" said Philip, his evil angel prompting. "You do me too much honor!"

Myrtilla stood in the middle of the road for a second, the angry blood dyeing her face. That she should live to hear such a gibe from Philip—from Philip, who had first confessed his love for her at the primary school, as they exchanged "jaw-breakers"!

"Myrtle!" he cried, in sudden remorse. "Myrtle, you know—you know I didn't mean it! I was only stung into—"

"Whether you meant it or not, I do not care," answered Myrtilla steadily. "It was entirely true, though scarcely put with courtesy. But I want you to know that Mr. Lemson is coming to ask me to marry him to-night, and that I shall accept him—because I care so much for him, you understand! And I shall walk no more to-day with you. You may go on alone. I'm going back. Tell them I didn't start."

Philip looked at her with eyes that hurt her, even in her anger and outraged pride.

"You can't go back alone."

"But I shall. I shall take the cross cut to Wayside station, and ride from there. But I absolutely decline to have you come one step of the way with me. I—I couldn't stand it!" she ended passionately. "Go back the way we have come, if you aren't going on! Only, leave me alone."

She dashed quickly down the road. Philip watched her stupidly. He did not know how long he stood there, with a sense of aching amazement that the world should seem so unchanged when its very

center had given way. But when he roused himself and looked after her, she was a quarter of a mile away, studying a sign-post at the crossroads. She turned into the side track, and he could see her no longer. The physical darkness he had expected to see descend upon the landscape came at last with the passing of her slim figure. By and by he turned and followed slowly down the road they had come up together.

II.

In the first flush of her indignation against her old friend, her old playmate, Myrtilla had hurried on, unconscious of a possible fatigue. At the crossroads she had read on the finger post the comforting assurance, "Wayside Station—one mile." It began to occur to her, when she had traversed the path for half an hour, that the distance was elastic.

Then the reflection followed that the road seemed little traveled for one leading to a railroad station. Between the dim wagon tracks the grass grew. There were no houses, but only the ends of orchards and fields to suggest human habitations. There were stretches of woodland, damp and sweet with brooks and ferns. Ah, what walks she and Philip had had—Philip, who had denied his fondness for her—Philip, who had dared to criticise her choice of friends and acquaintances—well, of possible husbands—without the justification of being himself in love with her! Had she been capable of any humorous perception at the moment, she would have laughed to see how the defection of Philip had given him great importance in her eyes.

Suddenly she came upon Billy Junn, yelling by the roadside. His sunburned head was hatless. He had been digging dirty fingers into his blue eyes, and tear-tracks, dirt, freckles, and thorn scratches had combined to make his young face a very map of calamity. At sight of him Myrtilla paused.

But questions and coaxings were for a long time powerless to win Billy from his wails. When he did speak it was to announce with long drawn grief that "mamma's little boy was lost." His name he concealed, and the direction of his residence he also hid for five or ten minutes. Then he smiled upon her sleepily and angelically through his tears, and, waving his arm toward the road out of which she had come, he signified that there lay his dwelling, and that thither he would consent to be carried.

Billy was a fat boy for his age, and Myrtilla not a giantess; but she undertook the task which it seemed that Heaven had appointed, and struggled backward, trying in vain to glean more information from the sleepy child. Every fifty yards she paused and panted a while, and changed the inert little lump from one arm to the other. Yet through all the weariness and discomfort, she had a thrill of joy in the relaxed little body so close to hers, in the clinging arms and the sweetness of the utter dependence. She forgot heat and her towed head which the baby's rubbed; she did not think of her rumpled shirt-waist. Neither did she think of her elderly suitor and his subtleties. The game of flirtation faded out of her mind. But she did think of Philip.

She thought of him even before she saw him striding toward her along the path. When he approached she was hurt by the pain in his face.

"What have you got there, Myrtle?" he asked, smiling slightly. "I came after you, because I found out down the main road that those fool freshmen from Eldorado College had been out last night changing all the signs. This road doesn't go anywhere but to a big stock farm back in the country. The Wayside road is half a mile further down Main Street. Give me the boy."

"He's lost," explained Myrtilla.

"I didn't suppose you were kidnapping him. Hi, there, youngster, wake up! That's the man! Now tell us your name and where you live!"

"He won't," said Myrtilla, with conviction. "I have asked him."

"Billy Junn, Main Street an' Locust Av'nue," said the boy, sleepily smiling at Philip, and contentedly nestling against his collar.

Myrtilla laughed.

"See," she cried delightedly, "already he likes you better than me, Philip!"

"And does that please you?" demanded Philip, with a queer, hungry look at her. She blushed.

"Of course it does, silly!" she answered. "And I love those Eldorado boys, too! Otherwise I might have been at home, telephoning nonsense—oh, Philip, you knew I didn't mean it, didn't you? No matter what you think about me, you knew I didn't really mean to do that, didn't you?"

Whereupon Billy Junn, finding himself unceremoniously deposited upon the road again, broke into a fresh wail.

Joseph T. Anderson.

LITERARY CHAT

THE NOVEL OF SOCIETY.

A lot of London slang import,
With "bally" for a favorite;
Have ready titles, every sort;
They are a primal requisite.
Speak easily of "stall" and "pit,"
Of valets "moving noiselessly."
Remember that high praise is "fit,"
In novels of society.

A casual dash of wealthy sport;
A knowingness most definite
Concerning boutonnieres and port;
Some spouses tugging at the bit;
Some French quotations apposite—
Dictate the whole right fluently,
And you will have, when all is writ,
A novel of society.

Mourn not that you of plot are short
And scantily furnished with mere wit,
Or know the great by vague report,
Or had of schools small benefit.
They care for knowledge not a whit,
And style they treat contemptuously,
Who write, with aplomb infinite,
The novels of society.

ENVOY.

Dear brother-failures, let us sit
And typewrite most industriously.
'Tis no great trick to make a hit
With novels of society!

OMAN AND NAPIER—A new narrative of the Peninsular War which corrects the multitudinous mistakes of the older British historian.

One of the most important historical works now in progress is Professor Charles Oman's "History of the Peninsular War," of which two large volumes have been issued, and two or three more, apparently, are still to come. The author, who is deputy professor of modern history at Oxford, is already known for his books on Greece, the Byzantine Empire, and medieval England.

Of course a new comprehensive history of the Peninsular War at once challenges comparison with Sir William Napier's famous volumes, so long the accepted authority on the subject. Napier's rank as a historian is secure, and

his work will always hold its place as the narrative of a man who played a part in the events he chronicles, who devoted years to the task of recording them, and who was, moreover, a master of English style. Every student of the war in Spain and Portugal—the war which began Napoleon's ruin, as the great emperor testified himself—must read Napier, just as every student of the Waterloo campaign must read Siborne.

But never, it is tolerably safe to say, can the final history of any war, or of any period, be written by a contemporary. In many respects Napier's work has not stood the test of time as well as Siborne's. The grand old soldier, as Mr. Oman justly calls him, lacked, and could not but lack, that prime virtue of a historian, judicial impartiality. A kinsman of Charles James Fox, it was in his blood to hate the Tories, and to decry the work of the Tory government that sent the English armies to Spain. A participant in the war, he shared in the contempt which most of the British officers came to feel for their Spanish allies, and he does no sort of justice to the heroic deeds of which these unsoldierly soldiers were capable at times. His brother, Sir Charles Napier, was wounded at Corunna, and fell into the hands of Soult, who treated the captive with great courtesy—a service which William Napier repays with interest in his over-kindly handling of the French marshal. Like a few other Englishmen of his party, he was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. It is recorded that he wept for three hours on hearing of the emperor's death. All through his narrative, he holds a brief for the man whose treatment of Spain and her rulers was the darkest exhibition of greed and treachery in all his unscrupulous career.

Moreover, a vast amount of new evidence has come to light since Napier wrote, in the shape of records and memoirs in the language of each of the three nations whose forces waged the seven years' war. One of the most interesting of the new sources of information is a collection of the papers of Sir Charles Vaughan, who was in the British diplomatic service in Spain during most of the struggle, who met many of the lead-

ing figures in it, and who carefully recorded what he saw and heard. His diaries and letters were not long ago bequeathed to his college, All Souls, Oxford, of which Professor Oman is a fellow, as Vaughan was years ago.

A careful worker, a historian of experience, and a capable military critic, Mr. Oman has done justice to the great task which he first undertook about fifteen years ago. Besides pointing out gross instances of Napier's partiality, and setting the whole course of the war in a truer light, he corrects the older writer's errors of fact literally by scores. If a student of those eventful years must read Napier, still less could he dispense with this new narrative.

We notice some trifling slips in the book, which no doubt will be corrected in a second edition. For instance, on page 417 of his first volume, Professor Oman states that the corps of Ney and Moncey formed the right of the great army of invasion with which Napoleon entered Spain in November, 1808. As a matter of fact, these troops were on the emperor's left. Curiously enough, there is a precisely similar mistake in the second volume, in the account of the battle of Medellin, where we read that the Spanish rout began with the breaking of Cuesta's right wing, when it was the left of the Spanish line that was first shattered by the French cavalry.

"MONSIGNY"—An artificial tale through which various puppets move in a not very novel series of complications.

Certain persons of a delving habit of mind, or of unusual power of divination, have professed to find in Justin Miles Forman's "Monsigny" a study of a "woman with a past." Less piercing visions will not find the same thing. A past there is, and attached to it a puppet, squeaking amorously, angrily, or epigrammatically at the prodding of the author's finger; but a woman with a past there is not.

It is a tale to please those who love plot, action, dialogue, and "high society," even when these are devoid of one vital touch. There is plot without originality, action without any particular characterization, and an infinite deal of pseudo-brilliant conversation among titled persons and their associates. The book has all the life-like and human quality of sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

A young heroine labeled with the property charms for heroines is there, and the besmirched siren is her rival, in a sense. The young heroine's aspiring suitor is the man who has been falsely implicated in the siren's past, and the siren, unable to let well enough alone, tries to prevent his marriage, even though she herself is on the highroad to a successful alliance. How she is foiled, having counted too surely upon the hero's fifteenth-century code of chivalrous silence as to the faults of women, forms the climax of a very artificial tale.

THE INFIDEL'S SON—An anecdote of the youth of Robert Buchanan.

In a recently published life of the late Robert Buchanan, the Scottish-English author who is almost as well remembered for his combative spirit as for his poems and novels, there is a youthful anecdote which deserves to be incorporated in a tract.

Buchanan was the son of an Ayrshire tailor who turned socialist, journalist, and atheist under the influences of his day. In the course of time he became manager of a paper in Glasgow, and Robert went to school there. The boy had a lonely time, for his fellow scholars took for their motto the eminently charitable sentence: "Don't play with yon laddie, his father's an infidel."

The result was that while the elder Buchanan was setting forth by printed and spoken word the cheerful doctrine of God's non-existence, the younger one was kneeling each night by his bedside and praying "with all his soul that his father would mend his ways, go to church, and accept the social sanctities like other men."

THE STRATFORD LIBRARY—Even Sidney Lee cannot reconcile Miss Corelli to Mr. Carnegie's proposal.

Almost as much will have been printed in regard to the sacred Shakespeare houses in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, by the time Mr. Carnegie is allowed to put up his library, as has already appeared in regard to Bacon's authorship of the so-called Shakespeare plays. Sidney Lee's pamphlet on the proposed changes, charged though it is with the weight of all sorts of authority, has by no means ended the controversy. That is because Miss Corelli is on the other side, and Miss Corelli is not renowned for the graceful and inconspicuous.

ous way in which she glides out of an argument.

Mr. Lee was made one of the committee having in custody the Shakespeare relics at Stratford, as a Shakespeare student of international repute. It would seem that he should be heard without question when he declares that none of the changes necessitated by the acceptance of Mr. Carnegie's gift will destroy or imperil any single Shakespeare memorial. This he proves alike by reference to old archives and to modern building laws. He declares also that Mr. Carnegie has been an earnest advocate of the preservation of the real memorials—a fact which Mr. Carnegie's fellow citizens cannot but rejoice to know.

But that the great and continuous performer at protesting, Miss Corelli, will allow the matter to rest, is too much to be hoped.

HARDSHIPS OF A SAINT—Anatole France describes some of his youthful difficulties in the pursuit of piety.

That it is difficult to be a successful ascetic in the world is a doctrine which does not surprise one from Anatole France, the brilliant French critic, essayist, and poet. That he made the discovery at a remarkably early age is set forth in a new book of his, a charming study of a child. He calls it "*Le Livre de Mon Ami*," and names his hero *Pierre Noziere*, but there is internal evidence that his friend, whose heart he knew so well, was no other than himself.

Pierre determined at an early age to be a saint. He began to tread the sacrificial road toward perfection by refusing breakfast, but that proved too difficult. St. Simon Stylites on his column next appealed to the boy's youthful imagination, and he humbly imitated his new exemplar by climbing upon the cistern; but the cook would have none of that, and he was ignominiously dragged down. With St. Nicholas of Patras for his next model, he determined to distribute his wealth. He was engaged in throwing his marbles, apples, and new pennies into the street when his father appeared, and, with a few discouraging remarks on the small boy's mental condition, closed the window.

But the "Lives of the Saints" continued to furnish models, and *Pierre* determined to have a hair shirt to emulate some other canonized hero. An old armchair was slit to furnish him the material. In the flogging which followed, he

determined to renounce all hopes of sainthood until he was free to retire to the desert. Only hermits, he was convinced, could hope to attain sanctity.

The book is most charming and delicate, and in these days when tales of children are enjoying such popularity among adults, it ought to win a real regard. The very difference between the little French boy's dreams and pastimes and those of the English and American children of recent exploitation is an additional charm.

BARRIE AND HIS DEFENDER—The failure of an eager champion of the shyest of British novelists.

James Matthew Barrie is one of the least conversational of writers, and there are many stories of the embarrassment he has caused his hosts by his inability to talk at dinners in his honor. At one banquet given to him, it is said, he remained proof against every effort to draw him into conversation until the very close, when, as he left the hall, he made his first remark:

"Weel, this is the firrs time I've ever had dinner with three editors."

Not long after, there appeared an article which cleverly satirized his awkward shyness by ironically showing him as the life of a brilliant assemblage, and the most eloquent of after-dinner speakers. A friend of his, full of indignation at the gibe, rushed to the office of the periodical publishing it, and demanded the head of the author of this infamous jest at a man's disabilities. He collapsed when he learned that the satirist of Mr. Barrie was none other than Mr. Barrie himself.

THE LITERARY SENSE—A quality which seems to make for the discomfort of all who come in contact with it.

E. Nesbit, the creator of some of the most delightful children in fiction, has turned her attention toward the creation of a rather abominable set of young men and women. They all possess in some degree what Mrs. Nesbit calls the "literary sense"—a quality which seems to be closely related to that other destroyer of comfort and happiness in the community, the artistic temperament.

Mrs. Nesbit's heroes and heroines—there are some eighteen of each in the volume of short stories to which she has given the name—are all inclined to meet the emergencies of life as if they were

situations in a play. Young women, if they possess this literary sense, insist upon behaving like the heroines of romance in every scene which they may have with their young men. But not like the sensible heroines of romance. No heroine of clear vision, of gentle tolerance, or even of the sense of humor, is allowed to serve as a model to any of these young ladies. Neither is any man possessing the slightest modicum of sense, the slightest keenness of perception, the slightest ease of manner, taken as an example by the young men of Mrs. Nesbit's group. The one purpose for which all these people have the literary sense is in order that they may spoil either their own lives or those of other people.

The book would be more cheerful reading if one could be quite sure that the clever author knew what a despicable mainspring of action she was illustrating. It seems impossible that a writer so gifted should fail to understand, and to condemn, the substitution of the unreal for the real and of the artificial for the true, which she so gracefully portrays. Yet if she understood, could her touch have been quite so light? Would not her satire have been tipped a little more venomously and her chastisement have fallen more heavily upon the silly shouters of those who think it better to try to make life conform to literature than to make literature reproduce life?

JACK LONDON'S LETTERS—They are not as interesting as his stories.

If, as has been announced, half of the "Kempton-Wace Letters" owe their existence to the gentleman who insists upon having his picture taken in a sweater and calling himself "Jack" London, Mr. London had better return to his Yukon tales. The subtle mazes of introspection are not for him. He is better at making a trail across the trackless snows. To be complex without being interesting is unpardonable. To be "psychological," to make studies of the mind where there is little mind to study, is a waste of time.

The letters in question are supposed to pass between *Kempton* and *Wace* on the occasion of the latter's engagement and during it. *Kempton* is a poet, a sort of "guardy" to *Wace*, who is supposed to be a hard-headed young scientist now, though once he went on his knees to read poetry. *Wace* inventories the qualities of his affianced in a categorical way painful

to *Kempton's* poetic mind. *Wace's* theories on his approaching nuptials spread over many pages in many windy words, but could be more succinctly summed up in the excellent old statement that it is a good thing for a young man to marry early—it keeps him straight. *Kempton* can no more give his countenance to this view than he could prefer machine-made verse to afflatus-born poetry.

They discuss the matter wearisomely, and by and by the girl herself takes a pen in the affair. She won't be married on any such basis. The divine unreason of love for her, or no love at all! Whereupon the book ends, and no reader who has conscientiously labored through it can possibly care what becomes of any of them.

It is said that the *Kempton* letters were written by a young woman to whom Mr. London is—or was—to be married. The story may be true, but it sounds like the work of some ingenious press agent.

FEMININITY IN FICTION—A critic who disputes Jane Austen's genius because of the womanly narrowness of her interests and her womanly treatment of them.

Is it a crime, or, to put it more mildly, "bad art," for a woman to write like a woman? We all know that to throw a stone like a woman or to drive a nail like a woman is to throw a stone or to drive a nail very badly. Is there something about literature which puts it into the same category with these useful pursuits? Or is it no more bad art for a woman to write from a feminine outlook, and to put things in a feminine way, than for an Italian to write from an Italian outlook, or an Icelander from an Icelandie?

According to Walter Frewen Lord, a critic who supplies the lacking note of dissonance in the chorus of appreciation which has accompanied the Jane Austen revival, it is a literary shortcoming to write like a woman. He resents the femininity of the interests Miss Austen describes—the dull little dinners at the dull old houses, the village tittle-tattle, the excitement over matrimonial prospects, the shame over small lapses in social observances. He is for withholding the title of genius from one who, at a time when great historical events were happening, elected to write of the

"doings of children of seventeen who have never been outside their village!"

Nowadays, of course, we take our heroines older. But when *Juliet* was alive, the world could endure them still younger, and Mr. Frewen has not yet been heard to cavil at Shakespeare for the youth of his women. But that is beside the question of Miss Austen's femininity of style and matter as affecting her art. Surely most of the world would rather read her delicious, kindly, sympathetic, satiric delineations of the narrow life of the dull, proper countryside in England than any account of conquest or of colonization that any woman, or almost any man, could write. So far from being condemned because she wrote like a woman, it would seem that her chief glory lies in the fact that she wrote from her own point of view of the things she saw and knew.

Instead of being a fearful warning to those women who ply her tools nowadays, she is a very shining example to them.

SAVING A HEROINE—The far-fetched life-saving devices to which novelists descend.

In these degenerate days, when a spice of wickedness seems to be demanded as the price of interest, the creators of heroines are hard put to it to see that the claims of logic, piquancy, and conservative Anglo-Saxon decency are all maintained.

To lead a young woman to the verge of the most painful indiscretions, to dower her with a taste for naughtiness, to fire her with great passions, and then to set her down comfortably at the old familiar task of darning her husband's stockings "in love and charity with her neighbor" and in the entire respect of the community—there is a task for all an author's ingenuity and resource.

Sometimes the saving of the heroine seems more of a manual feat than an intellectual one. The author seems to say: "See here, young woman, I've let you have your own way now quite as long as is good for you. So back to your little feminine cage with you!"

Thereupon he drags the heroine by the hair of the head to her own hearthstone, and sets her down beside her own mending-basket. And the reader has a baffled sense of injury—not that the reader is a brute who loves to wallow in the destruction of fair young heroines, but that he would like to see a logical development of character through situation.

Two recent books, both of uncommon promise, are marred by the authors' benevolent determination to save their heroines by main force. In "Anne Carmel," by Gwendolen Overton, the weakness of the device by which the girl is saved from eloping with her old lover, now married, is very apparent. In Anna McClure Sholl's clever novel, "The Lesson of Life," the same thing is true. The young woman who marries an elderly professor out of gratitude, admiration, esteem, and what not, and who in the fulness of time comes painfully to her heritage of love, has a palpably made-to-order salvation meted out to her.

"McANDREWS"—Kipling's famous old engineer is often misnamed "McAndrew."

There is in the current edition of "The Seven Seas" a palpable typographical error which has misled many readers and quoters of Kipling. One of the most striking and familiar characters in the book is the old Scottish engineer who chants his strange "hymn" from the grimy bowels of an ocean steamer. His name, as given several times in the text, is *McAndrews*. In the title of the poem, by the mere transposition of an apostrophe, it becomes *McAndrew*; and owing, no doubt, to the greater prominence of the title, this less natural form is common in quotations.

In a story published in the October MUNSEY'S, "A Misjudged Coward," the old engineer's name was given as Kipling probably wrote it. The other version is so much more familiar to most people that many readers thought we had made a slip.

PRIZES FOR TOPICAL POEMS—

Fifty, thirty, and twenty dollars for the three best poems sent in.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE offers one hundred dollars (\$100.00) in prizes for the best topical poems—that is, poems treating some subject of current interest in a humorous or satirical way. For the best poem fifty dollars will be paid; for the second best, thirty dollars; for the third best, twenty dollars. Any other poem worthy of publication will be purchased at a fair price.

All poems intended for this competition must reach the office of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE on or before December 15. Envelopes should be marked "Prize Poem Competition."

The Father of a Full-Back.

THE STORY OF DWIGHT DETTENRIDER'S GREATEST FOOTBALL GAME.

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON.

I.

"YOU'RE a mongrel, sir, that's all you are!"

Dwight Dettenrider looked up unmoved. He had been so long accustomed to the elder Dettenrider's contempt for his offspring that the humor of a man's quarreling with nature for not giving him the power of reproducing himself undiluted never occurred to him. Neither did he think it necessary to try to shake his father's confident belief that all deviation from the original type must necessarily be for the worse. Young Dettenrider had accepted his progenitor's eccentricities as he accepted the knots in hickory wood, the shade and texture of scrapple, the conservatism of Pennsylvania, and the brick monotony of her chief city. None of them was exactly beautiful, but Dwight, like other sons of the same commonwealth, could not imagine the world without them.

"You shall not set up your judgment against mine," Dettenrider went on, whipped into wrath by the failure of his heaviest piece of artillery to rout the enemy. "You're an opinionated ass, sir! And you'll use your time and strength on the farm, I tell you, not prancing about in a circus costume."

His son crossed his long legs, whose upper half was hidden now by wadded brown canvas knickerbockers, and shifted the bulk of muscle encased in a red sweater banded in blue. But he did not speak. In fact, he rarely spoke at any length; which made his reticence during these one-sided arguments not so much of a virtue as it seemed—to every one but his loquacious father, who regarded the boy's good-natured taciturnity as only another indication of that mongrelism he deplored.

"You'll go up to your room now, and you'll take off that indecent rig. Don't you ever let me see you dressed like a clown again, do you hear? You never saw me make a spectacle of myself. The Dettenriders are decent people; always have been. It's from your mother's side you get—well, are you going?"

Dwight rose. He towered, a mighty mass of bone and muscle, over his irascible father's head. He did not make for the staircase, but straight for the outer door.

Dettenrider looked at the lad's square, ruddy countenance, as if one could read anything there but perfect digestion and an utter lack of nerves.

"Are you crazy, Dwight?" he demanded.

"No, I'm going to play football."

Dettenrider gasped.

"If you say football again, I'll box your ears!" he cried.

His son looked down upon him and shut his lips tight.

"Go to your room, you mongrel!"

The young man opened the door and stepped out upon the porch.

With a bound, Dettenrider was after him and upon him. In a passion of outraged authority, his hands flew up about Dwight's head, cuffing till the lad's ears sung.

A big, flat, sunburned hand caught those two active old ones, and another as mighty was raised threateningly over Dettenrider's head. There was a pause. Then the young giant's clouded eyes grew clear. With but a slight output of strength he lifted his father over the threshold and shut the door firmly upon him. He held it closed a few moments, and then turned away.

When Dettenrider at last pulled the door open his son was making big, easy strides toward the station. But he heard the words his father sent after him:

"Don't you ever dare to come back! You'll never set foot inside my door again, you circus clown!"

II.

OLD Andreas Dettenrider swaggered down Schwenkville's elm-shaded street to tell the village what it already knew; striving to read in his neighbors' eyes their judgment of his treatment of his son.

"There's too much of this Young America business to suit me, altogether too much!" he cried defiantly to a knot

of old farmers, tipped back upon their chairs on the wide, honeysuckle-shaded piazza of the little old hotel. "Let's hear something now about Old America. Why, hang it, when we were boys we didn't get the notion that the world was made for us! The time's not so far back that I can't remember being taught to honor my father and mother, that my days might be long in the land."

A murmur of approval arose. Dettenrider waxed more confident, like an actor whose vanity seizes upon a hit made by his lines and interprets it as a personal tribute. He called for beer for his friends and himself, though not a free-handed man, and the farmers drank with him, but unenjoyingly. Of Dutch and German descent, home-loving and peace-loving, they knew of but one scandal greater than a disobedient son—a father who emphasized that disobedience by calling attention to it.

"It's our duty as fathers," Dettenrider was protesting against a voiceless dissent, "to teach these young cocks their place. For my part, I gave him one—a good one!"

"What? A good what?" Old Clausenius, the hotel-keeper, took his pipe for one instant from his lips to inquire.

"A blow. That'll teach him something, eh?"

A heavy weight of disgust settled upon the grim, quiet old faces. To strike your boy—well, if he needs it; but to tell of it, to brag of it! Dettenrider felt their condemnation, and it aroused all the combative ness in him.

"That's the kind of a man I am," he declared. "I'll not put up with it from him. He's my son. I'm his father. I turn him out of doors. I say to him, 'You had your chance to behave like a son. You choose to go your own way? Well, go, but don't come back again. You can starve for all of me!' I'm not the new American father. I'm old-fashioned, I am. We keep our word, we Dutch Dettenriders."

A silence answered him eloquently.

"It's not the football, though that's bad enough; it's the disobedience, the principle of the thing. And I don't regret it," he asseverated loudly. "I won't regret it if I never see him again. Perhaps he'll come to his senses, and come back. When he does—well, I'll make him eat humble pie, I promise you!"

He rose, stepped off the high stoop, and went down the dusty, quiet street. Old Clausenius took his pipe for the second time from his lips and spat ex-

pressively. Dettenrider felt the hotel-keeper's piercing little eyes fastened on his back as he walked away, aggressively upright. He knew that he was being tried by a jury of his peers, and that in his absence sentence would be passed upon him. The knowledge added to his bitter resentment.

"Wait till that mongrel comes back!" he said vengefully to himself.

But the prodigal son did not come back. Rumors came from Philadelphia, some time later, that Dwight Dettenrider could, if he wished, have his way paid through college for his services to the football team.

"A lie!" declared Dettenrider. "They don't throw money away like that, even in Philadelphia."

He walked into the hotel-office one evening in late October, and found old Clausenius reading aloud, with his heavy Dutch accent, from a Philadelphia newspaper. On the old farmer's entrance, the paper was hastily put away, while the company waited with obvious self-restraint for his departure.

Immediately upon his arrival at his deserted home he sent for a copy of the newspaper, and tremblingly he read the death-notices. But no familiar name under the "D's" met his fearful eye. He turned to the first page and sought out everything on it that might be an account of an accident. Then he threw the paper pettishly aside. It fell open at a page which no sane man, Dettenrider would say, could ever read. But suddenly the memory of the words that Clausenius had been reading aloud came back to him:

In the big game of 1901 he blocked the kick that resulted in Penn's scoring its two points on its opponents' safety. In 1902, by the most superb punting ever seen on the gridiron, he kept the ball out of danger and prevented Cornell's scoring; and twice out of four attempts he kicked field goals, earning for his team a total of ten points.

Yes, there it was, and above it, across the page, there was a photograph of eleven taut-faced, heavy-bodied, straight-haired giants, in the midst of whom his father saw, with awe and amazed resentment, the stolid, good-humored, confident face of the mongrel.

III.

PHILADELPHIA is but half an hour's ride from Schwenkville; yet Schwenkville is separated by almost half a hundred years from the life and thought and manners of a great city. The Perkiomen winds its gentle way through a valley in

which the new generation is two-tongued, but the old one still travels toward expression over a linguistic road as rough-hewn, as unyielding, as mongrel, in fact, as Dettenrider's son—the Pennsylvania Dutch.

On one morning, though, toward the end of November, when Andreas Dettenrider walked across the old covered, wooden bridge and into the town, a strange jargon seemed to have taken possession of people's tongues. It was a compound of half-comprehended English, to which the terms "full-back," "right guard," "left half-back," and others like them lent esoteric significance.

Even on the vine-wreathed piazza of old Clausenius' hotel, and in the very office itself, men were talking of "magnificent tackles," "bully punting," and "wretched fumbling." Clausenius' daughter stood out in the stone-walled garden, where her roses lasted longer and bloomed better than anywhere else in the pretty valley. She was dressed in navy blue piped with red, with a blue felt hat trimmed with flaming poppies, and a blue and red sash. She was waving a pennant of the same colors at the end of a long rod, and calling across the street to her friend, Betty Hoofer.

"And he'll win for them to-day, too, Betty," she cried. "I'll wager my new hat that—"

"Who will win, Hedwig—win what?" interrupted old Dettenrider, as he paused a moment on his way inside.

The hotel-keeper's daughter looked down over her wall. On seeing who her questioner was, a poppy-tinted wave of confusion seemed to descend from her hat over her fair, plump face.

"The—the full-back, Mr. Dettenrider," she said demurely. "Pennsylvania's full-back. The game's on to-day, you know."

Dettenrider didn't know. Nor did he know that the full-back's loyalty to his home had caused Schwenkville to be chosen as the site of the great game, when the builders' strike had made it impossible for the usual field to be made ready in time.

But the eager whispers and the suppressed giggles of the girls behind his back told him much. The crowd about Clausenius' desk, where the yellowed old register lay open, told him more. He peered a moment over the shoulders in front of him, and saw a big, bold, childish signature—"Dwight Dettenrider, U. P." He sent a disgusted glance to-

ward old Clausenius, who was flattered and gratified at the glory reflected upon his house; at the other heavy, stolid, well-known faces, now all aglow with curiosity, excitement, and pride. Then he turned his back upon a time and town so out of joint, and, despairing of setting it right, started back for the farm.

So occupied was he, as he walked, with his own bitter thoughts, that for a time he was unconscious of the gradually increasing crowd that went over the same road with him. He reached the railroad track just as the last special train pulled in, and was caught in a whirlpool of sound and motion. The Schwenkville brass band vied with tin horns, megaphones, and squealing toy balloons in adding to the confusion; and the progenitor of mongrels realized to what base uses the fathers of men may be put—if they attempt to go one way when the world is bound in the other.

He was jostled. He was stepped on. He was sworn at. At last he was seized bodily by a shrieking young giant waving a long red and blue cane, who whirled him about, to the Homeric laughter of the young giant's fellows, and marched him firmly, but laughingly, toward the goal whither this army of lunatics was bound.

At first a murderous rage burned in Dettenrider's heart. He yearned for his son's strength, that he might crush this insolence. But the crowd was too gay, too young, too boisterously overflowing with animal spirits. He could not help being influenced by the light-hearted contagion. Not that his stolid, bearded face with its shaven, stiff upper lip betrayed the fact; but his feet moved less and less unwillingly, till at last he said within himself:

"Come, Andreas, let's go, too; see what these fools are so mad to see; see that mongrel Dwight make a mountebank of himself! In such a crowd no one will know you have been there, and you'll be better able, perhaps, to fight this craze of his. Come!"

They had reached the grounds before he had fully debated and decided the question. Once there, there was no longer time or opportunity for hesitation. Andreas was pushed, as if by irresistible forces, to the right, to the left, around a corner, and up a narrow, fenced-in path, straight to the ticket-taker's turnstile.

The ticket-taker was a red-faced, black-mustached fellow, whose eyes were

lifted over the heads of the crowd, while his fingers worked automatically. A sudden sense of something lacking, as the paste-boards ceased feeding themselves into his outstretched hand, made him lower his eyes to the man before him.

"Step lively—step lively, you old populist!" he cried. "What d'ye mean by blocking the whole line? Ain't ye got sense enough to have your ticket ready, or have ye lost it?"

Bewilderment seized upon Dettenrider.

"I—I want to see the football game," he stammered.

"Oh, do you!" snorted the ticket-taker. "Whole families have been known to die of want. I suppose you think, because you want to see the game, nobody else does. Confound it—get your ticket out or get out yourself!"

A feeling of utter helplessness came upon Andreas. Behind him the angry crowd, delayed unseasonably—the train had been some minutes late—growled and threatened. Before him the lobster-faced ticket-taker became more and more apoplectic. One had to have a ticket to see mongrels make mountebanks of themselves—this became evident from the profane ejaculations of the ticket-taker. And tickets must actually cost money!

A strange, unaccustomed respect for his son surged up in old Dettenrider, and he pulled out his wallet. But the crowd behind him hooted. To think of any one's attempting to purchase tickets at the gate where every seat had been reserved weeks before!

"I say, come, get hold of this jay!" the ticket-taker shouted to a policeman; and the officer, his elbows working like duplicate pistons, made his way through the crowd.

"Here, my man," he began, grasping Andreas' collar. Then, suddenly recognizing him: "Why, Andreas Dettenrider, you—at a football game!"

Andreas choked with wrath, with vexation, with despair. He felt that in a moment he might even weep, when he heard his name repeated behind him; first in an amazed whisper, then louder and with more voices chorusing it, till it rose in a tremendous cheer.

In a moment he was lifted off his feet. The same young giant with the long red and blue cane swung him up to his shoulder. Another caught the old man's feet, another supported his back; and, riding triumphantly upon the shoulders of his son's devoted adherents, the

father of mongrels was borne in upon the field.

Before the magic of his name every official bar fell. He was led to the choicest seat in an amphitheater of howling enthusiasts. While the fellow with the tall cane beat out an accompaniment upon the air, an entire human bank of red and blue yelled his name.

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Penn-syl-vani-a! Dettenrider, Dettenrider, Dettenrider—senior!"

A trembling seized old Andreas. To hear these young throats of brass and lungs of steel voice his name; to feel the accord of all these gay young hearts, and to be in such accord with them—it was too much for one all unused to fame—and football!

"A corking line-up, sir," said the youth beside him, blushing at the glory of being seated so near one so closely related to the rose. "But old Det's a whale—bulliest full-back Penn ever corralled!"

Andreas nodded. He knew his only safety lay in silence. He crossed his gnarled old hands upon his knee and bent forward.

He saw the great bare field dotted here and there with misshapen, two-legged things, so clumsy, so unwieldy, that they seemed strange, immovable growths of the earth. He strained his old eyes to detect among them that mongrel son whom he had not seen for weary months.

He blinked in the dazzling light, and when he opened his eyes the field was alive. Those stuffed shapes were animated by a sudden incredible activity. They leaped, they flew, they fell in a wriggling heap. They tore themselves asunder and stood a moment, rigid.

Then a ball sailed up and out through the air. A soul-rending shriek went off at Andreas' very ear; the lad beside him was dancing on one leg, holding his lifted foot with an expression of purest rapture, while playing within an inch of Andreas' nose was the quick-moving point of a blue and red cane, which seemed to strike whoops and yells from the mass above and behind them.

When comparative quiet was restored, old Andreas became conscious of the pain in his right hand. That member had been nearly wrenched off by the congratulatory hand-shakes he had suffered. But he did not care. He had learned—not what, but who that full-back was.

"Game old boy, Det's dad!" said the fellow with the cane in a bass whisper to

a companion with a tall hat wound in red and blue.

Andreas overheard, and something melted inside of him. He turned away, that these new chums of his should not see that his eyes were wet; and as he turned he became conscious of another pair of eyes, not far away, in which the tears trembled, too. Gray they were, and dewy clear; and, shining through the tears, a beaming message of pride and happiness and sympathy flashed in an instant from the mongrel's sweetheart to the mongrel's father.

Old Andreas seized a red and blue pennant, and, leaning forward, waved it toward Hedwig Clausenius. The girl understood, and waved gaily back at him. Both of them missed the first plays of the second half, and neither of them cared.

Yet Hedwig knew, the moment her eyes fell on the field, how much the black and yellow had gained, and clutched her flag in a self-accusing agony that she had not watched more closely—as if her glance were a talisman!

As for Andreas, he saw again that swift but apparently reasonless arrangement and rearrangement of the kaleidoscopic, shapeless atoms. Despite his ignorance of the moves of the game, he sat as if fascinated, unconscious of the passage of time. When one of the particles disengaged itself from the heap, hugging tight a miniature sphere, and, accompanied for a time by slower, slighter particles, sped down the field, he felt himself lifted to his feet by the strength of his emotions. Leaning out, he lost sight of the mob. He became deaf to the howls of agonized delight behind, about, above, him. He forgot the townspeople, his contempt for mongrels, and his quarrel with his son, and with

every nerve in his body he sent reinforcements of strength, of endurance, of ambition, speeding after him.

IV.

FROM the throng that caressed him to suffocation, that seethed and bubbled joyously about him, almost overwhelming him with its fond pride, Dwight Dettentrider disengaged himself when he heard his father's voice. The mud had caked upon his face, had been melted by the perspiration, and had dried again. His nose was peeled, one eye was black, a finger was out of joint, and he limped. But he had pinned to his breast the red and blue pennant that Hedwig Clausenius had dropped to him, and beneath it there beat a heart atune with joy.

He eyed Andreas warily as the crowd made respectful way for the old man. He did not know his father's purpose, but he said to himself that he wasn't going to permit any tarnishing of these, his glories. For himself the simple fellow did not care; but the place he held in his comrades' esteem, and the glory of love, of which the flag on his breast was the token, forbade him to let himself be humiliated.

A whirl of suggestions, of possibilities, flitted through his mind, but as he faced old Andreas, the mongrel's stolid, dirt-caked face and half-crippled figure borrowed a new dignity from his position among men—and women.

"Father—" he began, slow of speech, but sure of himself as he had been when he made that eighty-yard dash to the enemy's goal.

But Andreas could not wait.

"I've had your trunk sent up from the hotel to the house, Dwight," he said sternly. "Follow after it, now, and—
and bring the—the boys with you!"

APART AND YET TOGETHER.

I KNOW a garden where the lilies gleam,
And one who lingers in the sunshine there;
She is than white-stoled lily far more fair,
And oh, her eyes are heaven-lit with a dream!

I know a garret, cold and dark and drear,
And one who toils and toils with tireless pen
Until his brave, sad eyes grow weary—then
He seeks the stars, pale, silent as a seer.

And ah, 'tis strange, for desolate and dim
Between these two there rolls an ocean wide;
Yet he is in the garden by her side,
And she is in the garret there with him!

Robert W. Service.

The Two-Minute Trotter.

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN MARSTEN.

FOR YEARS HORSEMEN DEBATED WHETHER ANY HORSE COULD EVER TROT A MILE IN TWO MINUTES—THE QUESTION HAS NOW BEEN ANSWERED BY THE ACTUAL PERFORMANCE OF THE FEAT.

ON June 19, 1806, the *Connecticut Record* contained the following notice:

Fast Trotting—Yesterday afternoon the Haerlem race-course of one mile's distance was trotted around in two minutes and fifty-nine seconds by a Horse called Yankey, from New Haven, a rate of Speed, it is believed, never before excelled in the country.

It is quite probable that this marked the first establishment of a trotting record of less than three minutes for the mile. It is recorded that a dozen years later Colonel Bond, of Maryland, bet Major Jones, of Long Island, a thousand dollars that he could not produce a horse able to accomplish the distance in three minutes. Major Jones won the wager with a trotter named Boston Blue; but for four-score years thereafter, though the record was continually cut down by a few seconds at a time, the two-minute trotter was commonly regarded as an impossibility.

To-day he has appeared—or perhaps it should be said that she has appeared, as it was a mare that first accomplished the feat, and that holds the championship after a keenly-contested burst of record breaking. At least, such is the situation as this goes to press; and though prophecy is always dangerous, it does not seem likely that Lou Dillon's mile in one minute, fifty-eight seconds and a half, made at Memphis on October 24, will be soon beaten.

And meanwhile the pacers, always a little ahead of the trotters, have brought their record down to one minute, fifty-six seconds and a quarter, Dan Patch's time on October 22, also at Memphis.

The owner of Lou Dillon, C. K. G. Billings, of New York and Chicago, may be said to have spent more than a million dollars to give to the world the first two-minute trotter. Mr. Billings inherited not only a great fondness for fast harness horses, but also the means to gratify that expensive taste. He never attempts to recover his expenses in the betting-

ring, for he has always refused to bet or to race for money. He is a thoroughly practical horseman, and one of the most skilful amateur reinsmen in the country, generally driving his own animals.

Among the well known performers that Mr. Billings has owned and driven to records, besides Lou Dillon, are Bumps, Lucille, Little Boy, The Monk, and Equity. In purchasing horses he follows his own judgment, and seldom makes a mistake. Last spring, when he paid twelve thousand five hundred dollars for Lou Dillon, he acted against the advice of his friends; but he was rewarded by seeing the splendid little mare beat record after record, and finally attain the trotting championship in seemingly decisive fashion.

One of Lou Dillon's most remarkable feats was achieved at Cleveland in September, when she broke a famous old record which had stood for eighteen years—that of two minutes, eight seconds and three quarters for the mile to a high-wheel sulky, made by that historic queen of the trotting turf, Maud S. Mr. Billings' mare cut the time down to two minutes, five seconds. In this and other trials to sulky against the watch she has been driven by her trainer, Millard Sanders; but her owner held the reins over her when she did what was in some respects the greatest mile in trotting history—her two minutes, one second and three quarters to a wagon, at Lexington, under conditions that were not ideal for fast work.

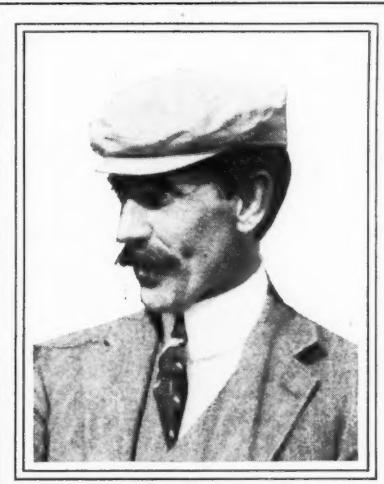
Lou Dillon is a chestnut, somewhat dark in color, and but slightly over fifteen hands high. A daughter of Sidney Dillon and Lou Milton, she was foaled in 1898 at the Santa Rosa Stock Farm, in California. She may be called a natural trotter, needing no check or martingale. Not of the stocky type, but neatly put together, she is graceful and blood-like. It has been said that she was not born to the purple, as there is no Wilkes and Electioneer cross in her breeding;

but she is a splendid example of the fact that horses, like men, may come to the front without the most aristocratic birth.

It must be said that not all the credit for the recent breaking of records has belonged to the horses themselves. Part of it—just how much it is difficult to determine—must go to the new speed-making device, the much discussed wind shield. This is an adaptation of the idea of "taking pace," so effectively developed by the professional bicycle-riders who speed behind motors.

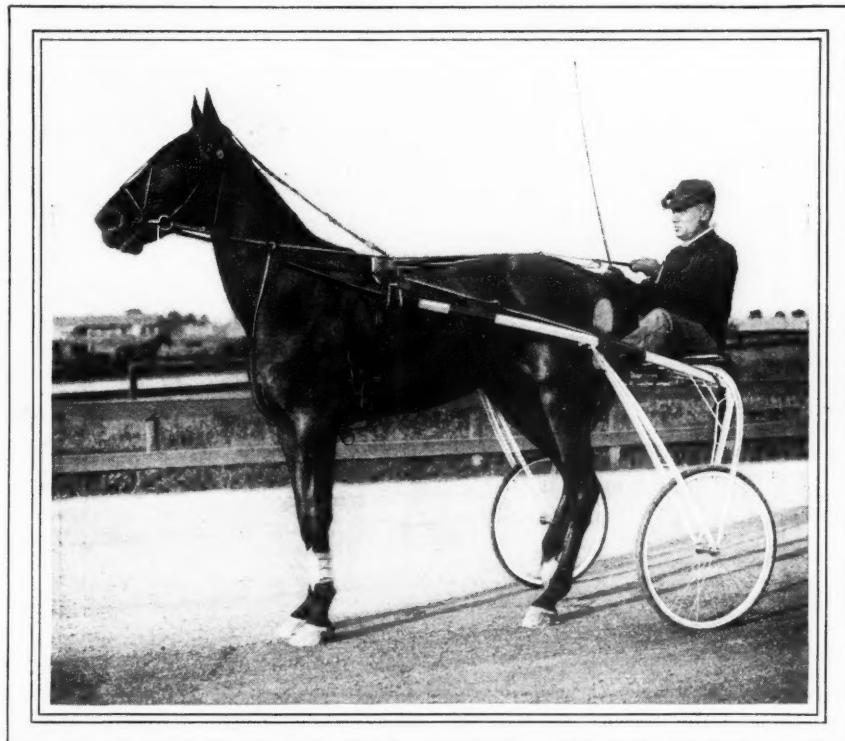
The engraving on page 452 shows the

It was drawn by a fast running horse; and when the trotter or pacer ran close



E. E. SMATHERS, OWNER OF MAJOR DELMAR.

wind shield used at the Empire City track on the day when Major Delmar trotted his mile in two minutes, and when Prince Alert paced the distance in one minute, fifty-seven seconds. It was a light sulky, on which was built a semicircular canvas shield, rising in front of the driver's seat, with two apertures for the reins. It reached the level of the driver's head, just allowing him to see over it. Underneath, between the wheels, another strip of canvas stretched almost to the ground.



MAJOR DELMAR, ONE OF THE THREE TWO-MINUTE TROTTERS—THE MAJOR IS A BAY GELDING, BY DELMAR, DAM EXPECTATION, AND WAS FOALDED IN 1897. HIS DRIVER IS ALTA P. MCDONALD.

behind it, it practically relieved him of the atmospheric pressure which is a strong retarding force to any body moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

When Lou Dillon made her marvelous record at Memphis she was paced by a sulky carrying a shield which the newspapers describe as consisting of a wire dirt-guard, while a second running horse kept close at her side. Cresceus' best time, which had stood as the trotting record for just five days—a quarter of a second less than two minutes, at Wichita, Kansas, on October 19—was made be-

and driven by George H. Ketcham, of Toledo, Ohio. He first won the champion-



C. K. G. BILLINGS, OWNER OF LOU DILLON.

hind a running mate drawing a sulky, which, however, had no shield attached. These slight differences in the conditions under which various horses have raced leave room for a certain amount of disagreement as to the relative value of their performances.

Cresceus has been before the public considerably longer than either of the other two-minute trotters. He is a chestnut stallion, by Robert McGregor, dam Mabel, a daughter of Mambrino Howard, and was foaled in 1894.

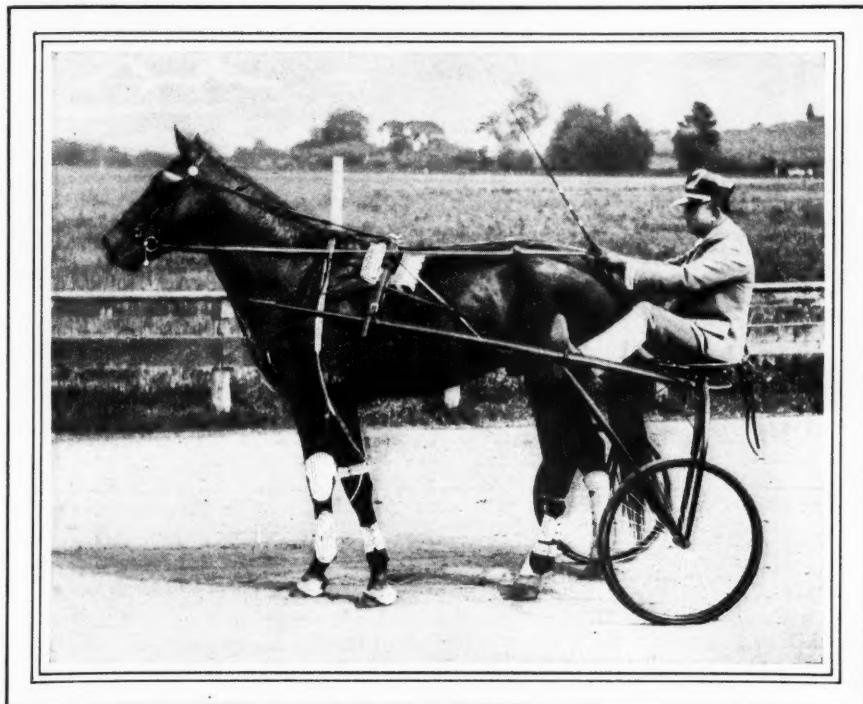
He is owned, trained,



LOU DILLON, THE QUEEN OF THE TROTTING TURF, WHO MADE THE MARVELOUS RECORD OF ONE MINUTE, FIFTY-EIGHT AND A HALF SECONDS, FOR A MILE, AT MEMPHIS, ON OCTOBER 24—HER DRIVER IS MILLARD SANDERS.

ship on July 26, 1901, at Cleveland, trotting the mile in two minutes, two seconds and three quarters. A few days later he cut the record half a second lower, and he held it for more than two years before Lou Dillon first robbed him of his laurels on the 24th of August last. He regained them on October 19, to lose them again

Major Delmar, the third great trotter of the year, is a bay gelding, by Delmar, dam Expectation, and was foaled in 1897. He first came into the front rank in 1902, when he was campaigned on the Grand Circuit, and stood third in the list of prize-winning trotters. His best time that year was five and a half seconds



CRESCEUS, WHOSE RECORD FOR A MILE IS A QUARTER OF A SECOND LESS THAN TWO MINUTES—
CRESCEUS IS A CHESTNUT STALLION, BY ROBERT MCGREGOR, DAM MABEL, FOALDED IN 1894,
AND IS OWNED AND DRIVEN BY GEORGE H. KETCHAM.

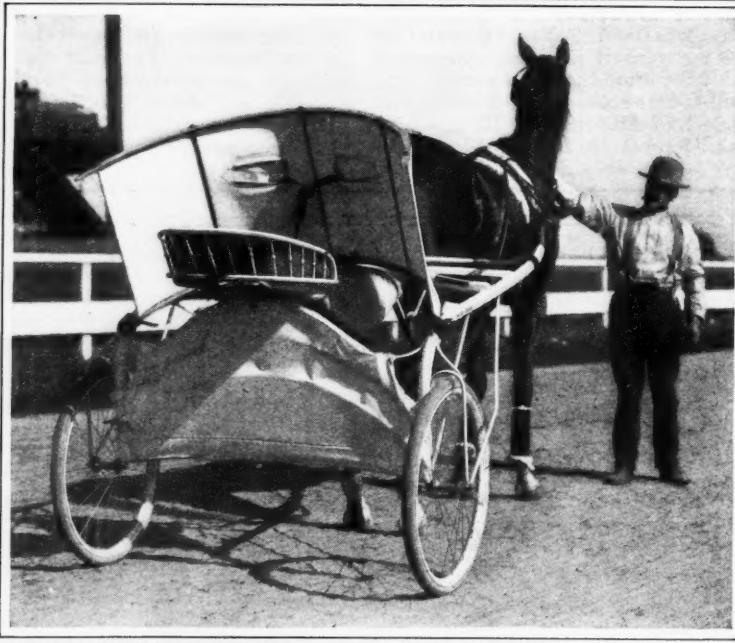
From a copyrighted photograph by Cole, New York.

on the 24th; and simultaneously with the report of his rival's crowning achievement comes the news that Cresceus has received injuries in a railroad accident—light injuries, apparently, but sufficient to extinguish any chance he might have of beating Lou Dillon's latest time before next season.

Cresceus still holds the record for the fastest mile ever trotted in a race—two minutes, three seconds and a quarter, made when he beat The Abbot at Brighton Beach, in 1901. He is the first and only stallion that ever held the trotting crown. In build he is chunky and massive, suggesting power and endurance rather than grace or symmetry.

worse than two minutes, but last summer, admirably trained and driven by Alta P. McDonald, he clipped second after second from his mark until he brought it down to two minutes flat. He was thereupon purchased by E. E. Smathers, the owner of McChesney and other famous horses, who paid thirty thousand dollars for him.

At Lexington, on the 10th of October, with Mr. Smathers driving, Major Delmar reduced the time for a mile to wagon to two minutes, three seconds and three quarters. The record was broken again the same afternoon, Lou Dillon coming out five minutes later to do the distance in two seconds less.



THE WIND SHIELD THAT WAS USED IN THE MAKING OF SOME RECENT TRACK RECORDS, AND THAT HAS AROUSED MUCH DISCUSSION AMONG HORSEMEN.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

The two horses met again at Memphis, on October 20, to race for the Memphis Gold Cup. A sensational contest was expected, but the result was disappointing, for the gelding performed but poorly, and the mare defeated him in two straight heats, and in comparatively slow time, several seconds worse than two minutes. His latest achievement, reported just as this magazine goes to press, was a match against time, also on the Memphis track, a week later. The Major succeeded in clipping a quarter of a second from his previous record of two minutes, thereby putting himself on a level with Cresceus.

It is practically certain that the class of two-minute trotters will be steadily enlarged during the coming years. Professor Brewer, of Yale, has predicted that the champion horse of the future will trot a mile in one minute and fifty seconds, but that the time will never be reduced further. This sounds like a daring prophecy, but it is based upon mathematical calculation and a close study of the facts. Its author is said to have foretold the coming of the two-minute

trotter as far back as twenty-five years ago, when most men questioned the possibility of such a thing.

The professor's argument seems to be that it is possible, by noting a large number of past records, to construct a curve which will show the ultimate limit of speed attainable. With the running horse, that limit has already been reached. The best recorded time was made a good many years ago, and two thousand thoroughbreds have come within five seconds of it, showing that the breed of racers has practically been perfected. The trotter, on the other hand, is still in course of development. His gait is being accelerated every year, and the animals who have come within five seconds of the record can be counted on the fingers. It may be fifty years, Dr. Brewer holds, before the possibilities of the breed will be fully revealed by the "one fifty" champion of the future.

The verification of the professor's forecast may partly depend on the extent to which the use of mechanical aids is permitted by the authorities of the trotting track.

THE STAGE

THE CONTENTMENT OF A QUENCHED STAR.

It is probably true that the most contented actress on the American boards to-day is a former star who now sees her name printed on the bill in no larger type than that of the most insignificant

person in the cast. This is Lillian Russell, who for the past three seasons has been a member of the company at Weber & Fields'. She receives a handsome salary, can live at her own home for almost the entire year, and has no anxiety about



JOBYNA HOWLAND, WHO IS "LADY POVERISH" IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "WINSOME WINNIE."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

the search for new pieces, or their reception when secured.

Miss Russell is a native of Clinton, Iowa, and the theatrical chronicles give

She studied music in Chicago with a teacher who was a classmate of Annie Louise Cary, and imbibed the ambition to appear in opera. So she came to New



LILLIAN RUSSELL, LEADING WOMAN AT WEBER & FIELDS' FAMOUS NEW YORK MUSIC HALL.
From her latest photograph by Marcean, New York.

1860 as the year of her birth. She began her professional career in Chicago by singing in an Episcopal church, under her maiden name, Helen Louise Leonard.

York, where all Thespians aim to start, and set out on the arduous task of procuring an engagement. And an especially thorny road the young girl found



GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, STARRING WITH HER HUSBAND, FORBES ROBERTSON, IN A DRAMATIZATION OF
KIPLING'S STORY, "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

From her latest photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith—Copyrighted by the Rotary Photographic Co., London.



IDA CONQUEST, APPEARING AS "HELENA" IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

it. It was hard enough to get managers to listen to her, and when she had accomplished this herculean task, her nerves were so unstrung by her anxiety to please that she could not do herself justice. Men like McCaul, of the Casino, and D'Oyley Carte, of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas, told her to her face that she was not good enough for them. At last Tony Pastor heard her sing at a friend's house, and offered her an engagement at his little variety theater.

"I want you to sing ballads," he told her, "and I will advertise you as an English girl."

At Tony Pastor's, which was then located on lower Broadway, near Prince Street, she sang songs like "Twickenham Ferry," and made a hit. The other managers came to hear her. One of them, the very Carte who had once turned her down, failed to recognize the girl, and, believing her to be an English artist, offered her three times her salary to come with him. She did not hesitate long about accepting, and appeared first in "Patience" and later in "The Snake Charmer." Then another of the men who had declined her with thanks, John McCaul, offered her an opening at the Casino, where she sang with success in "The Sorcerer" and "The Princess of Trebizonde."

After that she was in England for a season or two, and then came her first real New York triumphs at the Casino in "Nadjy," "The Brigands," "The Grand Duchess," and "Poor Jonathan." Her beauty and her voice were the talk of the town, and of course a manager popped up to overbid the rates she was receiving. This was T. Henry French, and the sum he was said to have paid her as a star was one thousand dollars a week, with an interest in the receipts. She opened at the Garden Theater in "La Cigale," but the bloom had worn off, and although she continued under Mr. French for two seasons, the big boom she had enjoyed at the Casino was never repeated.

Her next managers were Abbey & Grau, and at what is now the Knickerbocker Theater she starred in such novelties as "The Tzigane" and "The Goddess of Truth," also in the French pieces, "The Little Duke" and "La Perichole." But still receipts failed to equal expenditures, and once more Miss Russell returned to the Casino, this time under new auspices. She created the title rôle in "An American Beauty," and later became a member, with Jeffer-



FRANKLIN JONES, LEADING JUVENILE WITH ADELAIDE THURSTON IN "POLLY PRIMROSE."

From a photograph by Bundy, Albany.

son De Angelis and Della Fox, of the tri-star organization that presented "The Wedding Day." This last venture was not a wholly satisfactory one, and on her return from a visit to Germany she closed with the liberal offer made her by Weber & Fields. From time to time there have been rumors of a new Lillian Russell Opera Company, but when it comes to taking the definite step

and signing a contract, Miss Russell recoils from leaving her present comfortable quarters, and there is one less costly

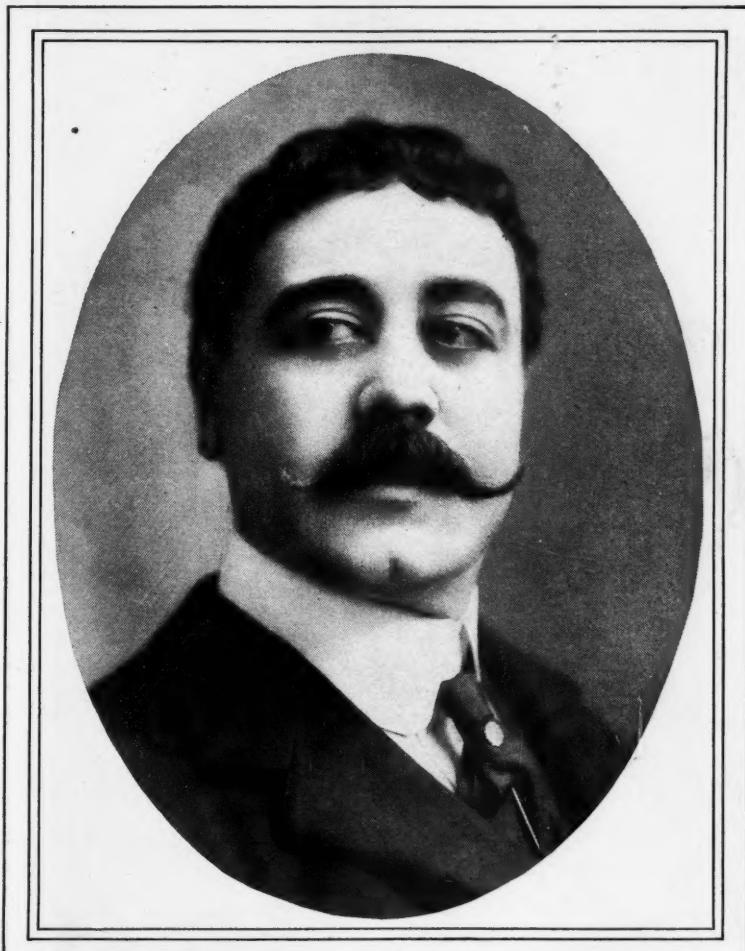
enterprise launched on the theatrical sea.

Meanwhile, Weber & Fields have gone



THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS IN THE ENGLISH MUSICAL COMEDY OF THE SAME NAME, WHICH MADE A HIT AT DALY'S—TO THE LEFT IS MADGE CRICHTON; IN THE CENTER, DELIA MASON; ON THE RIGHT, MAGGIE MAY.

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



WILTON LACKAYE, APPEARING AS "CURTIS JADWIN" IN A DRAMATIZATION OF THE LATE
FRANK NORRIS' NOVEL, "THE PIT."

From his latest photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

on enlarging their borders until now they are the owners of two theaters in New York—their own music hall on Broadway and the West End Theater in Harlem—of the new Globe in Boston, and of a house that is now building in Chicago. They have become managers, moreover, of Charles Richman and William Collier, and are prominently identified with the Independents as opposed to the Theatrical Syndicate. All of which is a typically American achievement, when one recalls that the two young men—neither of them is much over thirty—began as poor boys doing a song and dance turn in a Chatham Square

dime museum. Their burlesque vehicle for the present season is called, after the same whimsical and meaningless fashion as of yore, "Whoop-Dee-Doo." It has made a much more decided hit than did last year's "Twirly Whirly." Louis Mann has joined the company to replace William Collier, and is an acquisition. An absolute stranger, Evie Stetson, does her best to atone for Fay Templeton's departure, and may be said to have succeeded, so far as the amount of space she fills on the stage is concerned. The house of Weber & Fields occupies a niche in American theatricals entirely unique; indeed, there is nothing with



FAY TEMPLETON, WHO IS FEATURED IN "THE RUNAWAYS."
From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.



MAXINE ELLIOTT, STARRING IN THE NEW CLYDE FITCH PLAY, "HER OWN WAY."

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

which to compare it on either side of the Atlantic.

TWO SISTERS WHO HAVE RISEN.

"In Rose Coghlan's company there is a girl who is conceded to be one of the

referred to was her chief female support, who did *Dora* in the one play and *Mrs. Allenby* in the other. This autumn both women were acting in New York at the same time, Rose Coghlan at the Garden as *Penelope* in "Ulysses," and Maxine Elliott as the star at the Gar-



OLIVE MAY, WHO IS THE AMERICAN GIRL IN "A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE."

From her latest photograph by Tonnele, New York.

handsomest women on the stage. Not only is she a beautiful woman, but she is a good actress as well."

This rather loosely-constructed paragraph went the rounds of the press just about ten years ago, while Miss Coghlan was touring in "Diplomacy" and "A Woman of No Importance." The actress

rick, in Clyde Fitch's newest product, "Her Own Way."

Miss Elliott's beauty has been in some respects a thorn in her side. She is a woman of intelligence and ambition, and, far from being flattered at the continuous thrumming of that one press string anent her good looks, she has felt that it

was a hampering cord to her advancement. She was born in Rockland, Maine, and took up the stage—as a means of livelihood—in 1891, obtaining her first chance from A. M. Palmer when his stock company was at Wallack's. In those days she was literally a walking lady on whom fine clothes were hung—one of the dancers in ball-room scenes, or a guest who talks only in dumb show at a stage dinner party.

From Palmer's she went to the American Theater, then in its early days under the late T. Henry French. The play was a failure, but from the flotsam and jetsam with which its collapse strewed the Rialto, Augustin Daly picked the beautiful Maxine. He engaged her for the title rôle in a little Japanese piece, "The Heart of Ruby," from which he no doubt expected as much as Belasco got out of "The Darling of the Gods"; but alas, the play fell flat, although its heroine scored. She remained at Daly's for a time, appearing in "The Two Escutcheons" and one or two other productions. New York began to talk of her radiant beauty, set off with a dignity of carriage that put it at once out of the "show girl" class.

Then the inevitable happened. Everybody knows that there was never room at Daly's for more than one star, and presently Miss Elliott was appearing a few blocks further down Broadway, at the Fifth Avenue, in "A House of Cards," by Sydney Rosenfeld. The fair actress was not starred, and the play proved no more enduring than the pasteboards worked into its title.

Miss Elliott's next move covered a good deal of ground, taking her to San Francisco, as leading woman for the Frawley stock company. But Nat Goodwin already had his eye on her. He was about to undertake a tour of Australia, and to obtain Miss Elliott's release from the Frawley organization he surrendered all rights to his profitable play, "A Gold Mine." The Australian trip, unhappily, was not a success from a business point of view, but Mr. Goodwin is hardly prepared to say that it was an utter failure, as out of it he won for his wife the handsomest woman on the stage.

Maxine Elliott now became a joint star with N. C. Goodwin—he dropped the "Nat" with his marriage—and the first play in which they appeared together was "An American Citizen," by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. This was a hit in America, and a still more pronounced success in London, where the Goodwins



JEANNETTE LOWRIE, RECENTLY IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ," AND NOW SAID TO BE ABOUT TO STAR.

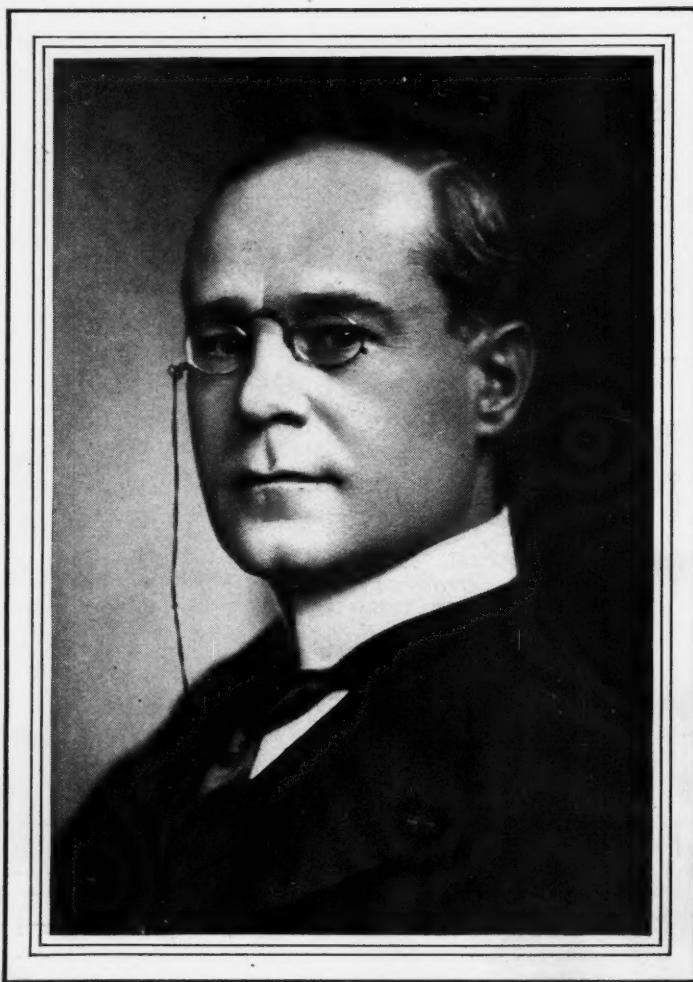
From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

presented it in the summer of 1899, having meanwhile brought out Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale," in which Maxine's younger sister Gertrude scored heavily. On the other hand, Mr. Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady" did better in the United States than in England.

Gertrude Elliott, who began her career with Marie Wainwright in "The Love Chase" and "The Hunchback," was persuaded to remain in London. There she created the *Princess Angela*—Annie Russell's part—in the original

production of "A Royal Family." Not long afterwards she became the wife of the well-known English actor, Forbes Robertson. After appearing with him in

Mr. Goodwin brought out H. V. Esmond's charming play, "When We Were Twenty-One," which lasted them two seasons in their native land, but over



RICHARD MANSFIELD, WHO IS NOW PRESENTING "OLD HEIDELBERG."

From his latest photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.

Shakespeare, she made a great hit as *Peggy* in "Mice and Men," in this being again a forerunner of Annie Russell. Gertrude Elliott and her husband are now on their first visit to America as stars, presenting their latest success, a dramatization of Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed."

To return to the elder sister, after "The Cowboy and the Lady" she and

which London showed no enthusiasm, although the piece was wholly English in locale as well as in authorship. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin made a brief spring excursion into the realms of Shakespeare, Maxine Elliott donning the robes of *Portia* to her husband's *Shylock* in "The Merchant of Venice." This well-meant effort to "elevate the drama" did not affect their receipts the

next winter in another of Mrs. Ryley's plays, "The Altar of Friendship." But it was the question of receipts that ended this chapter of their careers.

There was no denying the fact that as many people came to the theater to see Maxine Elliott as to applaud N. C. Goodwin, but each person paid only two dollars to see both players. If the two were in separate theaters, four dollars would go into the family purse in place of two. To be sure, this would involve a separation, but each is a favorite in New York, and can count upon a long season there; so a business divorce for financial reasons was decided on. Mr. Goodwin became a lone star again, this time as *Bottom*, opening Klaw & Erlanger's gorgeous new theater with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," while Miss Elliott had the whole top of the Garrick program to herself as the leading factor in "Her Own Way." The critics were practically unanimous in pronouncing the latter to be the best thing Mr. Fitch has done, and the public took to it like ducks to water.

The special realistic feature of "Her Own Way" is a children's play-room scene at the very start, with four little ones holding the stage by themselves at a birthday dinner. They are clever tots, but it is not always easy to understand what they say, and the men in the audience probably feel that they hold the stage a bit too long. Still, as Charles Frohman says, plays must be written with feminine auditors always in mind, so perhaps this is a virtue rather than a defect from the box-office standpoint.

THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN BURLESQUE.

An odd thing has happened to Fay Templeton. She was billed to go a-star-ring this autumn in a Clyde Fitch piece, revamped from a former London failure of his, "Pamela's Prodigy," and to be redubbed "The Infant Prodigy." But last spring, when her contract with Weber & Fields expired, her new managers besought her to help them out with "The Runaways," which the press had slated pretty generally, but which they much desired to keep on through the summer at the Casino.

Now, Miss Templeton had been working hard all winter, and needed a rest; but she needed the money more, and so decided to take up the rôle that had been created by a woman manifestly unsuited to it, and to add a few of her imitations. The result all playgoers know. In the

vernacular of the press agent, "The Runaways" acquired a new lease of life, and because Miss Templeton had become practically the star of an old show, her appearance in the new one was indefinitely postponed.

Miss Templeton is just as much the "queen of American burlesque" to-day as she was twelve years ago, when this title was used to describe the woman who had first leaped into favor as *Gabriel* in "Evangeline."

She had come, of theatrical parentage, from Little Rock, Arkansas, and in the latter seventies had all New York talking of her charms as they talk now of—well, of the sextet maidens in "Florodora" or the bridesmaids in "The Chinese Honeymoon." So popular, in fact, did she become with certain members of society that the stage could no longer keep her, and for a couple of years or so she lived in Paris, with no care for the morrow. But the morrow came, and Fay Templeton returned to America at the head of a burlesque company to produce "Hendrik Hudson." But it wasn't a go, neither was "Miss McGinty," which followed it, and once again the fair if fatter Fay retired to the joys of France.

Then came Oscar Hammerstein with the first pickax that was to transform Longacre Square into the new center of the Rialto. The theater part of his Olympia—now the Criterion—was opened with another new Rice extravaganza, "Excelsior, Jr.," in which Fay Templeton filled the leading part, and wore men's clothes to such a nicety as to achieve the newspaper glory of being called the "best-dressed man in town." In connection with this engagement a paragraph went the rounds claiming that in her contract with Mr. Rice there was a clause to the effect that when the time came for rehearsal she must not weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds.

A season or so after "Excelsior," Miss Templeton was engaged for Weber & Fields', which she left in favor of Lillian Russell, but the little music hall soon found out a way of making room for both these ladies, especially after Fay Templeton had scored the hit of her life with her imitations of Fougère, the French singer, in "Broadway to Tokio" at the New York. Her return was made in "Fiddle-dee-dee" in the autumn of 1900. That winter she first sang her famous song about the respectable working girl who wished to have nothing to do with "demi-tasses," and gave her

clever travesty of Irene Vanbrugh as the manicure girl in "The Gay Lord Quex." She capped this, the same season, with another fine imitation—that of Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks." She has succeeded in reproducing Miss Barrymore's rather peculiar voice to the life.

Last spring Miss Templeton amazed everybody, and incidentally spoiled the fun in the title of the piece, by looking small in "The Big Little Princess," this burlesque on the methods of Millie James closing her Weber & Fields career in the traditional blaze of glory. She signalized her advent into "The Runaways" with a reproduction of Lillian Russell's frantic snatches at high notes in rendering poor John Stromberg's last song, "Come Down, My Evening Star." It is to be hoped that the name of the song may not be used as timely advice to Miss Templeton herself when she makes her own formal attempt to scale stellar heights.

MANSFIELD'S MOTTO.

"When I started out in my career I found there were two paths; one was easy, the other was hard."

Thus Richard Mansfield to an interviewer for a small dramatic paper in Philadelphia eight years ago, when he was playing in repertoire. He went on to describe the two paths:

"The easy way was to do like ninetenths of the other men and women in my profession—get hold of one play and keep pegging at it, making money until it pegged out. Then there was the other way—to be an actor of many parts, to produce many plays, and to let the success of one piece pay for the failure of the other—but to keep on producing and producing and producing. I might, like some, play three pieces in twenty years"—here he undoubtedly had Joseph Jefferson in mind, with his "Rip Van Winkle," "The Rivals," and "The Heir at Law"—"and accumulate several fortunes in consequence, but I would be as untrue to myself as I would to my art. When God gives a man talents he gives them to him to use, and not to go on in the one groove forever. And whether those talents are mediocre or smack of genius, his duty is just the same."

And Mansfield has lived up to his own dictum, although it must have taken self-denial a few years later, when the sensational triumph of "Cyrano" promised to carry him down the decades on a flowery bed of ease. But he confined himself to "Cyrano" for only two sea-

sons, and then produced "Henry V," spending a lavish amount on the scenic investiture, only to discard it at the end of the one season in favor of "Beaucaire." This in turn gave way last autumn to "Julius Cæsar," to be succeeded now by "Old Heidelberg."

Previous to "Cyrano," Mansfield had been doing "The First Violin," and before that, Bernard Shaw's play, "The Devil's Disciple." In the twenty seasons since he made his tremendous hit at the old Union Square Theater—January 10, 1883—as *Baron Chevrial* in "A Parisian Romance," he has appeared in twenty-four important rôles. He brought out "Prince Karl" at the Boston Museum in 1886, and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at the same house the next year. Then came "Monsieur," "King Richard III," and "Master and Man"; and next, in May, 1899, at the Madison Square in New York, Clyde Fitch's "Beau Brummel." Even this tremendous success was permitted to remain the sole feature in his repertoire only until the spring of 1891, when it gave place to "Don Juan."

Although Mansfield was born on the other side of the sea, he has formally identified himself with this country, and the country has a perfect right to be proud of him. He is, there is no gainsaying it, the leading figure in our serious drama, and it is a credit to our dramatic instincts that the box-office figures keep pace with his artistic achievements. He has just reached his majority as an American actor, having made his first appearance in the United States at the Standard Theater, now the Manhattan, in September, 1882, as *Nick Vedder*, the innkeeper, in an operatic version of "Rip Van Winkle." His previous experience of poverty and hardship is a tale that has already been told.

UNHAPPILY DRAMATIZED NOVELS.

Previous to casting in his lot with Charles Frohman, William H. Crane had much trouble in securing suitable plays. "David Harum" lasted him for three seasons, and in following it up with "The Spenders," made from a novel by Harry Leon Wilson, Mr. Frohman undoubtedly supposed that he had another sure winner. For old *Uncle Peter Bines* is manifestly a character after Crane's own heart. But the outcome has proved that it takes more than a monologue to make a play that New York will accept.

In its dramatized form, "The Spend-

ers" resembles a gown in which the basting-threads still remain. In fact, one can almost see the threads of perspiration standing out on dramatist Rose's forehead while he wrestled with the problem of working in all Mr. Wilson's characters upon his theoretic canvas. What he has accomplished resembles, as one young woman in the audience put it, a house party where one doesn't know any of the guests. In "David Harum" there was human interest, even if there was no action. In "The Spenders" there is apparent all the while a frantic effort to make action, but very little of it, except the doings and saying of *Uncle Peter*, rings true to life.

Crane, of course, makes a capital *Uncle Peter*, and may succeed in carrying the play through a single season on his own shoulders. The quiet and somewhat lacrimose *Avice Milbrey* is Lucille Flaven, who first came into notice when E. M. Holland was starring in "Eben Holden." The lively *Psyche Bines* was created by Olive May, of whom we give a portrait. Miss May was with Louis Mann last season. She scored her first hit in John Drew's second year as *Susanne*, the lively girl in "Butterflies." She is a native of Chicago, and made her first professional appearance with the late Stuart Robson in the old Robson and Crane success, "*The Henrietta*." She remained with "*The Spenders*" only for the New York run, and then left to originate the American girl in the new piece at Daly's, "*A Japanese Nightingale*."

Still another dramatized novel has fallen by the wayside this season—"Hearts Courageous," in which Orrin Johnson launched himself as a star. A more incomprehensible mass of situations and mouthings has not had the audacity to attempt to get over Broadway footlights since "*My Lady Peggy*" came to town at Daly's last spring.

Even as the foregoing was written came the news of still another failure in the dramatized novel field—this time "*Are You My Father?*" adapted for William Collier from Captain Marryat's "*Japhet in Search of a Father*." The scant successes of this disastrous New York season—"The Man from Blankley's," "*The Proud Prince*," and "*Her Own Way*"—have had about them no smell of printer's ink. Nevertheless, the easy way is the way for the managers, and they keep on turning popular novels into plays on the off

chance of winning out on the advertising that the title has already had.

It is ten times as difficult to make a good dramatization as to write a play that does not need to follow a story conceived without any thought of the footlights. Once in a while novels are written with the stage directly in view, like Marion Crawford's "*In the Palace of the King*," which made a decided hit. A play that is in and of itself possesses, or ought to possess, a centralization of interest that makes it easy of comprehension to the people in front. Take Ibsen's "*Hedda Gabler*," for instance. This piece contains only seven characters and but a single set of scenery, and yet Mrs. Fiske's one-week production of it made one of the most profound sensations of the autumn. Bustle and confusion and a crowded stage do not constitute action, and the fact that a book happens to have one or two good situations does not guarantee that it will develop into a winner on the boards.

STILL THEY COME.

Probably before these lines are read still another novel will have been introduced to the limelight—"The Pit," by the late Frank Norris. This serves to bring to the front again an actor who first came into prominence in the staged book that is responsible for much of the rubbish that has since been dumped on the boards from library shelves—"Trilby." After his *Svengali*, Wilton Lackaye was starred in a piece called "*Dr. Belgraff*," designedly modeled on the great character part that had made him famous. But the play did not live up to expectations, and of late years Lackaye has done good service in supporting other stars—Mrs. LeMoine, Hackett, and Amelia Bingham.

Wilton Lackaye hails from Washington, and was a protégé of Lawrence Barrett. His first villain was *Gouroc* in "*Paul Kauvar*." Later he passed under Augustin Daly's management, appearing first as *De Noirville* in "*Roger La Honte*" at Niblo's, and then as *O'Donnell Don* in "*The Great Unknown*" at Daly's, which theater he left soon afterwards under somewhat exciting circumstances, owing to a disagreement with Mr. Daly. Next he had an important rôle in "*Aristocracy*."

It is fair to say that one story has furnished material to the playwright of which good use has recently been made. This is "*Checkers*," by Henry Blossom,

Jr., which was fitted for the stage by Mr. Blossom himself. He originally intended the piece for William Collier, but this fatuous young man turned it down because it gave a good opportunity to another actor besides the star. The leading part was finally assigned to Thomas W. Ross, and the public ought to thank Mr. Collier for the selfish reason which induced him to let the piece go, for with Mr. Ross the rôle gets that touch of tenderness which Collier himself appears to lack. Ross succeeded Collier in "On the Quiet," and during the season before last was Ted Langham with Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune." He is only featured in "Checkers," but he will probably turn out to be the second full-fledged star Manager Kirke La Shelle has made this year on pure merit, the first being Lawrence D'Orsay.

"Checkers" is rather an odd play. It seems to be full of moral purpose, and yet so very human is it that the man who fails morally but wins out financially is forgiven in the light of his material success. The characters are of the sort that get hold of your sensibilities, and they are well presented by the company which remained for some weeks at the American Theater, brought this season into the ranks of New York's "producing" houses. Although there is not a horse on the stage, there have been few racing scenes that stir the audiences to such excitement as does this play's third act, showing the betting-ring at Washington Park race-course, Chicago. This is because the dominating element in it is human nature, and not the spectacular.

A FRENCH THEATER IN NEW YORK.

At last Charles Frohman has carried out his long expressed intention and established a French theater in New York. To be sure, two out of the four plays constituting the opening bill were in no language at all, being pantomimes, but this was a clever feature of the scheme. Mr. Frohman has located his new company at what was lately Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, rechristened the Vandeville, making the seventh theater he now controls in Manhattan. At its opening, the efforts of the little troupe were most warmly received by the audience. Quite a proportion of the latter seemed to be made up of New York's French colony, with a sprinkling of society folk who know French, and a few of those who wish to appear to know it.

In Mme. Charlotte Wiehe, the star of his organization, Mr. Frohman has a player of undoubted ability and considerable personal charm. The fact that she is not of French birth, but Danish, detracts not one whit from the chic with which she carries off her work, be it in mimo-drame, where she is confined to gesture, or in comedy, where her vivacity has free play. Her imitation of a doll throws the efforts of Blanche Ring and Anna Held in this line utterly into the shade. Altogether, Mme. Wiehe shows herself to be an extremely versatile and accomplished person.

For the enlightenment of those who may not be certain of their French, but who would like to enjoy the performances at the new Vaudeville, it should be stated that the program contains a synopsis of each piece in English. None of them is just what one would chose as suitable reading for the young person who is learning French at school.

TWO HITS ON WIDELY DIFFERING TARGETS.

While new stars are rising on every hand, only to drop back again to the crowded lower rungs of the ladder, some of the tried and trusty ones are climbing to new heights of popular favor. In "The Proud Prince" Sothern has found a fitting successor to "If I Were King," written by the same hand, that of the English dramatist, Justin Huntly McCarthy, all of whose recent work has seen the footlights first on this side of the Atlantic. In the wicked monarch finally redeemed by his love for the executioner's daughter Sothern has a part which must appeal strongly to his artistic instincts. He carries it through with splendid consistency to all its varying moods. Such a performance is indeed a worthy one with which to open the new Lyceum.

Another star, now in her fourth season, has also found a suitable novelty with which to inaugurate another new theater, the Hudson, one of the most tastefully outfitted of all the temples of amusement opened in New York during the past autumn. The actress is Ethel Barrymore; the play, the quietly moving but prettily-conceived comedy by Hubert Henry Davies, "Cousin Kate." Much younger than Ellis Jeffreys, who created the part in London, and not attempting to make herself look the twenty-nine to which *Kate* confesses, Miss Barrymore simply pleases through the innate charm of her personality.

The Head of the Firm.

HOW MR. LINDLEY, OF LINDLEY & FERRAN, TEMPERED JUSTICE WITH MERCY.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

I.

MR. LINDLEY, of the firm of Lindley & Ferran, had been giving one of the young men in his employ a very bad quarter of an hour. He sat in his revolving chair now, half turned from his desk and facing the culprit. The old cashier stood by, formal and solemn, with certain incriminating papers in his hand.

"I don't suppose there is anything that could be said on your side," said the head of the firm, irritated at the young man's continued silence. He had always been known as an especially merciless man to wrong-doers. "But have you anything to say, Graham?"

The young man sat motionless, his hat in his hand, his head bowed.

"Nothing, sir," he replied.

"It is a misfortune," Mr. Lindley said in his hardest manner, "that a young man just starting out in life, with all his prospects favorable, should throw away his chances through petty dishonesty. So far as we are concerned, your career is finished right here, and I should think it would be at an end in this city. You will go to Mr Sayers' room and make out a memorandum of all the business which has passed through your hands during the past week. He will then pay you the small amount still due you. You are fortunate in one thing. In view of your youth we will spare you to a certain extent. We will not prosecute."

The young man lifted his head with as much effort as though it had been made of lead.

"I meant to pay it back," he murmured miserably.

The gray-haired man at the desk smiled bitterly.

"When young men begin stealing," he said with point, "they always mean to pay it back; but I have never known one to carry out his intention."

Young Graham shrank as if the other had struck him in the face. His lips were white. He arose and followed the cashier from the room and into the

little office in the further corner of the building.

The head of the firm left the room also. He put on his hat and started out for lunch—not that it was time yet, but he was too much perturbed and annoyed for any further business just then. In his process of "trying out" men, he occasionally found one who seemed specially made for his calling, like young Graham. It was no pleasure to find that his promising material was also the material for a thief.

At the door stood an old woman, with a basket on her arm. If she had been a beggar he would have tossed her a coin and gone on his way, but she was from the country, dressed in her country best, as one who makes one of the most important trips of her life. Her threadbare silk gloves, darned to the last degree, appealed to him with an old memory. She was looking anxiously up at the name in big gold letters over the door. He was about to hurry on, with an absent smile, when she intercepted him.

"I see this is the right place," she said with a friendly smile on her brown face, "The policeman showed me the way. Do you work here, now? Could you tell me if Bennie Graham is here?"

Something in the brain of the stiff and dignified man who was the head of the firm stood at attention.

"Did you want to see him?" he asked after a moment. He did not acknowledge to himself that he was trying to gain time, but it was so. The old woman was looking eagerly into his face.

"I'm Bennie's mother," she said, with the smile of one who is proud to acknowledge the fact.

How to get rid of her now, at once—how to manage it so that she shall learn the truth somewhere away from this place?

Mr. Lindley had forgotten all about his lunch. He whispered to one of the clerks near at hand:

"Tell Sayers to keep Graham there until I send him word."

Then he turned to the old woman.

"Graham is—is busy just now," he said. "I will give you a chair in my office for a while, and then I'll make arrangements to send you around to his room—until he can come."

II.

THE entire force suspended work to watch the head of the firm, the grim and hard and stiff head of the firm, convoying an old woman, who had evidently come straight from the backwoods, into his private office. But the door closed behind the two, and there was nothing to be learned. The visitor was about to sit down, at his invitation.

"Not that chair!" he said hastily—young Graham had been sitting in that chair a few moments before, his hat in his hand, his head bowed. "Take this chair—it is more out of the draft," he added lamely, but very kindly, because of the blow, perhaps, that was waiting for her. "Set your basket down—it looks too heavy for you."

"It is heavy," she acknowledged with a sigh of relief. "I've had to carry it in my lap all the way, even on the train, because it's got some eggs in it. I thought Bennie'd like some fresh eggs from the old home. They ain't like the eggs you get in cities."

"You don't mean that those are all eggs?" asked the head of the firm, trying to speak jocularly, and not succeeding very well. Somehow, there was something in the old woman's face that made him shrink from the hurt she was going to receive, as if it had been his own well-beloved son that had erred, and the hurt was coming to him.

"Oh, no!" she cried with a happy little laugh, finding how kind Bennie's people were—he had always written they were kind, and now she knew it was true, every word. She uncovered the basket and began to display its treasures. "Here's three pound o' butter—I made it myself—an' a loaf o' home-made bread. He can keep it in his room, you know. Maybe you'd like to try a little of it?" she added, looking up at him.

"Oh, I know they're good, the bread and the butter, too—but I couldn't, thank you," he gasped.

The successful man of business had none of the niceties of speech ready.

"Do, now; you'll find 'em awful nice!" she urged. "Well, then, if you won't take none now—an' maybe it wouldn't be just the thing here in this office," she commented, looking around

with awe—"if you'll come to Bennie's room this evenin' an' take some, an' some home-made jelly I've brought, I'd be as pleased as pie!"

Mr. Lindley murmured something—he was not sure what it was. The worn old hands, turning over the contents of the big basket, had touched some chord in his heart that persisted in aching.

"I'm going to take Bennie by surprise," she said, looking up with a smile trembling on her lips and in her eyes. "He didn't know I was even thinkin' of comin'! See, here's a comforter I knit for him to wear when it's bad days this winter; an' there's a cake down here—a fruit-cake—it ought to be good, for all the materials is first-class, an' I never have failed on fruit-cake. I tell you what, I'm goin' to give you some o' that to take home to your wife an' children. Maybe you've got a boy, an' if you have I know he'll enjoy it. Bennie thinks there's nothin' like my fruit-cake."

He tried to say something to keep her from doing it, but she had already taken a knife out of the basket and cut a generous half from the great dark loaf, and was wrapping it up, her eyes shining with hospitality.

"I put a knife in the basket because I knew Bennie'd want some the minute he saw it, an' I didn't want any delay runnin' to the kitchen for a knife," she confessed. "I'm so glad you all like Bennie. He's a good boy, ain't he? He's wrote me how kind everybody was to him—an' what a great man he thought Mr. Lindley was. I wish you'd contrive to give me a glimpse of Mr. Lindley before I go!"

"I am Mr. Lindley," said the gentleman in the revolving chair.

There was nothing boastful in his looks or speech. He said it very humbly. He was wondering vaguely if there were any possible chance for him to leave town for a day or two.

"Well, now, ain't I glad I met you the very first one!" she cried, holding out the rough, worn hand, and shaking hands with him earnestly. His own hand was white and soft and well-kept, but it grasped hers with a strong pressure.

"It's been the best thing for Bennie, coming here!" she said after a minute, wiping her eyes quite unaffectedly. "He'll make a fine man, I know, bein' with you. It ain't every day a boy has a chance to come on in the world like that—an' with such a man guidin' him. I told Bennie it was almost like havin' his father back again. An' Bennie's such

a good boy! I couldn't tell you in a year how good that boy's been to me an' his sisters, there at home. There ain't a month that he hasn't sent us money. I've been afraid he'd stint himself. An' las' month, when the mortgage come due, we thought the place was gone, sure; but on the very day, here come the two hundred dollars you lent him—an' me an' the girls just set down an' most cried our eyes out, it was so good to know that nobody couldn't take our little home. We're goin' to get on fine now—"

"The—the two hundred dollars?" gasped Mr. Lindley.

"Yes; it was so good of you to let him have it," said the old woman, folding and unfolding the comforter she had knit for Bennie, and folding unnumbered tears into it. "Of course, if he had asked me first, I'd 'a' said not to borrow, if we had to let the place go. The mortgage was put on by Bennie's father, helpin' one of his friends out of a tight place years ago—but we've never borrowed, not so much as a cup o' meal from a neighbor. What we couldn't pay for we done without. That's the way Bennie's been raised, an' I know it must 'a' hurt him to ask you for a loan; but he was near crazy about me an' his sisters losin' our home, I reckon. However, we'll all of us work together to pay it back. It may take a little longer than you think it ought to, but we'll pay it, you needn't be afraid of that."

The homely, shabby old woman from the backwoods sat up straight, with the pride and loyalty and honor of generations of good men and women shining in her sunburnt face. The head of the firm sat still and looked at the bundle of fruit-cake on the desk before him until it took all kinds of odd shapes, until it swam and floated and was quite blurred out. After a while, moving painfully, he touched a bell, and a messenger came to the door. He sent the boy for Graham.

The young man came in, his face looking drawn and old. At sight of the old woman, who started up with a glad cry, he fell back against the door, with a look like death on his face.

"Graham," said Mr. Lindley briskly, before he could say a word—and Mr. Lindley knew how to speak in the most businesslike manner, though there was a curious break in his voice—"Graham, your mother and I have been talking over that two hundred dollars I let you have. I wanted her to hear, from me,

that we not only think you are to be trusted, but that we are going to continue trusting you."

Mr. Lindley's voice failing him at this point, young Graham did a very unbusinesslike thing. He fell to his knees and buried his face in his mother's lap like a little boy. The hard old hands, smoothing the boyish head, were as gentle as if they had been the whitest and softest hands that ever were.

"There are great opportunities here for a young man that proves himself worthy to be trusted," the head of the firm went on, clearing his throat. "And even if a boy did make a mistake—they have done it at times, you know, Mrs. Graham—why, he might begin over again, and make reparation, and build up a good character."

The boy quivered through every nerve, but he did not lift his head. Mr. Lindley's face had softened until his best friend would not have known him.

"And you might as well leave me the basket, comforter and all," he said, with the most engaging smile. "I'd take it as a great favor if you would—because I am going to let you take this boy home with you to spend a week, and rest up, and get acquainted with his mother. He'll find the comforter hanging over his desk when he comes back. I think it'll be a good thing to keep it hanging there—make him think of his mother all day long. It's a good thing for a boy to think of his mother pretty often."

III.

MR. SAYERS came in after a while, and started back in amazement to see his chief sitting there in the office, which was the very synonym for dignity, cutting fruit-cake with the paper-knife and eating it, utterly indifferent to the fact that there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes, and that glistening drops of it occasionally detached themselves and rolled down his face.

"Help yourself, Sayers," said the head of the firm. "Good old fruit-cake—made in the country. I used to live in the country. By the way, Sayers, we're going to give young Graham another chance. Let him go back to his desk and get to work at once. Take some more of the cake—it's great. Wish my boy wasn't off at college now—wouldn't he like this?"

And Sayers took another piece, and stared helplessly at the head of the firm.

A Daughter of the States.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

XXII.

JESSIE regarded the apparition with wonder. She recognized the face and the figure, but surprise, and it may be annoyance, robbed her for a moment of words.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" she said when she could find voice.

Laidlaw, for it was he, advanced a little way into the room, and then halted, as if afraid of the temerity which had carried him so far.

"Herbert Laidlaw," he began to stammer presently. "I was on the steamer—Murray West's friend—don't you remember?"

His hand trembled while he spoke; his eyes shifted furtively as if seeking a way of escape. Jessie was half afraid that he had lost his reason; but she had recovered her self-possession by this time, and the idea that this intruder carried a message from Murray was by no means displeasing to her.

"Oh, yes, of course," she said. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Laidlaw? You must tell me all about yourself. What happened? Where were you? I'm anxious to know."

Laidlaw, watching her with feverish eyes, took heart and spoke out with a little more confidence. He had come to that room to speak the word which would bring Jessie to Murray's heart; but his courage ebbed minute by minute, and he was telling himself already that the word had better remain unspoken.

"I wanted to look in, hearing you were about," he began, clumsily enough. "Murray said he thought I might call."

"Murray—Mr. West—did he send you, then? I didn't know that he was in London."

"Oh, but he is, though! He's at—well, perhaps I oughtn't to tell you where he is."

"And why not, Mr. Laidlaw?"

Her quick eyes turned upon him a little anxiously. He had not meant to take such a *faux pas*, and now that it was taken his habit of cunning compelled him to retrace it with a lie.

"Oh, it doesn't matter much, anyway—Murray's at the Metropole, you know."

"That's the hotel just by Charing Cross, isn't it?"

"Yes, the big one next door to the Victoria. Lucky chap, wasn't he, to be saved like that? It was pretty rough on me, for I jumped when the steamer was going down. A woman dropped a lifebuoy close by, and I got hold of it."

"Brave of you, Mr. Laidlaw."

"You mean I shouldn't have taken it? Well, perhaps not; but when a man sees the water about his feet he doesn't always know what he is doing. I don't say that I'm a hero, because I'm not. Some of us are brave and some are the other thing, and there you have it. I tell you I don't want to go on a steamer again as long as I live! I was eight hours in the water, and only picked up by an off chance. I didn't get any life into me for three days afterwards, and even now I'm not what I used to be."

Jessie was not touched by the recital of this calamity; nor would she go so far as to express a pity which she did not feel. Her thoughts had carried her back to the day when this youth had been called Murray West's "lamb," and sympathy had been showered upon him because of his childish simplicity. How differently time had written that story out! The Rogue had justified himself, indeed; but this pale-faced, stammering boy, what had time to say for him?

"You should call yourself fortunate, Mr. Laidlaw," she said at last. "Remember all the poor souls who went down that dreadful night! Of course we can't forget it—none of us ever will. For my part, I don't want to forget it. I ask myself why Providence spared me when so many perished. Have you asked yourself that? I'm sure you haven't, or you would speak differently."

"Oh, it's all the odds—I don't believe in anything else. Nature, or whatever you call it, tosses us up in a box and pitches out the first that comes. It doesn't matter a straw who you are or what you've done, it's all the same in the long run. Here am I alive and better men dead. Well, it's luck—I'm not going into hysterics about it."

"There is no need to. If you don't feel

Goodness and Providence all about you, I don't see why you want to live. Mr. Murray didn't send you to me to say that, I know. He's a good man, and I can esteem him for being so."

"You're right to do that. Murray's a good sort—I don't know a better. They told all sorts of lies about him down in Jackson City, but, you see, he was always a bit stand-offish, and that upset them. He came out with clean hands, did Murray West, and that's more than I did. I am an unlucky one, Miss Golding—just a knot in a shoe-string, and you can't untie me. If I'd been born anything else but a parson's son, it might have been different. Parsons' sons always go to the devil—can't say why, but I know they do. They put off the old man, you know, as the Scriptures say, and take up with the young woman. I was the third of six down Essex way, and all the education I got was three years at a charity grammar school. Then the old man sold the church bells, or something, and sent me out to America. He called that doing his duty by me. I landed in New York with five pounds and a tobacco pouch. America's a pretty tough place for a youngster, anyway, and so I found out before I'd been there a month. When I struck Jackson City, I bucked up and made a new start. I could always ride a bit, for my governor had the run of Lord Beecher's hacks at home, and riding was about the only thing I had to do."

"Well, then I met Murray West, and did him a service. You wouldn't think it, would you, when you look at me, but I saved Murray's life. He got thrown in a corral, with a she-devil of a colt on the top of him, and I was the only man who'd go in and fetch him out. I pulled a stake out of the ground, and got the mare on it when she reared up to strike him. We were pals after that, and of course we've stood by each other. You won't believe anything you hear about Murray West, will you? That's what I wanted to say. He's a good chap, and if ever things have looked black against him, it hasn't been his fault. I came here to tell you as much to-day—though it's a liberty, I must say."

Jessie, in truth, had been debating the object of his visit ever since he entered the room, and this lengthy confession did not enlighten her. Just as he had convinced himself that it would be dangerous to obey Murray's command and make a clean breast of it, so now his clumsy avowals had but this effect, that they set Jessie's mind asking whether he had come to speak for Murray.

The two men had parted upon a clear understanding.

"Go to her," Murray had said, "and tell her that it was by your hand her brother fell. Claim her forgiveness in my name. Say that it is the first and last request I have to make to her. She will refuse me nothing. You are quite safe, Herbert."

And Murray's confidence had sent this derelict of a tragedy to the Savoy. He was determined, when he set out, to get it all over, to have done forever with the fear and the doubt; but in the presence of this shrewd and seemingly unemotional girl he found himself dumb. Something in Jessie's manner repelled him. He did not believe that Murray had judged her rightly; and remembering Bernard Golding's terrible grief for his son, his anger against the assassin, and the reward he had offered for the capture of the guilty man, Laidlaw's resolution oozed away minute by minute. He was soon as firmly determined not to confess as erstwhile he had been ready to tell all.

Jessie, on her part, found her interest awakened to an extraordinary degree. The mystery enveloping the life of the man she loved—would it be solved here and now? The story of her brother Lionel's death—would this callow youth reveal it? She almost believed that he would. Her questions were subtle and penetrating.

"You were with Mr. West for some years?" she exclaimed after a pause. "Then you must know him very well, Mr. Laidlaw. Of course you do, or you would not speak like this."

Laidlaw took up the challenge instantly, and it was with no little relief that he found her more willing to speak of Murray than of himself.

"Yes," he rejoined, "I suppose I may say that I knew him pretty well. He never spoke much about himself, and who or what he was in England I really do not know. I did hear once that he had been in the cavalry, and had to clear out because he was stone broke. We used to call him 'my lord' in Jackson City, because of the fine airs he gave himself. I think his father went smash in England, and that's why he held his tongue; but he was a real good chap, though they didn't understand him, and many's the time he got me out of a scrape. We lived together on Colman's Ranch for nearly three years. I think he paid a bit for his board, and took the rest out managing the horses. He's a rare good shot, Miss Golding; I never saw a better man at flying

game in my life; and as for riding, I believe he could sit an ostrich. We chummed together on the farm, and he tried to make me take an interest in the things he liked. Now and then he'd have a case of books out from England, and we read them; but I've no head for that sort of stuff, and a precious lot of good it did me! When I left him he was going further West on a mining job; but I went up to Jackson City, and tried to run a store there. When Murray came back he found me dead broke and the store sold up. He'd a good deal of money at that time, and he traded in horses on his own account. Perhaps he'd have settled down there and married if something hadn't happened to bring him to England. I hear he is coming into a pot of money, though I don't know whether it is true. Perhaps he has told you something about it."

Jessie shook her head. She was trying to gather up the threads of this tangled story, and to weave them into a consequent narrative. For the trivialities of Murray's life she cared but little; the essential facts of it alone interested her; and to this interest was added the recurring question: Why had this young man sought her out?

"You say that Mr. West might have married?" she suggested, with an obvious purpose. "Had he many friends, then, in Jackson City?"

"Oh, all the girls swore by him, you know. They like a man they can't understand. He was about the only gentleman in the place; and if he'd have lifted his little finger the best girl there would have married him. I used to chaff him about it sometimes, but he's not a man you can have a joke with. When the trouble came—"

"What trouble are you speaking of, Mr. Laidlaw—your own or Mr. West's?"

Laidlaw looked up at her sharply, and found her blue eyes set upon him in a new anxiety. His eloquence withered before her glance, and he began to stammer again.

"Oh, I mean—well, of course, when he began to be unpopular there. They didn't like his stand-offishness, you know, as I told you, and the men were pretty sick because he cut them out. That's all I meant to say. What made you think it was anything else?"

Jessie was silent for a little while, but when she spoke again it was to ask him the very last question he had wished to hear.

"If you lived in Jackson City," she remarked with some emphasis, "you must

have known my brother Lionel. Is not that so?"

"Yes," he stammered, averting his eyes, "I knew your brother, Miss Golding."

"Were you in Jackson City at the time of his death?"

The face was still averted, the hands fingered the brim of the hat nervously.

"Yes—er—that is, I was living there, you know, but not in the place at the time."

"Then you know when they connected Mr. West's name with my brother's?"

"Yes, I know that, but, you see, Murray was fifty miles away when it happened. He didn't know anything about it, I will take my oath. If people talked, it was because he and your brother Lionel never hit off together. There was nothing else, believe me; Murray's too good a chap to hurt any one."

Jessie sighed, but said nothing. She wondered why she had listened to such a tissue of lies with such patience. Murray himself had told her that Lionel had died in his arms. What object, then, was served by these flagrant untruths? Had Murray sent his friend here to be the agent of his mendacities? She determined to hear no more, and, rising from her chair, she held out her hand to Laidlaw.

"Mr. West has found an interesting advocate," she said a little coldly. "I shall not forget what you have said. My brother Lionel's death has been the great grief of my life. Some day, Mr. Laidlaw, I shall know the truth. When I do so, the man whom that truth concerns had better keep far away from me!"

Laidlaw was frightened, but he did not lose his self-possession.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed. "Of course I understand, and I will tell Murray. I see you are busy now, so I must be getting back. It has been pleasant to talk to you and say all I know. West's always mum about himself. It takes people a long time to find out what he's worth."

"I found that out long ago," retorted Jessie, turning her back; and so they parted.

It had been nearly four o'clock of the afternoon when Laidlaw entered her room; it was five when he left it. Mystified as she was by his visit, utterly unable to make anything of it, her thoughts reverted naturally to the scene which had preceded it, and to her interview with Mrs. Baring. There, in her hand, was the telegram she had taken up at the moment of Laidlaw's intrusion. Jessie

opened the telegram indifferently, hardly conscious of that which she did. When she set it down her cheeks were crimson, and the hand which held the paper trembled.

Am at Holly Lodge, Whitchurch, and unable to get to you. Expect you to-night. Love.

GERALD.

This, then, was the message so long delayed; this the summons she had so greatly dreaded. "Unable to get to you"? How simple the story was! Her shaken nerves had shaped the image for her, imagination had done the rest, and Gerald was waiting for her all the time. Today, for the first time, perhaps, he knew of her safety.

Jessie admitted that she had wofully misjudged him. Driven by the doubt and a new sense of her own loneliness, she determined, upon an impulse, to visit Whitchurch, and there learn the best or the worst. So much she owed to the man whom the world called her lover, that she should go to him and say:

"It cannot be, I love another."

XXIII.

SHE held to this resolution despite an inner consciousness of its possible results. Face to face with Gerald, she might be unable to resist the turn of circumstance; and she foresaw that her own unstable intentions might prove weaker than her fiancé's insistence. Gerald, of course, would contemplate nothing but immediate marriage; and feeling uncertain, harassed, and alone, she would not deny that marriage might be a possible release from the grave doubts which troubled her.

Her love for Murray was dumb before the renewed mystery of his life. She no longer believed him to be wholly earnest, and Laidlaw's confession but added to her sense of slight. Why had he come to the Savoy Hotel at all, if not to speak for his friend? And if Murray needed an advocate, then it must be true that some page of his life might not be read by her without shame, or turned by him without remorse. She was ready to do him justice; in her heart there was that deep womanly longing for love and sympathy which lies apart altogether from passion or the more vulgar emotions; but her pride rebelled against neglect, and she could never forget that he had left her at the moment when she had most need of him.

Jessie knew that she could never wholly obliterate Murray's image from

her memory; but she had spirit enough to say that no man should humble her nor win her love by silence; and in this spirit, defiant and full of purpose, she set out for Paddington and the Great Western Railway.

She had no maid; her luggage was a hand-bag. Had she been schooled in England, she might have feared to go upon such an errand, for she knew nothing of Gerald's present circumstances, nor of those who were with him at Pangbourne. But scruples of that kind were entirely foreign to her nature, and remembering that she was going to the house of a man who claimed her for his wife, she went unhesitatingly and with not a little relief.

It was something, after all, to escape the bustle and clamor of London; to leave the fret of the city far behind her, and to go out to the woods and rivers of this garden-land of England, which might henceforth become her home. Jessie never disguised her love for England, nor her sense of its beauties.

"Everything is so big in my country," she would say, "and we all live in public. If a man builds a house, he doesn't fence it round so that no one shall see it; he invites the whole city up to stare through his windows and price the silver on his breakfast-table. Your country is a garden. There are more flowers in Kent than in half America. We have great things, too; California is the most beautiful country on earth; but it's so far away. I like England because one can be alone—and you can't do that in America unless you're a wild man."

To the clerk at the Savoy Jessie said:

"I am going down to Whitchurch, in Oxfordshire, to Lord Eastray's house. I may return to-night, if there is a train; but should my father come, please ask him to send me a telegram."

She left no other message, and, confident that she would be able to return to London by the last train, she alighted at Pangbourne and asked news of Lord Eastray.

"Holly Cottage at Whitchurch—how far away is that?"

A polite station-master answered very readily:

"Were you speaking of Lord Eastray's place, miss?"

"I was. Can I walk up, or shall I want a carriage?"

The station-master looked perplexed, and regarded his interrogator with a new interest.

"Then you're not expected, miss? I haven't seen his lordship's brougham to-day—at least, not since he went up to town this morning."

"Then he went into the city this morning!"

"By the ten o'clock train, I believe—if you'll wait a minute I'll ask the porter. I'm nearly sure of it, though."

He beckoned a sour-faced porter, who trundled a barrow with becoming leisure, and was not very sure about anything.

"His lardship? Well, I dunno egg-sackly, but I've a notion as I seed him in the corner of a first-class carriage. Leastways, if 'tweren't him, 'twere another just like him. No, I ain't seed him this afternoon, and I kept my eyes open, too. He allays gives me half-a-crown, do his lardship."

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and appeared to think that some one would take the hint and imitate this aristocratic generosity; but Jessie was already arranging with the station-master for a trap, and the resources of Pangbourne had been fully explained to her.

"They call it Whitchurch, miss, but it's a long way from being that—three good miles upon the Henley road. You'll do well to get a carriage from the Lion. I'd drive you myself, in my pony-trap, if it wasn't that I'm on duty here. Pleasure and platforms don't go very well together, I assure you."

Jessie thanked him with a glance which was like a match to a bundle of straw; and very few minutes elapsed before she found herself by the side of Mr. Belcher, proprietor of the Lion—a merry, red-faced man, who drove, in the fitness of things, a red-wheeled dog-cart and a chestnut mare. Having cast upon her an approving eye, and tucked her up in an unnecessary rug, Mr. Belcher was good enough to explain what he knew of Lord Eastry.

"His lordship—do I know 'im? Well, somewhat, young lady, somewhat. Why, him and me came home from Epsom together only last Oaks, and precious dicky the pair of us was. Who drove the mare that night I really couldn't say. When I come to, I was half way to Oxford, and his lordship, he was singing hymns in a ditch. They found the mare on the common at Greys—standing just like a lamb, she was, and no more damage than a broken lamp. Aye, miss, Providence is no teetotaler, you take my word for it!"

He chuckled at such a pretty notion, and went on to address the mare in those terms of endearment common to hostlers, so that she became in turn "my dear," "my pretty beauty," "vixen," and even "she devil." Driving at a break-neck speed across the wooden bridge to Whitchurch, his eloquence took a new turn, when he reined in to point out to Jessie some of the beauties of that splendid river and woodland scene.

"Yonder's Mapledurham," he said. "Pretty place, ain't it? They have some good 'osses at that house between the trees there. There's a little place above bridge which might suit you, lady, if you are thinking of settling down here. We see a lot of your countrymen, and queer customers they are, I must say. Don't you believe what's written about Americans throwing their money away. I've been looking for a Yankee that did that for the last ten years, and I haven't come across him yet. Why, two of 'em brought a motor-car into my yard the other day, a stinking bit of tin-kettle, and they gave my man twopence, they did. If it wasn't for their women folk, I wouldn't have 'em in the place—but Lord, you can't resist the women! There was a bit of a girl, just such another as you, stayed three weeks with me in June, and I'm dashed if I knew whether it was my house or hers at the end of it. I'm a widower with four children, and it do make a difference, don't it? Why, for all that I can do, them four babies might fall into the river this very minute and me be no wiser. A woman about the house is all the difference. What I say is that a man owes it to a good woman's memory not to bring another home for three months after she's dead and gone; but there, I suppose I am peculiar; at least, folks say I am."

Jessie was not as responsive as she might have been, and but a little pressure would have compelled her to admit that Mr. Belcher was exceedingly peculiar. The river's enchanting view claimed all her interest for the moment, and aided her to forget even Holly Lodge and the mission upon which she was going. It was now half past six of the summer's day, and the sun had begun to go down in a vast black cloud which loomed up over the western hills. The gentle breeze of the forenoon had entirely died away, and there was in its place a monitory stillness of the atmosphere, broken by those fitful, moaning gusts of wind which betoken storm. While the river towards Reading peeped

out in a mist of light, gold and crimson and entrancing, the great sweep toward Goring lay black and distinct in the shadow of storm which enveloped it.

"Why, look at that, now," the red-faced driver ejaculated, while he whipped up the mare and put her at her best speed. "Who'd have thought as the day was going down in thunder? We'll have it wet, miss, and plenty of it. You ain't exactly waterproof, are you now? Well, I have a couple of sacks, and they're better than nothing at all, as you'll find out presently."

He exhorted the willing mare with new endearments, and for a little while they sped along the road at a splendid speed. Out upon the hilltop the western sky presented a broader face to them, and they perceived its long range of gold-capped cloud, here shaped fantastically as a sea of giant billows, there hewed out in peak and mountain of unbroken blackness.

All the forewarning gloom of tempest was in the air as they drove. The cattle ceased to graze, and gathered in restless groups beneath the shivering trees; sheep halted stolidly, waiting for a leader; farmers passing in their carts nodded their heads toward the west, and said, "It's coming!" All things were falsely colored or distorted weirdly against that curtain of darkness.

Jessie cared little for the weather. Now that she had left the river, her thoughts turned more surely to Holly Lodge and its master. She had not paid much attention to the various surmises of the loquacious officials at the station, but here on the silent road she remembered them, and could ask herself what they meant. If Gerald had gone to London to-day, then was the image in the mirror no longer a mystery; but just as this solved one of her difficulties, so it emphasized another. If Gerald were in town, how came she to receive a telegram from Whitchurch? Why had he avoided her, and why had he asked no questions at the bureau of the hotel?

His message had been just such a declaration as she had expected; but the line which said "unable to get to you" mystified her altogether. What did he mean by saying that he was unable to get to her, when a porter had seen him in a train for London? She could make nothing of this maze of perplexities. Now that she was so near to her journey's end, she might well ask if wisdom or folly had sent her forth; and her calmer moments reminded her that this

act might be her farewell to Murray, the eloquent expression of her choice.

At this, all her love for her comrade, her sense of gratitude and womanly recognition, came to reproach her with new and pathetic doubts. She had no certain purpose, no sure will to guide her to a determined end. Blindly as a leaf blown by the wind, she drifted upon this stream of destiny; while minute by minute the journey drew to its end, the fatal hour approached, until Holly Lodge was at last discerned, and the red-faced man uttered an exclamation of triumph.

"We'll do it yet, lady," he said, with a new flourish of his whip. "Yonder's the house. You'll be having your tea before the storm bursts. Don't you think about me, now; it'd take a precious lot of water to harm me, leastwise when it ain't applied inside. I shall just get back comfortable in time for a bit of supper—and there, I'm sure it's a pleasure to have you with me. Next time you come down Pangbourne way you send a letter to Tom Belcher, and I'll have the gig at the station—leastways, if his lordship isn't there before me."

He chuckled again at the delicate compliment, and, being encouraged by her pretty expression of thanks, he made bold to ask another question.

"You're no relation of his lordship's, now? There ain't no likeness that I can see, if you'll forgive my freedom. That's what I have been asking myself all the way, 'Is she one of his lordship's sisters?' and I've said 'No, she ain't,' that's what I've said."

Jessie answered with a laugh.

"No, I am not his sister, I am his fiancée."

"His what, miss? Excuse me, but I didn't exactly catch it."

"His fiancée," repeated Jessie; "I am going to marry him, you know."

Mr. Belcher pulled the willing mare back upon her haunches with such violence that he nearly flung his passenger from her seat.

"Say that again!" he ejaculated. "You are going to do what?"

"To marry him—perhaps," replied Jessie, with a necessary qualification.

For fully a minute the red-faced man sat without uttering a single word; then, with a low, mysterious laugh, he touched up the mare and drove her almost at a gallop to the Lodge gates.

"Ah," he said, as he helped her down, "you'll have your bit of fun, now, won't you? Well, well, it's in the sex, and it do amuse the men to hear it. Good-

night, miss. Give his lordship my respects and say I cut him out this time!"

He waved a fat hand as he drove back rapidly toward Pangbourne. Not until the sound of wheels had quite died away did Jessie, her heart beating a little wildly, and her nerves highstrung, push open the green gate of Holly Lodge and advance with some hesitation to its narrow porch.

The cottage itself was wildly picturesque, a one-storyed, straggling building, with honeysuckle running in odorous boughs above its windows, and all that luxuriant foliage of lawn and garden which is the sure memorial to generations of dead gardeners. Situated upon a spur of the hills, the ground fell away toward the river at its rear; and here nestled a tiny orchard, wherein the fruitful trees were already bent with their burden, and the grass grew long and dank. A diminutive stable, a perfect match for this box of a place, stood in a line with the façade of the cottage; and upon the left hand there grew a thicket of trees whose heavy boughs bent down toward the valley as though to cast their shadow even to the river's bank.

Such a haven remote from life, and from all that for which a man like Gerald might be expected to care, appeared to Jessie singularly ill-chosen, at least from the man's point of view. Not a sound came from the cottage; no dog barked a welcome; no smoke loomed above the old-time chimneys; nevertheless, it was the very pink of perfection, and its daintily-curtained windows, its smart white paint, the freshly trimmed borders of its flower-beds, its lovely path and delightful lawns, were the surest witnesses to care and occupation.

Jessie knocked timidly at the quaint green door, and then was almost sorry she had done so, for the echoing sounds scared the pigeons from their cot and awakened watch-dogs in neighboring cottages. No answer was vouchsafed from the house itself, however, and a full five minutes passed in this suspense, while the big drops began to fall from the lowering sky, and the whisper of the coming storm already made itself heard in the thicket.

A smart parlor-maid, who tied on her apron as she stood at the door, responded at last to repeated knocking; and opening the door cautiously, as if afraid of beggars, she asked Jessie her business.

"I want to see Lord Eastry, please. I understand that he lives here."

The maid opened the door a little wider, and looked at Jessie very curiously.

"You've come from London, I think, miss, haven't you?" she asked suspiciously.

"Yes, yes," said Jessie, "I am Miss Golding. Lord Eastry sent me a telegram."

The maid, still a little doubtful, allowed her to come into a narrow hall, at the end of which she espied a conservatory well stocked with flowering plants and ablaze with color. There was no sign of any occupant, however, and the maid continued to be ambiguous when she opened a neighboring door and invited Jessie to enter.

"I will tell them, miss," she said vaguely. "This is the drawing-room—if you will please to wait."

It was an exquisite little room, furnished quite modernly with cozy corners in white and blue, a built up fireplace, and a French paper of a delicious shade of azure. Cushions and armchairs occupied more than half the floor space; there were water-color sketches upon the walls, and French china of undoubted value in the cabinets. Gerald's own tastes were to be discovered in a multitude of queer old clocks; clocks being the one hobby that he had ever found the energy to pursue.

Pretty as the room was, however, Jessie detected that note of precision and middle-class method which is so characteristic of the suburbs and their society. Books upon the table stood in measured piles; no cushion in all the room was displaced; the piano was shut and the music nicely arranged upon its lid. Side by side with the rarest Sèvres would be a twopenny-halfpenny cloisonné vase from a popular emporium. The curtains were common and unworthy of the furniture. A French novel had been tucked away in the music-rack, and a copy of a religious book placed conspicuously where every visitor could see it.

The woman's eye missed none of these clues as Jessie waited in the little drawing-room and fell to wondering why she was there, and how she had persuaded herself to leave London. A more chilling reception she could not imagine—the half-dark room, the waiting, the silence of the house, the strange manner of the trim parlor-maid. And where was Gerald, what was he doing, what had the telegram meant? Clearly he was not in the cottage. Had he been there, the in-

sult would have been the most marked and pointed that Jessie could imagine; but she would not so much as contemplate it, and she tried to convince herself that he had been called away suddenly, and that one of his relatives would receive her and explain.

Such a consolation, however, went but a little way, and Jessie became aware of a curious depression of spirits such as she had rarely known before—a sense of isolation, affront, and deliberate neglect. How different it was from the welcome she had pictured to herself when she set out from Paddington—Gerald at the station, or if not, then some one to receive her in his place—the mutual congratulations, the ardent expression of his gladness. And the reality—this empty room, the dark, cold sky without, the rain dripping upon the rose-bushes, and the moaning winds of storm!

If Gerald were not there at all! If she were waiting for some loquacious house-keeper who had been “down the garden” when she called; some substantial dame wakened from “forty winks” to offer her master’s apologies! Jessie began to think it was that. She would have returned without word or message, but for the torrential rain which now burst upon road and garden and went eddying down the gullies in rich brown streams. Since the red-faced man had doubtless made the best of his way back to Pangbourne, she must contemplate a four-mile walk through the downpour, or remain where she was. Jessie determined to sit still; at least, the sleeping house-keeper would show her hospitality.

Another quarter of an hour passed in this dismal speculation. The rain-storm gathered strength every moment, the darkness deepened. Then, without any warning, Jessie became aware that some one had entered the room and stood hidden by the screen about its door. She rose to her feet at once, and advanced a step, but the sudden flash of the electric light half blinded her. While she shielded her eyes from the glare, a pleasant, girlish voice greeted her and apologized for the delay.

“You’re Miss Golding, aren’t you? Well, Gerald’s in London, and I don’t expect him back to-night.”

“You don’t expect him back!” gasped Jessie. “But he sent me a telegram, he asked me to come!”

The girl nodded her head, while the suspicion of a smile appeared in her eyes. She was undoubtedly handsome; a tall brunette, with clear-cut features,

and a crown of black hair brought round becomingly from her forehead until its ends were joined in a heavy “knob” upon her shoulders. In spite of her natural advantages, her shapely figure, the well-rounded arms, and the delicate contour of neck and shoulder, it was impossible wholly to admire her or to admit her charm without qualification. Jessie attributed this difficulty to the artificiality of lips and eyes and cheeks, which were rouged and blackened and powdered with little skill, and gave her a stamp of an exceedingly undesirable kind. Moreover, although she was alone in the cottage, she wore an elaborate costume, while her breast and fingers were loaded with jewels, and she carried diamonds of considerable size in her ears.

Had she met this woman anywhere else but in Gerald’s house, Jessie would have named her for an actress from one of the variety theaters; but as it was she knew not what to make of it. The two stood face to face, and each lacked an idea to begin with.

“I’m afraid you’ve had a very wet journey,” the girl began presently. “You’ll have a worse going back, and no cabs to be got. I’m almost sorry you came.”

Jessie’s eyes opened wide in wonder and surprise.

“But—but Gerald sent for me! Where is he, what does it mean? I don’t understand things at all.”

The girl looked Jessie up and down with all the insolence she could command.

“No—but you’ll understand it presently,” was her next remark. “You see, it wasn’t Gerald’s telegram at all—it was mine. I wanted to see you, my dear; I wanted to see the girl he *was* going to marry. Why shouldn’t I, if I want to? No, don’t look like that—I don’t care twopence, you know. Gerald will laugh when I tell him. He’s got to laugh if I say so. Oh, you’re pretty enough, and rich, they say! Well, you’ve come too late. Look at that, you American beauty! He’s got something that’s English, don’t you know—and she’s going to stick to him through thick and thin.”

She held out her hand and showed the wedding-ring—thick and heavy and conspicuous amid her jewels. Jessie did not ask a single question, she did not lose her dignity, but her flashing eyes, her face white as marble in the glare of the light, drove the woman back; and so in stately silence she left the house.

His wife—the woman was his wife!

Jessie believed that she would never forget the shame of that hour until the end of her life.

XXIV.

JESSIE closed the garden gate behind her, and, with one defiant look at the house she had left, set out quickly toward the river and the station. Though the rain fell in a drenching torrent and the wind blew shrill and cold, she was quite indifferent to her surroundings and almost oblivious of them. The insult, surpassing all belief in its womanly vindictiveness, left her incapable of any resolution, and she had but one idea—to reach London as quickly as possible, and there to find her father and return to America with him.

Of a passionate nature herself, she contemplated a hundred acts which should avenge her and punish this cruel deed. It was so like a woman, she said again and again—the petty spite, the cunning stratagem, and this shadow of a triumph! If she had any consolation, it was that her father would know how to deal with them, and that she might well leave the affair to him. For the rest, she asked herself if a girl had ever been placed in such a situation before—out upon a lonely road, driven from the house of the man she was to marry, wet and weary and hungry.

Jessie could almost laugh for the pity of it. She had not the remotest idea where she would lay her head that night; the road seemed interminable, the darkness was like a veil upon the land. She could scarcely see her hand before her face. It had been so fine a day when she left London that she had brought no cloak with her, and her dress was but a fragile muslin gown which the rain soaked and the mud stained until it was unrecognizable. The great French hat with the pink feather, one of those Murray had bought her at Liverpool, drooped more and more until it was like a drenched flower, and the wet, coming through upon her flaxen hair, straightened out her curls and aided her to a sense of misery.

Trudge, trudge, trudge upon the muddy path she went, sometimes counting her own steps, sometimes listening for any sounds of steps behind her; but always longing for lights and voices and the shelter the bleak road denied her so pitilessly. Of those she passed, two were laborers with sacks upon their shoulders. They gave her a bluff good-night, but the

darkness hid her figure from them, and they did not recognize her for a stranger to the place. A little later on, she nearly stumbled upon a hay-wagon, whose driver was asleep and would not wake until the lights of some wayside "public" should beckon him to beer and theingle.

Even the other woman had not meant to punish her like this. And for what was she punished? For becoming the betrothed of a man who thus had mourned her in a remote cottage with one who, it might be, had long been entitled to his protection and name? Jessie summoned all her resolution anew when she thought of this. Her step was lighter, her anger gave her strength. She would reach London if she died when she got there.

It was very dark, so dark that she could not even see the trees which swayed and rustled above her. From time to time, through a gap of the black-thorn hedge, she beheld the western sky heavy at its zenith with rolling cloud, but lighter upon its horizon in a great circle of weird, golden-gray light which marked the river's path. The storm would pass anon, she said; and she thought that if the rain would but cease and the darkness lift, the way would be less dreadful, and her own trouble but a little thing.

In this new hope she walked yet another mile, until at a turn of the road she perceived suddenly a great beam of crimson light flashing upon the path, and heard the music of a smith's hammer. She had never heard a sound so sweet in all her life. There would be fire and warmth in that cottage. Jessie almost ran to its door, and her sudden apparition before an astonished group was remembered for many a day at the forge by Greys.

Jacob, the smith, aided by a very small boy, and watched by Bubble, the village wit, who was a rare man at what he called a "supervision of labor," was, at the moment of Jessie's entrance, in the very act of forging the broken axle of a dog-cart, and explaining to Bubble the exact nature of the operation. A man of much Scriptural knowledge, and the light of a neighboring conventicle, Jacob invariably salted his dialogues with many fine illustrations drawn from Holy Writ and the "Pilgrim's Progress," the two volumes in his all sufficient library. This he did to the rhythm of a lively hammer and the play of immense brown arms.

(To be concluded.)